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THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR

The only criticism which the most carping critic has been able to offer to the appointment of Henry A. Stimson as Secretary of War is the question, "What does he know about war?" It is a curious illustration of the surviving tradition that the only function of a War Department is to make war. In fact, its usual function is constructive work in time of peace. Of course the Secretary of War, if fit for his work, must steadily keep in mind the duty of getting the Department in shape to do efficient service in time of war, and Mr. Stimson is unusually well fitted to render this service. He is equally well fitted to conduct other necessary activities of the Department of War. It is the great engineering department of the Nation; a great upbuilder of civilization where war has destroyed the old order, as in the Philippines; or where the ravages of war are unknown, as in the construction of the Panama Canal. Even in war times, the Secretary of War, if he is wise, meddles as little as possible with the course of the campaign. His work is to co-operate with the generals in the field by his efficient dealing with civic problems at home, contracts for supplies, supervision of enlistments, appointments for the field, and other innumerable details which require a knowledge of law and a knowledge of men, but not a knowledge of strategy. Pre-eminently is it necessary that he should be keen to detect the skillfully hidden frauds which almost invariably accompany great governmental works both in peace and in war, and be able to defeat as well as to detect them. For this purpose he must be "fighting honest." Mr. Stimson has been so prominently before the public as United States District Attorney in the successful prosecution of the Sugar Frauds, and later as the Republican candidate for Governor of the State of New York, that no account of his public life needs to be here given. He has not only the qualities of keenness and courage which are specially required in the War Office, but also that good practical judgment and that knowledge of men and affairs which will make him an invaluable Cabinet Minister and political adviser of the President. To lofty idealism and entire disinterestedness he adds a trained practical efficiency, a combination which puts him in the front rank as an administrator. He is a wise Progressive in his political views, with a zeal for reform guided by a sanity and courage which enables him to translate his aspirations into acts. There is much to be done in this country in warring against privilege, in confronting the forces of arrogant corruption in political and business life, and of murderous violence in the field of labor; and such men as Mr. Stimson and Mr. Fisher, recently added to the Cabinet, working in conjunction with such men as Henry S. Graves, of the Forestry Service, and Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, of the Bureau of Corporations, already in the service at Washington, are peculiarly needed to deal with the great social and economic questions arising in connection with matters like the attitude to be taken by the United States toward the water powers, the mining and forest lands, the National regulation of great corporations, and the like.

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THE STANDARD OIL DECISION

The Supreme Court of the United States handed down last week decisions in four or five cases of National interest and importance. Of the amount of labor involved in these cases the general public has not, and cannot have, any conception. Thus in the Standard Oil case, which has attracted the widest notice, the record to be considered by the Court consisted of twenty-three volumes "containing a vast amount of confusing and conflicting testimony, relating to innumerable, complex, and varied business transactions, extending over a period of nearly forty years." Clear and, comparatively speaking, concise as is the summary of the facts in the case given by the Chief Justice in his opinion, to read and comprehend it requires no little time and mental effort. The elaborate discussions to which the opinions of the Court have given rise leave in the mind of the reader the impression that there is some difference of opinion in the Court respecting the decision and some difficulty in comprehending it. Such is not the case. The Court is absolutely unanimous in its decision, and in that decision there is no ambiguity. The difference between Chief Justice White and Mr. Justice Harlan is not at all upon the fundamental question whether the Standard Oil is a legal or illegal combination, nor is there the slightest ambiguity in the decision of the Court upon that point. The differences arise, and the ambiguity, if there really is any, is found, in defining the principles upon which that decision is based and which it is to be assumed will govern the Court in future cases that come before it. Lawyers understand very well this distinction between the *decision* and the *opinion* of the Court, though the newspapers sometimes confuse the two. The Court decides that the Standard Oil combination is an illegal combination; that it was evidently made and has been administered for the purpose of restraining trade and establishing a monopoly; that such illegal restraint of trade and monopoly was an inevitable result and must be presumed to have been the intent of the combination; and that such illegal intent is not only to be presumed from the nature of the organization, but is made manifest "by acts and dealings wholly inconsistent with the theory that they were made with the single conception of advancing the development of business power by usual methods, but which, on the contrary, necessarily involved the intent to drive others from the field and to exclude them from their right to trade, and thus accomplish the mastery which was the end in view." The Court adds that the nature of the organization and the methods it pursued "all lead the mind up to a conviction of a purpose and intent which we think is so certain as practically to cause the subject not to be within the domain of reasonable contention." In these words, which we quote from the opinion of the Chief Justice, there is certainly no ambiguity. Nor is there any in the resultant decree, which is an affirmation of the decree of the Court below with only two variations of importance. The Standard Oil combination is required to dissolve. But it is given six months instead of thirty days to accomplish the dissolution; and to avoid possible serious injury to the people, it is permitted to go on with its business meanwhile. In addition, the decree forbidding future combinations between the various corporations and individuals constituting the Standard Oil is authoritatively construed by the Court as forbidding, not every conceivable combination, but only such as are indicated by the Court's opinion to be illegal. "In other words," says the Court, "we construe the sixth paragraph of the decree, not as depriving the stockholders or corporations of the right to live under the law of the land, but as compelling obedience to that law." Our interpretation of the *opinion* of the Court and our understanding of the principles involved in that opinion will be found on another page.

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BOYCOTTING AND CONTEMPT OF COURT

Imprisonment for contempt of court does not now immediately threaten Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell, and Morrison, President, Vice-President, and Secretary of the American Federation of Labor. This decision by the Supreme Court of the United States does not mean, however, that these men were not guilty of contempt of court, nor does it mean that they may not be punished for it; it means simply that they may not, under the legal proceedings recently held, be punished by imprisonment. These leaders conducted a boycott against the Bucks Stove and Range Company, and were enjoined from doing so by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. In the opinion of that Court they continued to conduct the boycott in violation of this injunction and were sentenced to prison. Appeal was taken to the United States Supreme Court, which has now rendered its decision. The full text of the decision has not reached us. It appears, however, from reports, that the Supreme Court affirms the right of the Bench to enjoin spoken or published utterances of organized labor, and apparently, therefore, sustains the lower court in dealing with the boycott through injunction proceedings; but it declares that the lower court was wrong in fixing imprisonment as punishment for criminal contempt as a part of the relief prayed for by a plaintiff in a civil suit. The United States Supreme Court says that in doing this the District Court confused civil and criminal proceedings. The proper method, the Supreme Court points out, was for the lower court to impose a fine for the benefit of the stove company. Now that the controversy between the stove company and the labor leaders has for some time been settled, proceedings to impose such a fine are not, we understand, to be taken; but it is still possible for the aggrieved District Court to take proceedings for criminal contempt on its own initiative, and action to that end has begun.

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A VICTORY FOR CONSERVATION

The Conservation policy as established under the Roosevelt Administration and administered by Mr. Garfield in the Interior Department and Mr. Pinchot in the Forest Service was, of course, the object of attack by those who found that it interfered with their profits or their privileges. There were many grounds on which this attack was made. Of these at least two were of great importance. One of these was that the Federal Government, in its carrying out of its Conservation policy, was invading the Constitutional rights of the States. The other was that the administrative officers of the Government, in making and enforcing Conservation regulations, were usurping the prerogatives of the legislative branch. Both these objections have received a heavy and, we should conclude, a mortal blow from the Supreme Court of the United States. In one case the States' rights refuge is closed to the enemies of Conservation. This is a case in which Fred Light was enjoined from turning out his cattle so that they should graze on the Holy Cross Forest Reserve. The cattleman appealed to the Supreme Court on the ground that the public lands were held in trust for the people of the several States, and that the proclamation that created the Forest Reserve without the consent of the State was in violation of this trust; and that the United States did not observe the Colorado statute requiring an owner, if he is to be sustained in asking damages for injury by straying animals, to fence his property. The Supreme Court decided that this cattleman had no ground of complaint against the injunction. In the opinion of the Court, delivered by Justice Lamar, "the United States can prohibit absolutely or fix the terms on which its property may be used. As it can withhold or reserve the land, it can do so indefinitely." As for the fact that the public lands are held in trust for the people, the Court declares that "it is not for the courts to say how that trust shall be administered. That is for Congress to determine." The Court declined to enter into the question how far the United States would be required to fence its property according to State law, because, as a matter of fact, "fence laws do not authorize wanton and willful trespass," and it is willful trespass that the cattle-owner wishes to indulge in. The other objection was disposed of in a similarly summary manner. This objection was set forth in two cases (that of Grimaud and Carajous and that of Inda), the two being considered as one. In this case the defendants were charged with driving and grazing sheep on a reserve without a permit, contrary to the rules and regulations of the Secretary of Agriculture. After indictment these men demurred on the ground that the law which made it an offense to violate the rules of the Secretary of Agriculture was an attempt by Congress to delegate its power to an administrative officer. The Court says that Congress cannot delegate legislative power, but that there are certain powers which it can either exercise or delegate, and that when it does delegate these powers it does not change their character from administrative to legislative by making their violation punishable as a public offense. In this case the Supreme Court reversed, in the other case it sustained, the lower court; in both cases it upholds as Constitutional the policy of Conservation. It is hard to see how in the light of these two decisions the authority of the Federal Government over water power in the National domain can be questioned.

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MODEST AUTOBIOGRAPHY The New York "Sun" publishes some interesting condensed autobiographies from the "Congressional Directory," which give the country the opportunity of seeing their National legislators from a new point of view; that is to say, from the interior of the legislator's mind. Here, for instance, is a member from Charleston, West Virginia, who describes himself as the youngest of five boys, a self-made man, a hard student and faithful worker all his life, never wavering in his Democratic convictions. He has established "a very lucrative law practice at Charleston." With delightful *naïveté* he says of himself that he "stands very high as a lawyer and citizen throughout his district and State." He bears the reputation of being a very grateful man, never forgetting a kindness, and is faithful to his friends and thoroughly reliable. He stands for the under man in life, works hard, late and early, as a Congressman, and is reflecting credit upon the country by his manly, conservative, and wise course in Washington as a representative of the people. He is a "patriotic man of ability and fine qualities of mind and heart." So far as the evidence goes, it is conclusive, but one would like to put another witness on the stand to confirm this testimony. One summer at Northfield a Perfectionist made repeated and persistent attempts to get a hearing, but Mr. Moody as patiently and persistently refused him; for Mr. Moody, in addition to great gifts as a preacher and organizer, was endowed with a genius for detecting and evading cranks and bores. At the end of the season the disappointed applicant went to say good-by, and told the evangelist that he would return another season, when his complete and obvious perfection would compel a hearing. Mr. Moody, with his usual good sense, promptly replied, "We will wait to hear what your wife says about it." One Congressman makes the extraordinary statement that he is married and "lives with his wife." Is this a touch of naïve innocence, or is it a reflection on the other members of the House of Representatives? A newly elected member from Connecticut reports that he is "a member of Second Company, Governor's Foot Guard, and has seven children," which reminds one of the famous introduction of a distinguished Irish scientist as "the father of chemistry and the brother of the Earl of Cork." There is a suggestion here of an immensely interesting book—a "Who's Who" made up entirely of autobiography.

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THE PANAMA LOAN Whoever has a hundred dollars to invest will be interested in something that the Federal Government now offers. Last week Mr. MacVeagh, Secretary of the Treasury, announced an offer of $50,000,000 fifty-year three-per-cent bonds as part of the Panama Canal Loan. Bids are to be submitted to him on or before June 17. These are the first Federal bonds issued since the National banking system was established which do not carry the privilege to National banks of using them as security for the issuance of circulating notes. As the result of Mr. MacVeagh's efforts, these particular bonds were so exempted by Congress. The privilege of using Government bonds for such security was originally granted, partly as a means of creating a market for the bonds, but mainly as a means to sustain the Goverment's credit. The issuance of bonds not so available will, of course, reveal the rate at which our Government may borrow upon a purely investment basis, and contrast its ability in this direction with the ability of other nations as revealed in the quotations for their securities. Mr. MacVeagh's action thus bases the new bond issue squarely upon the Nation's credit, and places that credit where it belongs. If to the banker this is the principal feature of the new issue, the investor, and especially the very small investor, is much more interested in two announcements indicating that the Government is distinctly thoughtful of him. In the first place, the man or woman who has saved a hundred dollars may bid on equal terms with the capitalist or the corporation capable of subscribing for the entire fifty-million-dollar issue, for the bonds are to be issued in as low a denomination as that of one hundred dollars. This is as it should be. Europe has been far ahead of America in this respect; the thrifty peasant of France, for example, with his small but constant savings, and his opportunity to subscribe to the *rentes*—or Government bonds—has long been recognized as the sheet anchor of French finance. In the second place, our Government offers its official information concerning the new bonds, not only through the Treasury and sub-Treasuries, as hitherto, but also through every one of the twenty-three thousand National banks, State banks, and trust companies of which the Treasury has record. Thus the man who wants to lend a hundred dollars or more to the Government can learn authoritatively about the particulars by merely dropping round to see his banker.

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CRIMINAL LAW REFORM NEEDED

President Taft indicated a serious weakness in our treatment of crime and criminals when, at the Conference on the Reform of Criminal Law and Procedure, on Saturday, May 13, in New York, he characterized as startling and humiliating the number of unpunished crimes in this country as compared with the rarely unpunished crimes in England. Yet, according to the President, the criminal procedure of England and the guarantees in favor of the individual as to indictment, trial, and conviction, and the English law's provision for the security of the liberty of the individual, are exactly the same as ours. The recent Conference in New York grew out of a long-standing feeling with many members of the bench and bar that our criminal law and procedure break down in regard to justice, adequacy, certainty, and celerity of trial and punishment. Fostered by recent frequent allusions by President Taft to "the law's delay," by National attention to the relative degree of difficulty in prosecuting "big and little criminals," and by the activity of the recently founded American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology in emphasizing the prevalence of trivial technicalities in procedure, the New York Conference "spoke out in meeting," with no uncertain voice, its opinion that general reform is demanded. President Taft, who made a special trip from Washington, unequivocally declared against the proposed recall of judges, which he characterized as a political nostrum. He maintained that the status of judges has already been reduced in many States from a position of power and usefulness occupied by the English judges to one in which the trial is largely conducted by the chief counsel for the defense. "Those present in court are made to feel that the question at issue is not so much whether the defendant violated the law as whether the judge is violating it."

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SOME SPECIFIC SUGGESTIONS

The Conference was marked by frankness of speech. Mr. William M. Ivins maintained that, for want of a clear conception and definition of crime at present, a man is a criminal in one State and not a criminal in another, and that if our present constitutional system breaks down it will be due largely to this fact of un-coördinated legislation. In the matter of our criminal statistics also, according to the Assistant Director of the Census, the measure of crime is less satisfactory than in many other countries. Misleading reports and un-coördinated statistics make impossible any accurate generalization as to decrease or increase of crime. In the field of expert testimony in criminal trials, the conference learned from Dr. Carlos F. Macdonald of grave abuses. A standard of qualification for expert testimony should be fixed by the medical profession, and equal right should be accorded the medical witnesses for both the prosecution and the defense in the examination of persons alleged to be insane. The disagreement of doctors in expert testimony should not be considered as dishonest any more than the disagreements of judges or of lawyers. In the group of unenforceable laws Mr. Howard S. Gans, ex-Assistant District Attorney, placed New York State's laws against prostitution, which he believes lead to the levying of over two million dollars of blackmail by police and politicians annually, resulting in the demoralization of a police force of ten thousand men. Similarly, Mr. Frank J. Heney declared that corruption to-day is more rampant in San Francisco than ever in the palmiest period of Ruef and Schmitz—because the powers that rule do not want distasteful laws enforced. That the Conference, called by six prominent civic and charitable societies in New York, will have potent results is unquestioned. It is a clearer manifestation than ever of the need as well as the propriety of frank criticism of courts and court procedure. Out of the Conference was organized directly the New York State Society of Criminal Law and Criminology.

PEACE PROSPECTS IN MEXICO

Doubtless the fall of Juarez and the probability that it might be followed by an insurgent attack upon Chihuahua, together with the threatening situation not far from Mexico City itself, combined in influencing the Diaz Government to make positive and concrete proposals looking toward peace. Last week there was a discontinuance of hostilities, for the time being at least, and, while no announcement was made of a definite agreement, it became pretty well understood that a tentative programme of conciliation had, in part at least, been formulated. As understood at this writing, this programme would include the resignation by the first of June of President Diaz and Vice-President Corral; the assumption of office as President *ad interim* by Señor Francisco de la Barra, the present Minister of Foreign Relations, and a division of the Cabinet portfolios between the present Ministers (or men named by Señor de la Barra) and candidates to be named by Madero. It is possible that General Reyes, who is just returning to Mexico, will be the Secretary of War. Probably three members of the new Cabinet will be named by Madero, although the exact division of officers was not finally settled last week. The insurgents insist upon deciding in some way who shall be the Governors of the separate States and, while President Diaz seems inclined to concede this demand in whole or in large part, there are technical difficulties which must be overcome. Following the establishment of a provisional government on the lines indicated above will doubtless come a new election for the Presidency and steps for a revision of the Constitution in the direction indicated some time ago by President Diaz in his manifesto. In the past, elections in Mexico have been little more than farcical, as they have been conducted by the mayors of towns, who were appointed directly by the President. It is said that the plan for the future government of Mexico which meets most approval is to some extent modeled after the French system, that it will include the election of the President by a Senate for a term of seven years without power of re-election, and that the choice of members of the Congress and Senate will be made by universal suffrage, the elections to be under the control of Boards of Election in which all parties are fully represented. Vice-President Corral, who is now in Paris, is quoted as holding the opinion that the resignation or retirement of President Diaz will not end the revolution, because Madero's authority does not extend over all of the disturbed provinces. Some support is given to this view by the despatches which state that Figueroa, who is in command of the insurgent forces in the south, declares that he has thirteen thousand men ready for advance upon Mexico City, and that he proposes to march upon the capital unless President Diaz retires from office immediately and leaves Mexico. Meanwhile Madero himself, it was asserted at the end of last week, was about to go in person to Mexico City, and there to arrange final terms with Señor de la Barra. The whole situation is still unsettled, but the prospects for peace and for some amicable arrangement as to the future are better than they have been for months.

THE LLOYD-GEORGE INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE BILL

While the political parties in Great Britain are wrangling over the reform of the House of Lords, they are apparently in the most gratifying harmony over a gigantic scheme of social and industrial amelioration just introduced into the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd-George. An avowed purpose, it will be remembered, of the increased taxes in the historic Lloyd-George Budget was to provide funds for the financing of such projects. The first item in the Liberal programme of social reform was old age pensions. This reform is now in complete operation, at an annual cost to the Government of sixty-five million dollars. The second item, just brought forward by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has two parts—insurance of workmen against sickness, and insurance of workmen against unemployment. The measure is naturally complicated (the Chancellor's speech explaining it lasted two hours and a half), but in barest outline its provisions are as follows: First, on the sickness side. All workers who receive a weekly wage or whose earnings come below the income tax limit ($800 a year) are compelled to contribute eight cents (fourpence) a week; their employers are required to contribute six cents a week per workman; while the State contributes four cents a week per workman. From the funds so accumulated, the workman is to receive, in case of sickness, benefits of the following kinds—the free services of a competent doctor, and an allowance of $2.50 a week for a maximum period of three months, and then of $1.25 a week for an additional three months, if necessary. In the case of women workers the allowance will be $1.87 a week for three months, and $1.25 a week for the second three months, with an allowance of $7.50 in maternity cases, provided the mother does not return to work for four weeks. In addition, assistance will be given to local authorities and charities for the building of tuberculosis sanatoriums, and for this purpose a sum of $7,500,000 will be set aside. The contributions are to be collected through the post-office by stamps affixed to cards—the employer supplying the stamps both for the workman and for himself, deducting the value of the workman's stamps from his weekly wages—and the benefits distributed through approved benefit societies, or in the case of certain workers directly through the post-office. The Chancellor estimates that the contributions from workmen and employers will amount in the first year to one hundred million dollars, while the Government's contribution will be about eight and a half million dollars, which will be increased in 1915 to twenty-three million dollars. These figures do not exactly correspond with the proportionate contributions from the three sources, but we quote them as given by the Chancellor. The second part of the plan, unemployment insurance, is to apply only to the building and engineering trades, which, according to Mr. Lloyd-George, are liable to considerable fluctuations. It is proposed that the workman shall contribute five cents a week, the employer five cents a week for each workman, and the Government one-fourth of the total cost. In the engineering trade benefits amounting to $1.75 a week, and rising to a maximum of $3.50 a week, are to be paid in case of unemployment not brought about through the misconduct of the workman or through a strike or lockout. Mr. Lloyd-George does not state what the benefits will be in the building trades. The State's contribution to the funds for this part of the scheme will amount, in the Chancellor's estimate, to nearly four million dollars the first year. The measure, it is estimated, will affect about fifteen million persons, and will, in Mr. Lloyd-George's words, insure them "against the acute distress which now darkens the homes of workmen whenever there is sickness and unemployment." The bill has been received with favor and sympathy by all political parties, and there seems every probability that it will, at least in principle, be enacted into law without appreciable delay. We reserve editorial comment upon it until a later issue.

VICTORIA'S MEMORY HONORED

National monuments, even in a country of traditional artistic taste like France, are not always monuments of art. The modern world has been sorely afflicted by statues and commemorative monuments which have given point to sardonic humor and material for satire. It is to be hoped that the new memorial to Queen Victoria, which stands directly in front of Buckingham Palace, and was unveiled last week, will be counted among the London monuments which worthily commemorate men and women who have rendered a real service to England and to humanity. Queen Victoria was certainly worthy of far better treatment than she received in the monument which takes the place of the old Temple Bar. The occasion of the unveiling had all the brilliant dignity which the English tradition and the English Court could give it. In the inclosure which surrounded the white marble monument the world-wide relations of the Empire were symbolized by the presence of Ambassadors, Ministers, colonial statesmen, Indian rajahs—men and women of almost all races, colors, and country—with the members of the Houses of Parliament and many persons prominent in English society. As the bell on Westminster struck the hour of noon the troops presented arms, and from the main entrance of the palace came the Yeomen of the Guard, followed by officers of the King's household, and then by King George and the Emperor William, Queen Mary and the Empress Augusta Victoria, and a large group of members of the Royal family. When the party ascended the dais facing the Mall, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and representatives of the Cabinet, with Lord Roberts and other Court officers, were awaiting them. The King, who writes excellent English and is an admirable speaker, read an address in which he said that the memorial stands "to convey to our descendants the luster and fame which shone in the happy age of British history when a woman's hand held, for a period almost equaling the allotted span of human life, the scepter of empire." The King made special and cordial reference to the presence of the German Emperor, the oldest grandson of Queen Victoria, whose presence and sympathy in the last days of her life would never be forgotten by himself or by the English people. Then followed the Lord's Prayer, led by the Archbishop of Canterbury and recited by several large choirs, a prayer of dedication, and the singing of the hymn "O God, Our Help in Ages Past" by a chorus of soldiers and sailors, and, after the benediction, Stainer's "Sevenfold Amen." When the canvas fell away at the touch of King George's hand, the bands played "God Save the King," and a great cheer went up from the vast crowd, the German Emperor placing a wreath at the base of the statue, and King George knighting Mr. Thomas Brock, the sculptor.

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A CABINET IN CHINA After centuries of Grand Councils and Grand Councilors, China has, at last, a Cabinet organized on modern lines. The Prince Regent has issued an edict naming one. Prince Ching is to be its head as Premier. Instead of the five members of the Grand Council, the Cabinet is to have thirteen members—the heads of the ten governmental departments, the Premier, and two Assistant Premiers. Hitherto the heads of the Government departments have been independent, each of the other, The result has been a happy-go-lucky and disjointed Government—a Government, if not actually corrupt, certainly scandalously wasteful both of material and energy. Of course we can hardly expect to see any real Cabinet in China before the definite establishment of a Parliament with full legislative powers. But we have a right to expect that the members of the Cabinet just created shall in no inconsiderable degree emancipate themselves from the age-long blindness to a proper sense of proportion, and, in consequence, shall relinquish making their former undue claims on the nation's finances. We have a right to expect that, in general, they shall change the present lack of solidarity in the Peking Government to a spirit of co-operation if not of harmony. To this end the eminent Chinese statesman Liang Tun Yen, now in this country, should contribute. He is to be Foreign Minister in the new Cabinet. He is one of the Yale graduates of the eighties. A Privy Council is also provided for. These two events indicate that the Prince Regent acquiesces in permitting others than the statesmen in the Imperial family and their adherents and followers to participate in the administration of government. Coincidently with the news of the creation of a Cabinet came that of the signing of a Chino-British opium agreement, fixing the revenues to be derived from the traffic. The agreement confirms the principle now actuating the Governments of China and Great Britain—year by year proportionately to reduce China's production and

India's export of the drug until the traffic ceases, which must be not later than 1917. Surely the friends of civilization and humanity may rejoice that, in spite of inveterate prejudices, such events may happen within a week in supposedly hidebound China.

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THE BEST FRENCH NOVEL

A Paris newspaper has been putting two questions to a large group of French writers, "Which is the best French romance?" and "Which is the spurious masterpiece (*Quel est le faux chef-d'œuvre*)?" The result, although of course based on very incomplete replies, puts Flaubert, Balzac, and Prévost in the foremost rank. Victor Hugo, George Sand, and Dumas polled many votes, as did Pierre Loti. Henri Murger seems to have no friends, which is perhaps not surprising, since he has already become something of a tradition, and the Bohemia which he celebrated is out of date. What is surprising, however, is that no vote was cast for Guy de Maupassant, that master of the short story, whose technique, one would suppose, would command the respect of all French writers. That Zola does not appear in the list is not surprising, since he is, in a way, almost as far behind the literary form of to-day as is Henri Murger. Fate has not been kind to Zola. This powerful and tireless writer was a thoroughgoing moralist, but his stories, by reason of their brutal frankness, are regarded by a great group of people as among the most immoral publications of his time. No writer ever worked harder to select his material and weld it into shape. In the very labor of the process of making the story lay its vital defect. Zola worked like a blacksmith rather than like an artist. He always bears on with his whole strength. The happy phrase, "the full weight of thought without any weight of expression," does not apply to any except one or two of his earlier stories. One veteran Academician wisely reports that he does not know the best French novel, but he thinks the most pathetic novel is "Manon Lescaut," and the most romantic George Sand's "Mauprat." M. Rosny, the elder, puts a very pertinent question when he asks how one can be expected to choose between Balzac's "Père Goriot" and "Cousine Bette," Stendhal's "Le Rouge et le Noir," and Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." To most people "Père Goriot" ranks among the first half-dozen novels of literature, while "Cousine Bette" belongs in the third or fourth class, besides being almost the most disagreeable story in the world. A great many people will agree with another member of the Academy in naming Dumas's "The Three Musketeers" as the best novel in French. It may not be the best novel; but probably most readers will agree that it is the greatest story of adventure in the fiction of the world. M. Thierry thinks that "Les Misérables" stands alone as a poignant human drama, and that no novel of any other country equals it. M. Ohnet, who is well known on this side of the Atlantic, casts his ballot for "Père Goriot."

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GUSTAV MAHLER

One of the most vigorous and influential men in the world of music, Gustav Mahler, died, in the fifty-first year of his age, in Vienna last week. Unlike other arts, music calls for two distinct types of artist. One might be called the creative, the other the interpretative. When a painter paints a picture, the finished product is there before the eyes of all who have come into its presence; but when a piece of music is written, it is, to all practical purposes, hidden until an interpreter gives it the living body of sound. Gustav Mahler was eminent in both these departments of his art. His musical compositions elicited opinion that was very diverse, but they could not be ignored. There is no question that Mahler was a practiced master of orchestration, and there is no doubt that he had high artistic ideals. As a conductor his reputation is unquestioned. For ten years he was at the head of the Imperial Opera-House in Vienna. From there he came to New York, and for two years was conductor of the Metropolitan Opera-House. For the next two years, which have just ended, he was the conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra. His methods in conducting were, as The Outlook pointed out at the time of his coming to America, those of the man who knows what he wants and insists on conformity on the part of those whom he directs. He did much to invigorate the Philharmonic Orchestra, and will be remembered among those European musicians who have contributed to the development of music in America.

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SHAKESPEARE AND BACON While one patient and tireless American scholar is going through vast piles of dusty records to trace the steps of Shakespeare in London, and has met with considerable success, another speculative American is turning over, so to speak, the bed of the river Wye in an enthusiastic and confident search for Baconian relics. The activity of the Baconian theorists is giving the world a more vivid sense of the extraordinary versatility and activity of Shakespeare. It has robbed him of the plays, but it has substituted for that particular kind of genius a genius for silence, for complication, for subterranean organization, for cleverness in an incredible degree, which places him among the great creative intellects of the past. This American Baconian declares that there is a cache under the bed of the river Wye in which Bacon deposited sixty-nine boxes containing a great variety of objects of prime literary interest, among them the original manuscript of the so-called Shakespearean plays in Bacon's handwriting, the original manuscripts of Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, the manuscripts of "The Faerie Queene" and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." In addition to these diversions, so to speak, of Bacon—trifles which he executed by the way—are manuscripts of his own signed works. Historians will be interested to know that in this cache will be found the history of the Court of France, the original death warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots, proofs that Bacon was the rightful heir to the throne of England, proof of the marriage between Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, and, most important of all, the head of William Shakespeare. It now appears that Shakespeare added to his other industries that of blackmail; and, in order to rid themselves of a nuisance, Bacon and Ben Jonson made an end of Shakespeare in a Stratford lane, cut off his head, and carried it away in triumph. The old adage that "murder will out" is apparently on the very verge of receiving the most dramatic confirmation. Lord Bacon has been suspected of many things, but never before has he been charged with murder. It is true that his adherents have tried before to steal the head of Shakespeare in a metaphorical sense; it may be that Bacon possessed it in the literal sense.

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AN UNOFFICIAL AMBASSADOR When an item in the daily papers announced the death of Dr. J. H. De Forest on May 8, in Japan, probably only a small number of readers recognized the name as familiar. The item was brief; the facts it contained were scanty. Yet there have been few American statesmen during the past generation who have served their country more effectively than John H. De Forest. A native of Mount Carmel, Connecticut, a graduate of both the College and the Divinity School at Yale, he went to Japan in 1874 as a missionary of the American Board. From that time to the day of his death he served in a very real sense as an ambassador. He officially represented no Government; but he did very truly act as a representative of American civilization to the civilization of Japan. Very many people, otherwise well informed, carry with them a mental picture of the typical missionary that is almost grotesque. It is that of an ill-nourished, highly earnest, dreamy preacher of doctrine to untutored savages. Although this mental picture is slowly dropping out of circulation, it is widespread enough to make the use of the word missionary in connection with such a man as Dr. De Forest almost inevitably misleading. Perhaps some idea of what it means to a man like Dr. De Forest to be a missionary may be gained from the statement of what happened to Dr. De Forest on his return to Japan from a visit in the United States. When he arrived at Sendai, where his home was, he was met by a great crowd of the Japanese people. In the throng were the Governor of the province and the Mayor of the city. In that throng too were men and women of all classes from jinrikisha men to students. A Japanese paper, in expressing the value of Dr. De Forest's services, likened his work in cementing the friendship of Japan and the United States to the visit of Admiral Sperry's sixteen battle-ships, and called Dr. De Forest himself "our new national benefactor." Very soon thereafter the Emperor of Japan recognized Dr. De Forest's distinguished service to the Japanese nation by conferring upon him the Fourth Order of the Rising Sun. Dr. De Forest measured the achievements of the missionary, not merely or chiefly by the number of converts claimed or the number of churches established, but by the number of sick and wounded cared for, by the number of those not merely fed but also helped to put themselves beyond the reach of starvation and misery, and by the growth of the love for liberty and of loyalty to conscience and the spread of popular rights. Dr. De Forest was not only a missionary from the United States to Japan, but also from Japan to the United States. Through his public utterances and through his writings (for instance, in his readable little book "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom") he did much to acquaint Americans with the spirit of the Japanese. Broad in his human sympathies, he was broad, too, in his religious thinking. How highly his intellectual powers were esteemed is indicated by the fact that on one occasion, when about a thousand missionaries from China, Japan, and Korea were gathered at Kuling in China, it was Dr. De Forest who was chosen by them to give a paper on the present status of theological thought. We do not know of any position in which may be used effectively quite so wide a range of powers and through which there can be rendered quite so extensive and lasting service as that of a missionary of Dr. De Forest's type.

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THE SECULAR POSITION OF ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS

Last week, according to a despatch from Biddeford, Maine, six prominent members of Roman Catholic churches were interdicted by Bishop Walsh, of the diocese of Portland. To be interdicted means to be forbidden the sacraments of the Church. In the Bishop's letter to the clergy, read in the churches of the diocese last week, it is announced, according to the despatch, that the interdict was decreed because of the recent attack of those interdicted on Church authority and property in the diocese of Portland. The "attack" in question was the introduction into the Maine Legislature of a bill providing for the abolition of the control of Roman Catholic Church property by the Bishop and replacing it in the hands of a board of directors or trustees. The system of lay trustees to control the property of Roman Catholic churches was instituted by Archbishop Carroll, of Baltimore, the prelate who had taken part in the Revolution by which American independence was won. At first the system worked well; it relieved the priest from continual money appeals, it was a bond between priest and people, and it secured property in a natural way by the protection of law for the perpetual uses to which it had been set apart and consecrated. But as some lay trustees abused the right conceded to them by the State, the Roman Catholic bishops put themselves on record as desiring "that henceforth no church be erected or consecrated unless the title thereof . . . be assigned by a written document to the bishop of the diocese in which it is to be erected." The various discussions thus aroused finally gave place to the present general system, fairly well outlined by the New York State Religious Corporations Law in its provision as to Roman Catholic churches. It provides that the trustees of any particular Roman Catholic church shall be the Archbishop or Bishop, and the Vicar-General of the diocese, the rector of the church, and two laymen, members of such church. No act of these trustees shall be valid without the sanction of the Archbishop or Bishop, or, in case of their inability to act, of the Vicar-General or administrator of the diocese; in particular, real property shall not be sold, mortgaged, or leased without the consent of these authorities. It appears to us to have been a distinct mistake for the members of the Roman Catholic Church to appeal to the Legislature for action affecting the Church inconsistent with and antagonistic to its traditions and their own superior officers. But it was a still greater mistake for the Bishop to subject them to ecclesiastical discipline for so doing. Whatever be the control of ecclesiastical property in any church, Roman Catholic or Protestant, whether by an ecclesiastical head or by a secular body—like a Board of Trustees who may or may not be church members—no action should be taken inconsistent with our ideal of the separation of Church and State. The attempt by church authorities to control by discipline the free political action of the lay members of the Church can have only an injurious effect upon the Church, both within and without its communion.

FOUNTAINS

One of the most practical as well as beautiful evidences of the increasing appreciation of municipal art in this country is disclosed in the attention now paid in our various cities to fountains. The American Civic Association has done a public service in calling attention to this subject. It is well that we should be again reminded of that benefactor who, full of love for the brute creation, left much money to a committee of friends; under the name of the National Humane Society they have distributed throughout the country simple but sightly granite fountains for horses and dogs. But there are other fountains to be considered—good for boy and man on one side, and for horses from the street. The human drinking side, by the way, as the Civic Association points out, is now served by sanitary bubble fountains, requiring no cups, and also by cooled water in summer; the latter is secured by a device which practically makes well-water out of an ordinary filtered city supply through a thirty-foot-deep chamber for cooling. Reinforced concrete serves the community admirably in fountain construction, for, fortunately, it is almost impossible to introduce meaningless ornament into concrete. Aside from the practical consideration of the subject, such a circular as that of the American Civic Association is well in place because it shows to the unæsthetic that street monuments may lend either elegance and dignity or bad taste and mawkish sentimentality to any thoroughfare. Especially is this true where radiating intersections occur along the highway, and where the appeal to the public eye is doubly great. At such a place it is more than an error—it is a sin—to put up for public view any monument which does not suggest its meaning. As the Association's circular concludes, the art that conceals its aim in its decoration may possibly be right for the *salon*, but is wrong for the street.

ALASKAN COAL LANDS

Indictments have been returned before the Federal Grand Jury at Detroit against the men who, it is alleged, promoted the so-called Michigan-Alaska Company, and engineered its operations in defiance of law. When the extensive coal-fields were discovered on Kenai Peninsula, Alaska, a few men thereupon formed a combination and sought to acquire fifty thousand acres of these lands, through the medium, so it is charged, of dummy entrymen. The combination was known as the Michigan-Alaska Development Company. For value received, locators were to turn over to the corporation their individual titles to the coal lands after patent was issued. Nearly three hundred locations were made. In 1907 the criminal prosecution of land frauds in the West, on account of similar fraudulent transactions, alarmed members of the corporation. Certain of them, realizing perhaps for the first time the unlawfulness of their plan, withdrew from it and urged that it be abandoned. Other members went to Washington and, they claim, asked the Land Commissioner whether it was lawful for their Company to loan money to its members, so as to enable them to apply for patent and to pay the statutory price due to the Government, taking a mortgage upon the coal claim as security for the moneys advanced. Nothing was said by them, the Government alleges, as to the unlawful agreement by which the patents were to inure to the corporation's benefit. The General Land Office, so it is reported, made no objection to the loaning of the funds for the purpose stated, but proceeded against the Company when it discovered that the scheme was the now familiar one of dummy locators, and that the remaining directors of the Company, while proceeding more cautiously, had made no actual change of purpose. If this be true, the case will attract wide attention.

THE STANDARD OIL DECISION

AN INTERPRETATION

Twenty years ago there was some doubt entertained and expressed in this country whether the Government was going to control the corporations or the corporations were going to control the Government. The United States Supreme Court in the Standard Oil case definitely answers this question. It demonstrates that one of the two or three largest, wealthiest, ablest, and most highly organized industrial combinations in the world is subject to law; and that, if by its organization and methods it violates the law, it renders itself liable to be called to account and commanded to dissolve. This decision and decree of the Court is unanimous; and its language and significance are wholly unambiguous.

In reaching this decision the Court has laid down certain principles and given to the anti-trust law an interpretation by which the courts will be and the public should be governed in their future consideration of the question what combinations are forbidden by that law. It is this interpretation of the Court which has given rise to such a variety of conflicting views of the action of the Court. Much of that discussion appears to us to be founded on a superficial reading of the opinion, or on single paragraphs or single phrases in the opinion taken out of the context. The general principles laid down by the Court are simple, clear, and, it seems to us, abundantly sustained by the historical survey and weighty reasoning of the Chief Justice.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law, passed July 2, 1890, provides that "every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States, or with foreign nations, is hereby declared to be illegal;" and that "every person who shall monopolize, or attempt to monopolize, or combine or conspire with any other person or persons to monopolize, any part of trade or commerce among the several States, or with foreign nations, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor." And it is added that the term person shall be deemed to include corporations and associations.

What this law means has been for twenty years a subject of hot debate before the courts and in the press. Does it forbid all combinations in restraint of trade, or only such as are unreasonable?

That it forbids all such combinations has been assumed to have been the position of the United States Supreme Court in the Northern Securities Case. That this is the only possible interpretation is passionately maintained by Mr. Justice Harlan in this case. That, if this is not what it means, Congress should say so, he very vigorously maintains. Yet this construction is one almost impossible to be applied without limitation or qualification. Thus, nine years ago Secretary Knox, who was then Attorney-General in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, pointed out that it is not conceivable that Congress intended to make unlawful every contract in restraint of trade. If a merchant or a doctor sells out his business with its good-will, which in the case of the doctor would be all he had to sell, and contracts not to resume business in that place, that would be a contract in restraint of trade. Yet no one would think of declaring it immoral or illegal, nor would it be made so because the good-will belonged to a common carrier engaged in inter-State commerce. It is equally inconceivable that Congress meant to forbid every attempt to monopolize any *part* of commerce. "If," said the court below, "the second section of the act prohibits every attempt to monopolize any part of inter-State commerce, it forbids all competition therein and defeats the only purpose of the law, for there can be no competition unless each competitor is permitted to attempt to draw to himself and thereby to monopolize some part of the commerce."

On the other hand, to interpret the law as forbidding simply unreasonable combinations in restraint of trade is to deprive the law of all force and effect. For this would mean that whenever men enter into a combination which might have any effect to restrain trade, they must guess beforehand whether the courts will regard it as reasonable or unreasonable, and if they guess wrong they may find themselves liable to a criminal prosecution, with possible fine and imprisonment as a result.

The United States Supreme Court

adopts neither alternative. It neither gives to the statute a literal interpretation, which makes all combinations which may restrain trade criminal, nor a restrictive interpretation, which makes only those combinations illegal which the courts may hold to be unreasonable after the combination has been formed. It furnishes a *standard* by which parties entering into a combination or contract can determine with measurable certainty whether it is illegal or not. This standard, though worked out somewhat more in detail by the Chief Justice, does not differ in essentials from that laid down by the lower court:

> The purpose of the Act of July 2, 1890, was to prevent the stifling and the substantial restriction of competition in inter-State and international commerce. The test under the Act of the legality of a combination or conspiracy is its direct and necessary effect upon such competition. If its necessary effect is but incidentally or indirectly to restrict competition, while its chief result is to foster the trade and increase the business of those who make and operate it, it is not violative of this law.

In the opinion of Chief Justice White, he lays down the standard of judgment more fully, gives the historical and legal basis for it, and applies it to the Standard Oil combination. This opinion would occupy, if printed in full, approximately twenty-two pages of The Outlook. It will be read only by lawyers and by those especially interested in the case. It is not easy to give an interpretative summary of it, as we here attempt to do, for such a summary is possible only by omission of matters which, to one familiar with the full opinion, will seem to be of importance. But only thus can it be given to the lay reader at all, a fact which we hope will be borne in mind by any reader who may regard this summary as partial and inadequate.

Debates occurring at the time of the passing of a statute may not be used as a means of interpreting it. But a knowledge of the circumstances and conditions then existing, and of the supposed needs which demanded the statute, may be and should be used for the purpose of interpretation. To understand the meaning and intent of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law it is necessary to go back to previous English history. Under English law a contract by which an individual put a restraint upon his own freedom of trade, such as was not merely local but operated throughout the kingdom, was held to be void on grounds of public policy. This was the original meaning of the phrase "contract in restraint of trade." A monopoly was a grant by the King of an exclusive right to trade in some specified article or articles. The right to grant such a monopoly was prohibited after a bitter struggle, and that prohibition became a recognized part of the English Constitution. The evils which monopolies created, and which brought about the denial to the government of the right to create them, were the power to fix prices, limit output, and deteriorate quality. It was not at first imagined that monopoly could be created by private combinations in a free country. But when private monopolies grew up in democratic America, and the right of private contract was used not to conserve but to destroy liberty of trade, Congress undertook to do for the American people what Parliament and the courts had done for the English people, by prohibiting private monopolies and such contracts as prevented free competition and therefore tended to produce monopolies.

The history here briefly hinted at—in Chief Justice White's opinion much more fully traced—indicates the purpose and significance of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. That purpose was to forbid such contracts or combinations as tend to prevent, and therefore must be presumed to have been framed with the intent of preventing, competition and to create a monopoly with power to fix prices, limit output, and deteriorate quality. This, therefore, is the standard by which every trade combination is to be tested. If its necessary effect is to create such a monopoly, it is illegal. If it has no such effect, it is legal. Whether in any particular case brought before the Court the combination has such effect is "to be determined by the light of reason guided by the principles of law, and the duty to apply and enforce the public policy embodied in the statute." It is this sentence in the opinion of the Court which has led some newspaper critics to affirm that the Court has decided that the Sherman law forbids only contracts that are unreasonably in restraint of trade. Even Mr. Justice Harlan, in his dissenting opinion—dissenting from the argument but not from the conclusion and decree of the Court—seems to give to it this curious misinterpretation.

But it is evident that it is one thing for the Court to say that only those combinations in restraint of trade which are unreasonable are illegal; and quite another thing for the Court to say that all combinations which tend to prevent competition and to create a monopoly are illegal, and the Court will use its reason in determining in each particular case whether the combination has such a tendency. Under the first interpretation parties forming a combination could never know whether they were committing a crime or not until they had ascertained by an actual trial at law whether they had guessed correctly what the courts would regard as unreasonable. Under the second interpretation the parties forming a combination could always *know* whether it was their intention to prevent competition and create a monopoly, and, whatever their intention, could always form a reasonable judgment whether or not that would be the effect of their combination, and if they found that was the effect they could always voluntarily dissolve it.

It appears to us that the Court has done all that the Court can do to establish a standard of judgment easy to be understood and not difficult to apply, by which organizations can determine whether they are legal or illegal; all that the Court can do to safeguard the right of the public, on the one hand, to be free from the evils which spring from monopoly, and of industrial and commercial organizations, on the other hand, to be free from uncertainty and ambiguity in the law under which they must live.

All that the courts alone can do, however, is not enough. It is neither fair to the public nor just to the corporation for the Government to exercise its power of control only by lawsuit. It should not, as now, wait until some offense is alleged and then proceed against the accused corporation; it should see that corporations are so controlled that they may be prevented from offending. What Congress may do in this respect we shall consider hereafter.

WISCONSIN: AN OBJECT-LESSON FOR THE REST OF THE UNION

I doubt whether American students of social economics fully realize the extraordinary work that has been accomplished during the last decade, and is now being accomplished, in the State of Wisconsin under the lead of Senator La Follette and of the group of entirely practical and at the same time zealously enthusiastic workers who have come into active control of the State mainly or largely because of the lead he has given them. It has been both a comic and a lamentable fact that this great democratic republic, which has vaunted itself as a leader in the work of human betterment, which has boasted that it is the especial champion of the rights of the people, has usually been obliged, when it entered any field of social or economic reform, humbly to follow the lead already given in the same line by some Old World monarchy, or by one of the new commonwealths of the South Seas. We, who boast that we represent the freest people on the face of the earth, that our Nation is the home of popular rights and equal rights, and of justice as between man and man, when we try to translate our words into deeds, have to go to Australia for our ballot, and have to study what is done in England or Germany for the protection of wage-workers (and, having studied them and tried to follow the example set us, are then obliged to see some State court, still steeped in the political philosophy of the eighteenth century, solemnly declare that America, alone among civilized nations, is incompetent to right industrial wrongs). In hardly one case of recent years have we been able to initiate a great reform ourselves, and usually the reforms which have been denounced by the reactionary press as subversive of all social order have represented principles already as a matter of course in effect in various European countries.

But, for our good fortune, one of our States, the State of Wisconsin, has now developed such a body of public opinion, and such a body of leadership among its public men and its students, that hereafter we have good reason to hope that we can find within our own borders what we need.

We can now, at least in many cases, look for leadership to Wisconsin when we desire to try to solve the great social and industrial problems of the present and the future, instead of being forced always to look abroad. It is noteworthy that in Wisconsin when one speaks of such leadership it is possible to include therein the student as well as the political leader. In no other State in the Union has any university done the same work for the community that has been done in Wisconsin by the University of Wisconsin.[1]

It was my good fortune recently to address the Legislature of Wisconsin, and to meet not only the members of the legislative body but the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor, and most of the judges of the higher courts; and, characteristically enough, the hall in which I was entertained after my address was one of the buildings of the University of Wisconsin. I found the President and the teaching body of the University accepting as a matter of course the view that their duties were imperfectly performed unless they were performed with an eye to the direct benefit of the people of the State; and I found the leaders of political life, so far from adopting the cheap and foolish cynicism of attitude taken by too many politicians toward men of academic training, turning, equally as a matter of course, toward the faculty of the University for the most practical and efficient aid in helping them realize their schemes for social and civic betterment. I have often listened to well-meaning men who have spoken with a certain horror of Wisconsin, as if it were a community engaged in reckless experiment and in the effort to introduce impossible and revolutionary principles of law and governmental practice. As a matter of fact, it has rarely been my good fortune to meet a body of public men who are more practical and at the same time more obviously earnest in their desire to achieve ideals for social and civic betterment than the public men whom I met at Madison. They were as free from the cant of the professional reformer who deifies words and refuses to face facts as they were free from the cant of his reactionary brother who thinks it a sign of cleverness to disbelieve in the possibility of warring against corruption. They were bound to make human rights rather than property rights the first consideration in governmental action; but they made it evident not merely by words but by deeds that they would not for one moment sanction any pandering to class hatred or any unjust assault on property rights. A big railway official, before I entered the State, had casually mentioned to me that if he had a just cause there was no tribunal in the country before which he would rather present his case than the Wisconsin Railway Commission; and not only did I find that this was the opinion of those best competent to express an opinion, but I found that it expressed the general belief of the men of property who wish nothing but justice and who are not interested in some form of special privilege. It is only in Wisconsin, so far as I know, that a really serious and thorough effort is being made to find out how to frame measures which shall give the people effective control over the big corporations without going into wild extravagance; and in this effort politician and student have joined hands. Again, I found the legislators grappling with the question of workmen's compensation. Through one of the Wisconsin University professors they were accumulating every fact of importance which had bearing on the proposed legislation, and they were engaged in businesslike fashion in trying to secure a law which should work the maximum amount of good and be open to the minimum number of objections. They were engaged in considering the introduction into the State political system of the initiative, referendum, and recall; and here what interested them was not any abstract talk about "the rights of the people" or "the wisdom of the multitude," or any appeals of the type made by the men of 1789 in France; on the contrary, what they were considering in each case were the probable practical results of the measure, what it would do for good, what it would do for evil, and how in actual practice it should be so guarded and so applied as to make it likely that it would secure the maximum of good at the cost of the minimum of evil. This is not the place to describe the various extremely interesting fields of governmental experiment for social and civic betterment upon which Wisconsin has entered. The general public already knows that the State has done much along varying lines. What is much less widely known is the very impressive and significant fact that the public men of the State have entered upon these experiments with cool-headed caution and wisdom, with a firm purpose to go forward in the true progressive spirit, and yet with a no less firm purpose not to be misled by names, and to do nothing foolish merely because they were afraid of being called unprogressive if they did not do it. After my visit I felt like congratulating Wisconsin upon what it had done and was doing; and I felt much more like congratulating the country as a whole because it has in the State of Wisconsin a pioneer blazing the way along which we Americans must make our civic and industrial advance during the next few decades.

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[1] Some time ago an admirable article appeared in the "American Magazine," by Mr. Lincoln Steffens, describing the work the University of Wisconsin was doing. Three or four years ago The Outlook published an article of appreciation of this work written by Mr. William Hard. Year by year this work grows in value and importance.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THREE AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS

It is customary to say that there is no background in America; as a matter of fact, there are several. It is true, they are not as old and richly colored as some of the stage settings which Europe furnishes the novelist and poet, but they have an interest or quality or beauty distinctly their own. In Mrs. Watts's story "The Legacy"[1] one gets a very vivid impression of the full-flavored aristocracy of the Central West sixty years ago; of a well-defined code of manners and well-defined ideals of life brought by cultivated people from the East and modified by the freer conditions of a new country. These traditions of an older social life on the Ohio, the Lakes, the Mississippi, did not create a caste; they indicated an atmosphere of greater leisure, wider interests, and more distinction of taste and manners, than the hard-working, self-denying newer sections had had time to develop.

In her earliest novel, "The Tenants," Mrs. Watts showed intimate knowledge of this social group, and in her latest novel she has used that knowledge with much greater skill. The growth of her skill in handling her material is striking and full of promise for the future. "Nathan Burke," a story of striking ability, greatly widened her audience; "The Legacy" makes a less popular appeal, but its close characterization, its vividness of description, and its grasp of character give it deep interest for thoughtful readers. It is a vital study of a group of very interesting people, conscientiously made and artistically executed. The shabby old Breen House—once surrounded by gardens in a neighborhood of the highest respectability, now fallen on evil days and stranded on the edge of the rapidly approaching slum—is the symbol of the decay of the Breen family; while the rise of Jim Hatfield from the level on which the two families meet is subtly interpreted in terms of taste and character by the unregulated luxury in which he lives at the end of the story. Letty Breen is sketched with a strong, steady hand and with pitiless insight and graphic skill. There is something inviolate in her gallant courage and indomitable loyalty to the habit and attitude toward life of her ancestry, however she may bend to circumstances and compromise with conditions. The story is not pleasant, but it is artistically sound and unmistakably able.

It is a long way in distance and in manners and ideals from the decaying aristocracy which Mrs. Watts describes to the cowboy period of the "Virginian" which Mr. Wister recalls in the "Members of the Family,"[1] a book of short stories of the period of the hero of the older story, but in no sense mere echoes of the brave old days. The central figure of these tales is Scipio, whose resourcefulness, humor, pluck, and loyalty are dramatized with Mr. Wister's first-hand knowledge, artistic integrity, and vital skill. In the hands of a writer less genuine the material dealt with in this volume would have been dangerous stuff; most novelists and dramatists who have handled it have burned red lights and flourished revolvers and fallen headlong in the slough of melodrama. Mr. Wister is saved by his first-hand knowledge, his quick sense of fundamental masculine qualities, his humor, and his artistic integrity. He is not afraid of the fact, and he does not sacrifice the truth for the sake of effect; where melodrama comes into these stories it was first in the life. It is interesting to note how frank Mr. Wister can be without becoming coarse, and what rough characters he can describe without a touch of vulgarity.

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[1] The Legacy. By Mary S. Watts. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[1] Members of the Family. By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Company. New York.

These stories are at the farthest remove from drawing-room tales; they are tales of elemental men leading an elemental life. Their appeal lies in their elemental qualities: bold characterization, broad humor, vigorous action. Their strength and energy would suggest a certain affinity between them and some of Winslow Homer's pictures, if the element of humor could be left out of account. Mr. Wister's use of the material which the novelist finds ready to his hand in the vanishing cowboy life differs radically from the conventional use made of a class of men whose cheapest externality has made them available for stage presentation. In almost every novel or play in which the cowboy appears he has been introduced simply to get his horse, his hat, his clothes, and his revolver on the stage; in Mr. Wister's stories the man himself appears, and his trappings are the incidents of his profession. Mr. Wister has done for the cowboy what Gogol did for the Cossack: he has dramatized the temper and spirit of an elemental man. With two exceptions the note of these tales is humor, and with two exceptions they are as fresh, vigorous, and genuinely human as anything Mr. Wister has done.

Still another American background comes into view in Miss Johnston's latest story. When "The Long Roll"[1] is sounded, the old social life of Virginia is in its last period, and is portrayed with devout and charming skill. Its free-handed hospitality, the charm of manner which was fostered by its leisure, the fine idealization of women which was the source of its gallantry, are doubtless somewhat heightened in Miss Johnston's hands as they have been in the hands of her predecessors; but that the chivalry was real was shown in four years of appalling struggle and in other years of heartbreaking endurance. Since the long defense of Holland no story of heroism and privation approaches the plain record of Southern history between 1861 and 1880. It is from this background that Miss Johnston's story sets out, and her charming picture of old-time manners is like the singing of birds as the sky darkens with the tempest fast rushing on.

It is not easy to describe "The Long Roll." It has the quality of an epic in its magnitude, its narrative sweep, its pervading sense of fundamental issues, its broad movement of elemental forces. A love story runs through it, but with fine instinct Miss Johnston has left it unfinished; the novel is of such range and describes so vast a tragedy that private joys and sorrows are swallowed up in universal experiences. The real hero of this novel is Stonewall Jackson, and the story is the dramatization of the breaking out of the war between the States and the tremendous conflicts in the Valley of Virginia, and, later, in defense of Richmond, until Jackson fell in the dusk of the woods at Chancellorsville. The flow of the narrative has an epical breadth and continuity, and a fullness of detail which at times taxes the reader's attention. To make history live in a story of such magnitude by a thousand near and intimate details was a task of appalling magnitude; and it must have been a tax on the emotions of perilous intensity. Throughout the long story the grasp of fact is never relaxed and the vital realization of stir and action never lost. The gradual disclosure of Jackson to the Stonewall Brigade and to the Army of the Valley is skillfully used to bring the great leader into clear view, and to make the strange character of this Southern Puritan intelligible and vivid. The figures of other Southern leaders come and go, but Jackson moves through the story like the genius of war.

The handling of this vast mass of materials is notably and persistently strong, and must have involved a labor so great and sustained that it becomes a distinct claim on the respect of readers accustomed to many rapidly improvised stories.

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[1] The Long Roll. By Mary Johnston. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

It required no small art to avoid running a narrative of such varied incident into a morass of detail. Miss Johnston has not only avoided this, but has penetrated the mass with a sense of broadening significance, and given the awful struggle a deepening note of antagonism and tragedy as the resistance grew more desperate, the private sorrows swelled into universal bereavement, and life gradually narrowed until it became a bitter fight for bare necessities. It is too early to predict the fortunes of "The Long Roll" as a novel. Like "War and Peace," it must count its readers among those who are able to feel the dramatic appeal of great movements as well as of great figures. Of its extraordinary ability as a piece of semi-historic writing there can be no question.

⁂

THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator proposes this week to abdicate his Spectatorish functions so far as to allow a young friend to describe in her own words and in the first person certain incidents of travel and observation:

Despite the fact of many trips through its neighborhood, I had never taken the time to visit the Falls of Niagara. I had intended to pass a day of awed musing and soulful inspiration by the churning waters of that marvel, entirely alone. I had pictured a spiritual and æsthetic bath, as well as the literal drenching which one suffers at the favorite view-points. But my plans were set at naught by the accident of traveling with a Beauty! The fair one had kept on deck the evening before to admire the wonders of Lake Erie, while I went stolidly to bed. But I had nevertheless observed my pretty companion drowsily, and in the morning was struck afresh with the unusual beauty of the girl. Her slender figure was crowned by the daintiest of heads. Her soft skin and clear, direct eyes with their straight brows were charming. Every movement she made was graceful, and, rapidly recalling the royal ladies known to photographic art, I decided that my new acquaintance was more stylish in ten minutes than any living princess could have managed to be in as many hours. "Have you the time?" the Beauty suddenly asked, adding, "I left my watch to home." "Seven-thirty," was the answer, at which she sighed, "Gee, but I'm tired! My two weeks is up Saturday, and I'm as done up as on the first day. The kids squealed so I couldn't sleep last night. I sat out as long as my hat would stick on, but the only good place on the deck had some silly fellers in it, and I got tired of hearing 'em talk, so I come in. They have lots of toughs on the lake boats, don't they?" she commented, her mouth full of hair-pins. It was the writer's first trip by this route, so she could not judge this point, and asked instead if she might watch the Beauty arrange her hair, since she had noticed the evening before how becomingly it was managed. "Oh, yes, look if you want to," she laughed. "I haven't got much, but, I must say, I *can* do it up. Some girls can't. I know a girl at home, and I wouldn't go with her hair to a dog-fight. Say," she went on, "you going to the Falls?"

⁂

The fellow-traveler groaned in spirit, and wondered swiftly whether instead she should not take the next express for the East and leave Niagara till a more convenient season. But the Beauty's eyes were leveled full upon her. "I was crazy to see the Falls," she said, "but I couldn't get no one to come with me. It's so lonesome traveling alone, don't you think? If I've got to see 'em alone, I wish I was back in Detroit." The Beauty was very appealing as she adjusted her dainty collar. "But it makes me sick to be alone. Come on, can't you? You ain't going with any one else? Say," she continued, "I was talking with the silliest girl last night. She said two fellers was trying to flirt with her, and she went and told the patrol. Did you ever hear anything so silly? She says she never speaks to any one she ain't met, and I says it's a wonder she'd talk to me. Some of the best friends I've got in Detroit, I says, are fellers I've never met, but I never saw one yet I couldn't get rid of without a patrol. Say, come on with me to the Falls. Ah, do!"

⁂

To promenade Niagara streets with a Beauty who must, of necessity, be a veritable honey-pot to the "fellers" seemed a Christian duty as unavoidable as it was laborious. During breakfast the new acquaintance recollected that her berth had not been engaged for return. She puckered her pretty brows and looked across her coffee-cup. "Now, what would you do about that? Telephone, would you? Come on with me, I hate to go alone." She need not have worried, however, for many officious masculine hands were there to help her—a fact she seemingly did not notice. She only rummaged in her pocket for the change, and remarked that she seemed to be "shy all her nickels."

◆

Once at the Falls, my worst fears were realized. Every two out of three men stared at my companion (the third had his own Beauty on his arm), and, while she was as unresponsive as the blind, she could not avoid an occasional nudge and whisper—"I wonder what that feller thinks he sees," or "Why don't he look at his own girl?" Her dependence was touching. "Say, is this veil all right on me?" "Say, quick, is it this car or that one?" "Shall I stay here or come along?" "Gee, but I'm glad you're here!" And one had but to suggest luncheon here or a rest there to find the Beauty smilingly acquiescent and enthusiastic. On one point, however, she was obdurate. Time must be allowed for her post-cards to be selected, written, and sent, and her one open criticism of her friend's conduct was, "And you ain't going to send cards to *any one?*" My own cherished hope was still to have a few moments with no company but the rainbow mist, and, as this fitted in nicely with my companion's post-card plans, I left her with a fountain pen, and passed on with the promise of return. Venus was found where she had been left, with thirty cards written and stamped in her lap. It seemed a generous number to send, especially as it was noticeable that the larger share of them had a Detroit address. "You will get home as soon as they do, won't you?" was the natural question. "Of course; probably sooner," she laughed, with a blush. "But they wouldn't like it if they didn't all get one. I sent from Cleveland, too. You know they always expect to get 'em, even if you're only gone a day."

◆

The cards mailed, the burden was reassumed, and most conscientiously did the two "gorge" up and down, climb, sit, stand, and wonder, and grow gradually faint with fatigue. Venus, lured by the posters, thought it would be a rest to see a show "with a bunch of funny coons," but, as usual, she bowed to her guide's superior judgment, and finally the time drew near when she must return to catch the boat. My train went later, and there was still ample opportunity to enjoy the "scenic marvel" in my own fashion, but my charge was getting very fidgety; less observant, if possible, of admiring glances, and she clung like a kitten to the arm of her protector. "You couldn't come back to Buffalo a little early, could you? Gee, but I wish you'd see me to the boat!" The thought was horrible. It could not be faced. "What should I do with myself after you left?" asked the valiant guide, trying to assume a helpless air, as if she, and not her companion, were the dependent one. But it was too late for deceit. "Oh," the girl laughed gayly, "I know you'll take care of yourself somehow, and you know I couldn't, don't you?" It was true enough. Venus, in addition to the danger signal in her face, showed a deplorable lack of memory for direction; she had not held a ticket or a transfer since the start, and she had forgotten her purse once and her umbrella times without number. "If I was home I'd know where I was, but here I'm all twisted. Gee, but I'd be grateful if you'd come!" There was but one answer possible to end an appeal, and never did I leave the fair one's side till she was in the purser's hands. "Now I can skidoo for home by myself," smiled Venus from the deck. She was not very grateful in words—her smiles had usually sufficed. The last that was heard from her was: "Gee, but it was grand! Let's come again next year, and I'll bring my little sister along too."

◆

With a wave of the hand and a smothered "Heaven forbid!" the writer turned to the open cars as the simplest method of passing the three hours until her train's departure. Beside her sat a demure little woman who seemed to be returning after an absence, so intently did she scan the surroundings and then allow her gaze to sink dreamily into the sky. “You've been to the Falls, I suppose,” remarked the tiny lady after glancing her neighbor over—“your hat ain't dry yet from the spray.” It was true that it had been through several soakings that afternoon, and the fact was admitted. “You don't mind the wet? Neither did I. It's like the inside of a cloud,” she went on, “like the inside of that cloud over there,” pointing to a cumulous mass over our heads. She spoke with a certain poetry, but with such positiveness, too, that it prompted the remark that she must have done much mountain-climbing. “Oh, no, it ain't that,” she laughed. “I was in the balloon business before I got married, and I know all about the weather up there. I often went up at the Falls.” The image of this little mouse of a woman floating above the clouds on a balloon's trapeze was astounding. To the inquiry “How, for Heaven's sake, did you get into that?” the aeronaut told her story. As a small girl the idea of ballooning had been an obsession. The balloon at the county fair had fascinated her, and once, unknown to her family, she had made an ascent. This taste was too much—she could resist no longer, and, after a few trials, she organized the pioneer band of balloonists called the Oswego Sisters. (“You've heard of them, of course?” “Oh, yes,” was the stout reply, “often!”) She had made many ascents in the West, always over five thousand feet, and “Oh, it's lovely up there!” she mused; “so quiet, so quiet. Sometimes I could not bear to come down when they shot off the pistol, but would drift on and on until I saw a pretty place to drop. I wouldn't drop *anywhere*, only in pretty places,” she said with a smile that had in it a wistful shadow, as of an artist who finds few sympathizers.

◆

“Isn't it a little alarming when you drop five hundred feet before the parachute opens?” I asked with some tremors. “Oh, yes, it's exciting. That's why it fascinated me—why it does yet. But I mustn't think of it,” she went on hurriedly, as she gathered up her bags, and a catch was in her voice. “I'm married now. I can't even read about them Wrights, it makes me so homesick. I sha'n't see the other side of the clouds again until I'm dead.” And with that the little figure in the demure brown hat threaded her way anxiously across the street. Surely the clouds have this advantage still—that one can usually have them to one's self, which is more than can be said for terrestrial street-crossings. It was plain that this was in her mind as she trudged droopingly out of sight, and the contagion of her longing for that higher quiet almost made one sigh to join the Oswego band. But my time was now nearly up, and I betook myself from the car to a restaurant near the station to fortify myself for the future. The day had been somewhat exhausting to the sympathies, and I craved a quiet hour to myself.

◆

Scarcely was I seated when a vision swept into the opposite place at the table. Her dress was a creation, her hat a thing to dream of, rings twinkled on her fingers and jewels at her throat. She smiled affably at her fellow-traveler and remarked, while fanning herself with her menu, that the day was warm. “Another,” groaned the weary flesh of the confidante. “Am I equal to her?” “Yes,” answered the brave spirit; so, with a mental girding of loins, the writer agreed that the day was warm, and so was she. The vision's confidences flowed quickly. She was the hat designer for a Denver firm, and was meeting her Parisian *artiste* in St. Louis. “I was a painter before I went in for hats,” she continued. “Yes, the Irish lace on my hat is real point—extravagant, I suppose, but durable. I've thought of putting it with fur on a winter toque,” and a swift design on the cloth with her fork illustrated her plan. Then she described her evolution in the millinery business, the shocking prices which Seattle spends for hats (though, if they chose to get rid of their cash that way, it was not *her* place to object). I recalled certain of this season's horrors in a Fifth Avenue shop, and Miss Denver shook her head with condescension. “Oh, yes, we can only afford to import from Paris. The Avenue is so apt to make mistakes,” at which, suddenly remembering her own head-piece that had survived a month in camp, the writer grew embarrassed in spite of the polite treatment of her tactful acquaintance, and nervously changed the subject. "I have spent the day at Niagara," I volunteered. "Have you seen the Falls?" As I spoke, I compared the three new types of the afternoon. In some respects they were very different, and perhaps would hardly have understood each other. One was more sophisticated; another less accustomed to looking out for herself than to making other people look out for her; while the little aeronaut had the refinement which comes from an absorbing passion and its sacrifice. But one quality they shared. Despite a beauty of person and of plumage, and a spectacular skill that must have made them conspicuous in any company, there was a good-natured absence of self-consciousness and an absolute faith in their own integrity that was like a coat of protective armor. As the first remarked, she had never seen a "feller" she could not rout unaided by police, and one can imagine the sniffs of the balloonist and the bird of paradise if any such incapacity had been suggested in them. Self-respecting and independent, all of them could be trusted anywhere.

◆

"Ah, yes. Yes, indeed," nodded the Denver *Parisienne*, as she rustled away, "they are a wonder work of nature—very awe-inspiring. It is *so* educational to see the Falls!" and her companion, jaded, but at last alone, sat wondering if she were right.

A LETTER OF DENIAL

Denver, Colorado, May 8, 1911.

To the Editor of The Outlook:

At the regular directors' meeting of the Colorado State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection, May 2, 1911, the undersigned committee was appointed and directed to communicate with you as follows:

In the issue of your magazine of March 25, 1911, there appears a foot-note to an article on "Nationalism and Democracy" in which, among other derogatory statements, you charge repeatedly, both directly and by implication, that a little paper published by this organization is "subsidized by the interests," and that its articles are influenced by them and published in their behalf.

We have a right to assume that before committing your magazine to so injurious a charge you felt sure of its truth, and that you will be glad to state what your authority is.

This organization has been in existence for thirty years, is responsible for a large part of the legislation in this State for the protection of children and the lesser animals and for most of its enforcement. It was the first in the world to make the protection of children and animals by authority a function of government, the first to extend it to a whole State, town and country alike, and is conceded to have carried it further in many important respects than has been done anywhere else. Its good faith and singleness of purpose have never before been questioned from any responsible source.

We desire to say that all those parts of your article which intimate that this organization is, or ever was, influenced in the slightest degree, directly or indirectly, by any of the "interests," as you define them, or that such influence was ever attempted by any of them in any way, or that the organization is, or ever was, influenced in any of its actions or expressions by anything but a sincere desire to promote the welfare of children and the lesser animals, are wholly untrue.

We ask that you give to this denial and request for proof as wide publicity as you gave to your charge.

Sincerely,
E. A. COLBURN,
ROBERT M. GOLDER,
E. K. WHITEHEAD,
J. S. TEMPLE,
F. S. BYERS,
Committee.

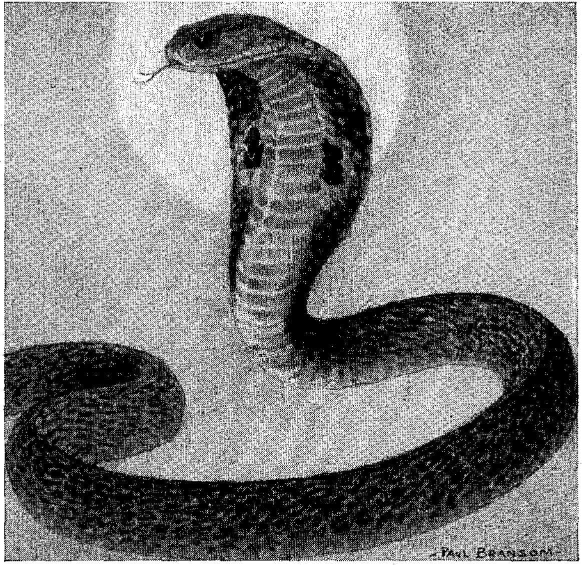
The State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection,
State Capitol, Denver, Colorado.

[The reference in this letter is to a footnote to an editorial by Mr. Roosevelt, entitled "Nationalism and Democracy," which appeared in The Outlook for March 25, 1911. The statements complained of were, in effect, a summary of statements made by Judge Lindsey in writing and in speech. The letter has been sent to Judge Lindsey to learn if he desires to make any comment upon it. The Outlook is in very hearty sympathy with the campaign for decency which Judge Lindsey has been waging—a campaign largely conducted against some of the worst forms of special interest that our country contains; and The Outlook need hardly say that it has entire confidence in Judge Lindsey.—THE EDITORS.]

JUNGLE NIGHTS

By PAUL BRANSOM

SUGGESTED BY KIPLING'S JUNGLE STORIES



THE KING OF THE COBRAS

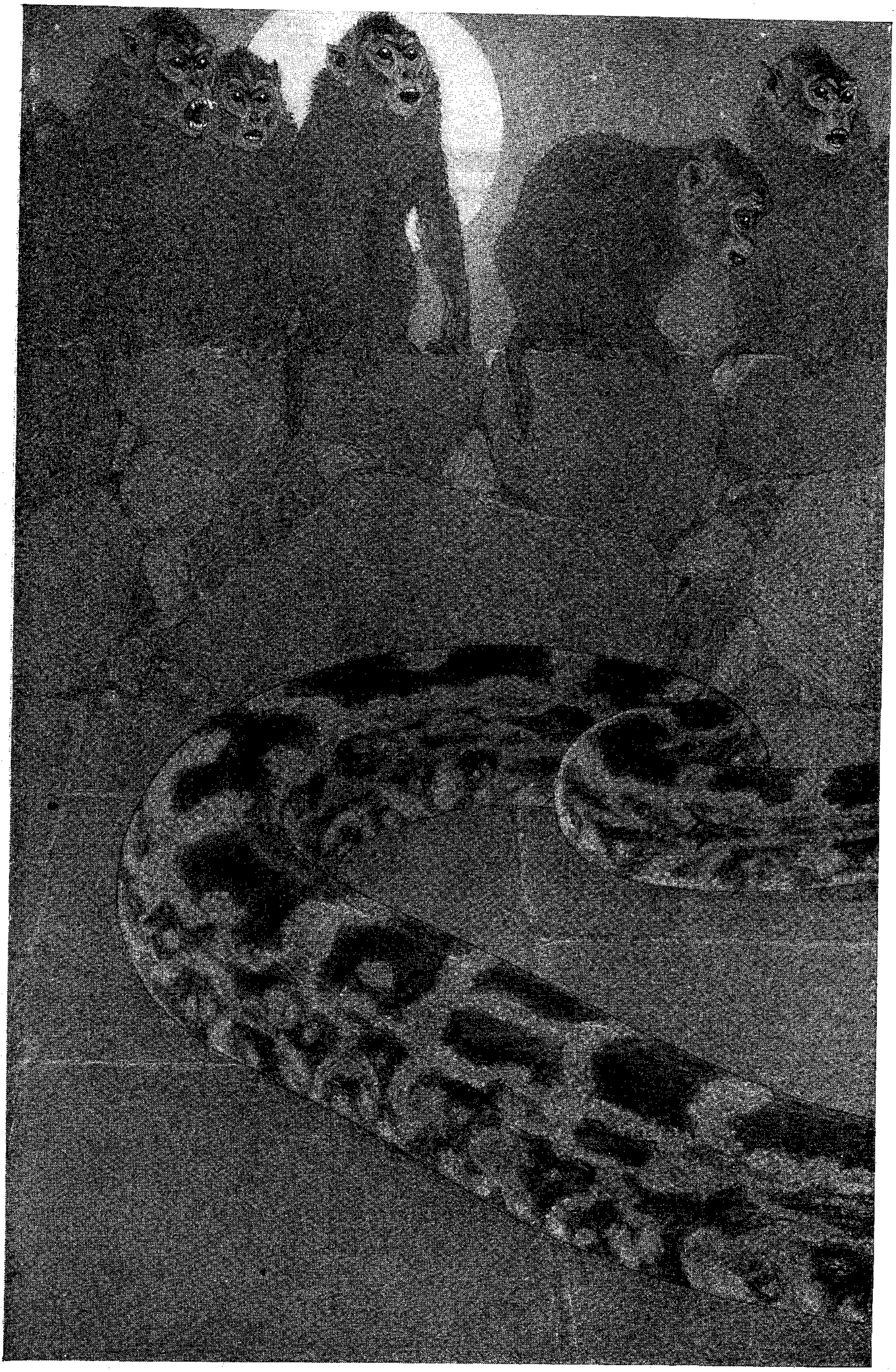
I

THE MOONLIGHT DANCE OF KAA, THE ROCK PYTHON

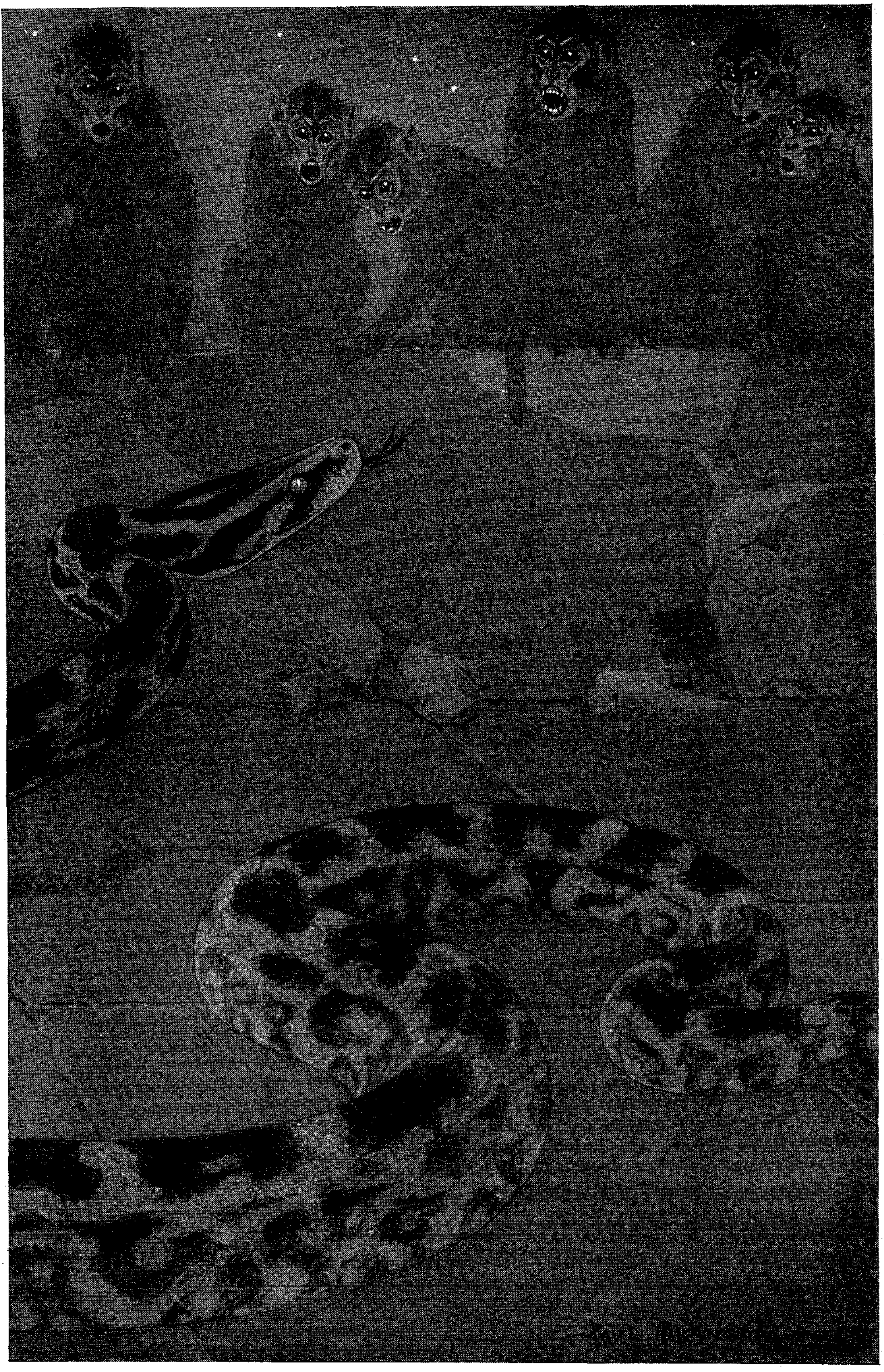
From the walls came a moan like the wind in the tree-tops: "We see, O Kaa!"

"Good! Begins now the Dance—the Dance of the Hunger of Kaa."

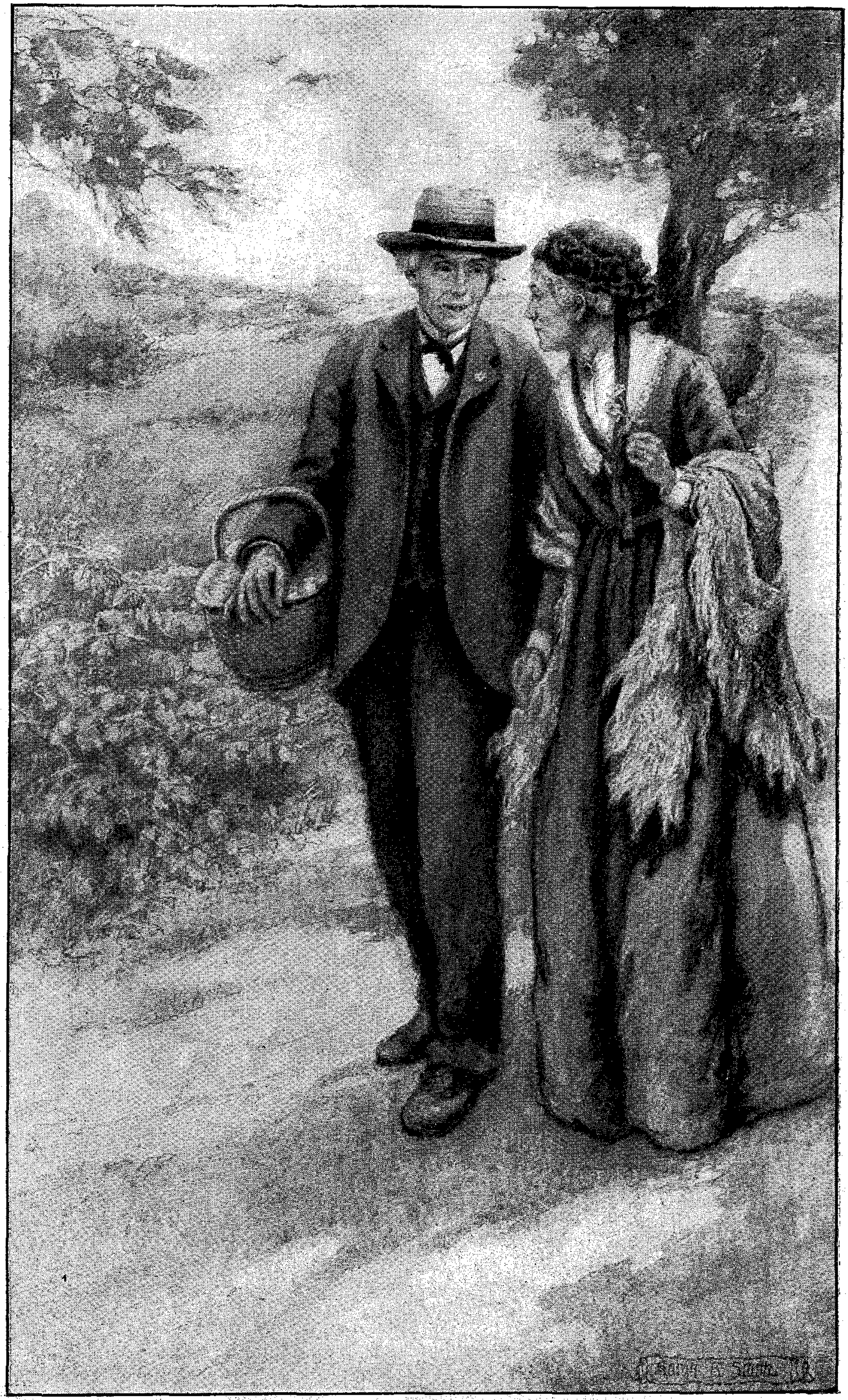
—Rudyard Kipling.



THE MOONLIGHT DANCE OF



KAA, THE ROCK PYTHON



"THE OPEN COUNTRY SEEKING"

The Old Couple

By Richard Burton

With a Drawing by Sarah K. Smith

A pair of oldsters, humble folk, come straying
Along the street; their hands are linked, they smile
Like comrades who are fain to go a-maying,
Their cares forgot the while.

A little basket bears their food, their faces
Are rosy-wrinkled and their eyes so bright
You'd say that they were bound for fairy places
Of far-away delight.

But nay; in sooth, their fond intent is only
To rest an hour or so the fields among,
Where flowers blow free and clouds sail high and lonely
And lays of birds are sung.

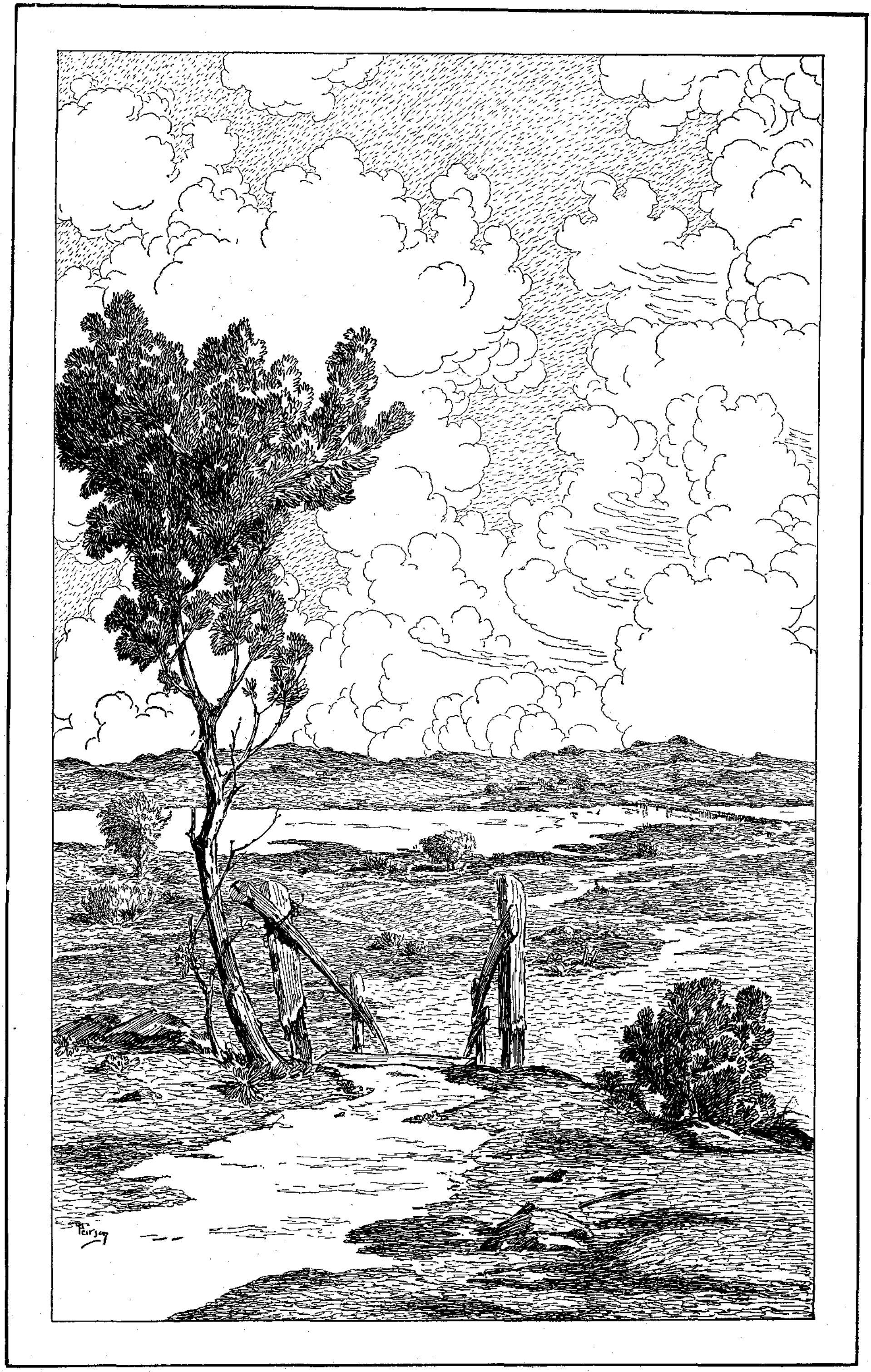
For they are country bred, and so the city
Saddens their hearts, week-long immured for toil;
They know the ugliness, the want of pity,
Where myriad workers moil.

Quaint is their garb; his coat is out of fashion,
Her bonnet never won an envious glance;
But watch his care, his almost lyric passion
Her comfort to enhance,

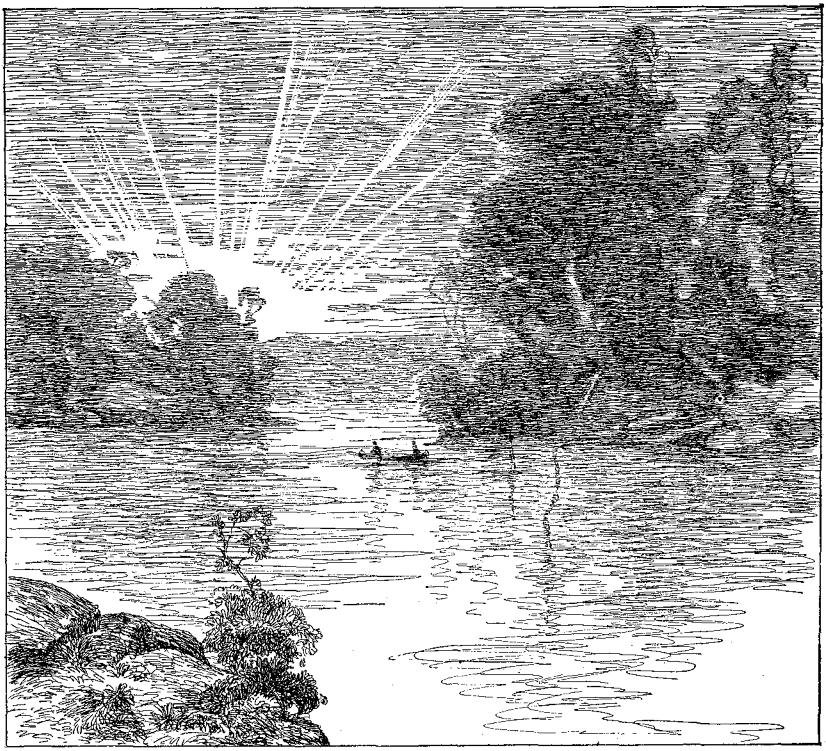
And see how she repays it, dumb or speaking,
By every look and tone and turn of head. . . .
Onward they go, the open country seeking,
There to be comforted.

'Tis not when we are young, in time of roses—
Roses and bird-songs and the bloom of youth—
Love shines most beautiful and full discloses
The wonders of his worth.

Old and uncouth? Not so; by every gesture
They stand confessed: the faith in them is seen.
The twain have donned Love's bright immortal vesture:
Behold them—king and queen!



"THE RIVER . . . WAITING IN THE MEADOWS BELOW THE TOLL-BRIDGE, READY TO HURRY YOU AWAY"



"AT MORNING WHEN THE SUN CUTS THE THICK MISTS ON THE RIVER"

A River Vacation and Some Assets

By Herbert D. Gallaudet

With Drawings by Alden Peirson

I—WHY AND HOW

ANY one who has spent his holiday in a canoe trip has achieved certain definite and noteworthy results. He has slept outdoors, always an illuminating experience to a citizen of cities and civilization; he has lived on his own cooking—or another man's no more adept than himself—and he has relished the living; he has absorbed more clean air and open weather in a week than he ordinarily enjoys in half a year; and the sun and the wind have burned as much sanctity into his soul as they have health into his body. He has reorganized his digestion, he has ventilated his town-dusty mind as thoroughly as his lungs, he has put his tired spirits to sleep and waked them up rested and fresh as a child's, he has turned his imagination free to range where it will and has brought it back home with as many harmless and delightful treasures as a little boy brings in his tin pail from an excursion by the sea. In more ways than one he has done things.

The thing itself was something, though

so exceedingly simple. It only took a fortnight out of the summer, two tired men out of the city, a dusty canoe out of the woodshed, a couple of sleeping-bags out of camphor and the third-story closet, and a disreputable collection of camp clothes out of sundry trunks and corners. You shipped the canoe to the head of the river, and yourself followed in due season. You arrived by the evening train, spent a night at the Eagle House, assembled your belongings in the early morning, bought an extra box of matches at the general store, shook off an admiring following of small boys, and started.

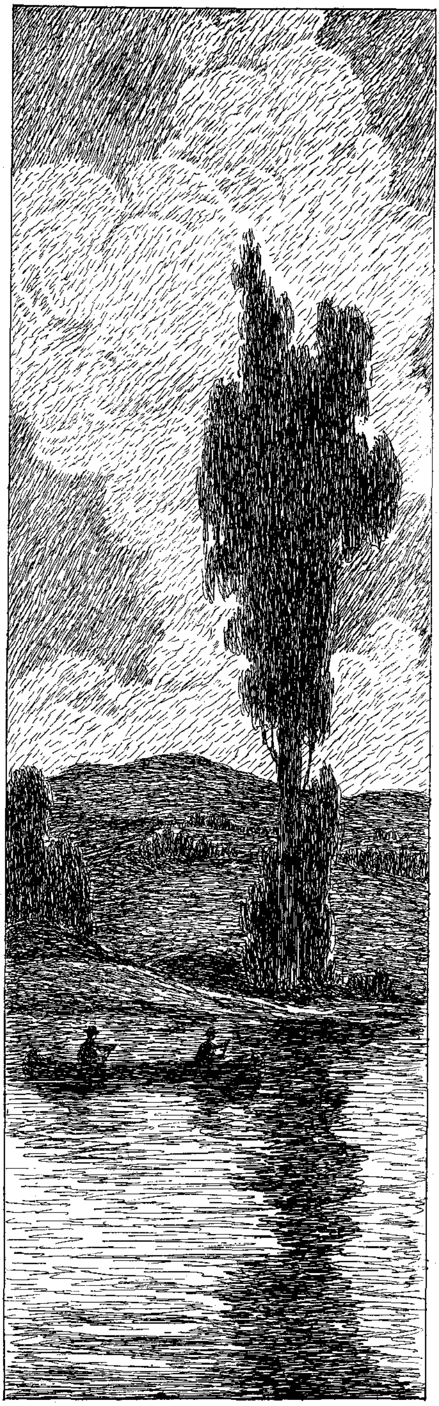
That was all there was to it, except the river. And that you found waiting in the meadows below the toll-bridge, ready to hurry you away. It did.

II—THE RIVER ROAD

There are a good many roads through life. I like the one by the river—for many reasons.

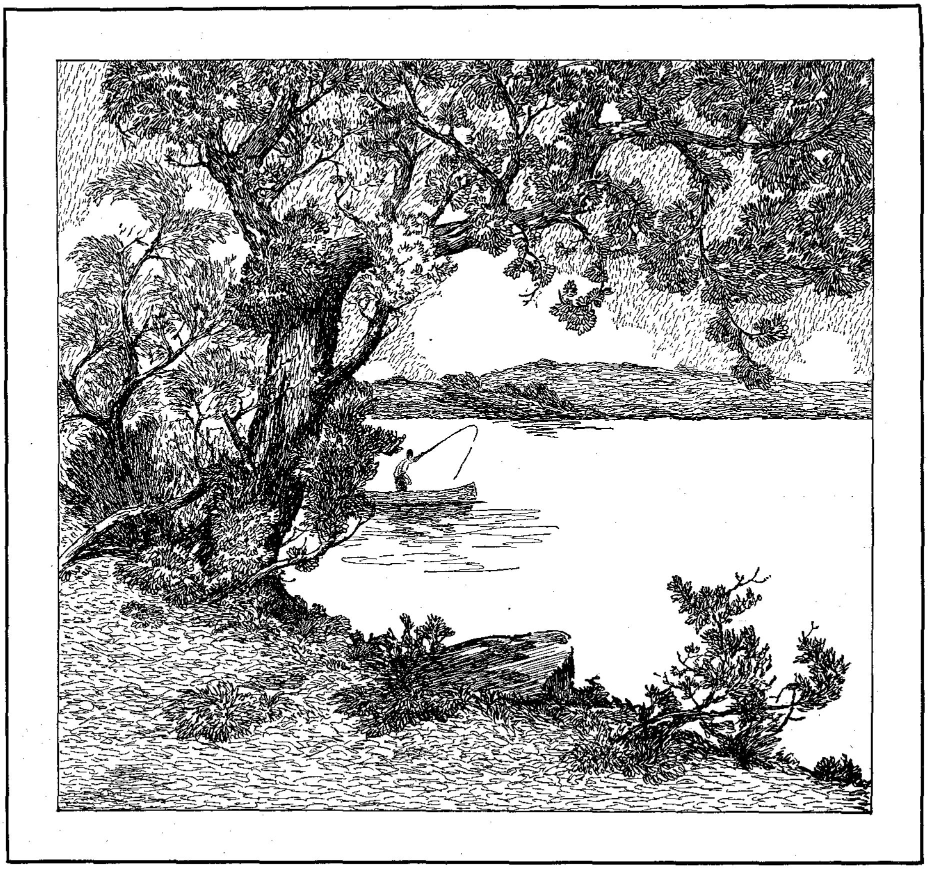
The first is novelty. Most of us, like the Athenians of St. Paul's experience, are ever ready to seek and to know some new thing. The river road to most of us is quite a new thing. We know the railroad and the wagon road and the motor road and the walking road, all of them sufficiently well, and are reasonably tired of their cinders and dust and jolting and monotony. But the river road is new. We have seen it, of course, from the others. We have watched its twists and turns from the car window; have stopped the horse on the bridge and admired its sweeps and curves for a moment; have lifted our eyes off the motor long enough to catch a fleeting glimpse of its distances and beauties. We have never traveled the road itself.

We have been in a canoe before, many times; but never for long days at a time, never to go for good and all and not come back the same way and afternoon. We have taken excursions, with a light lunch



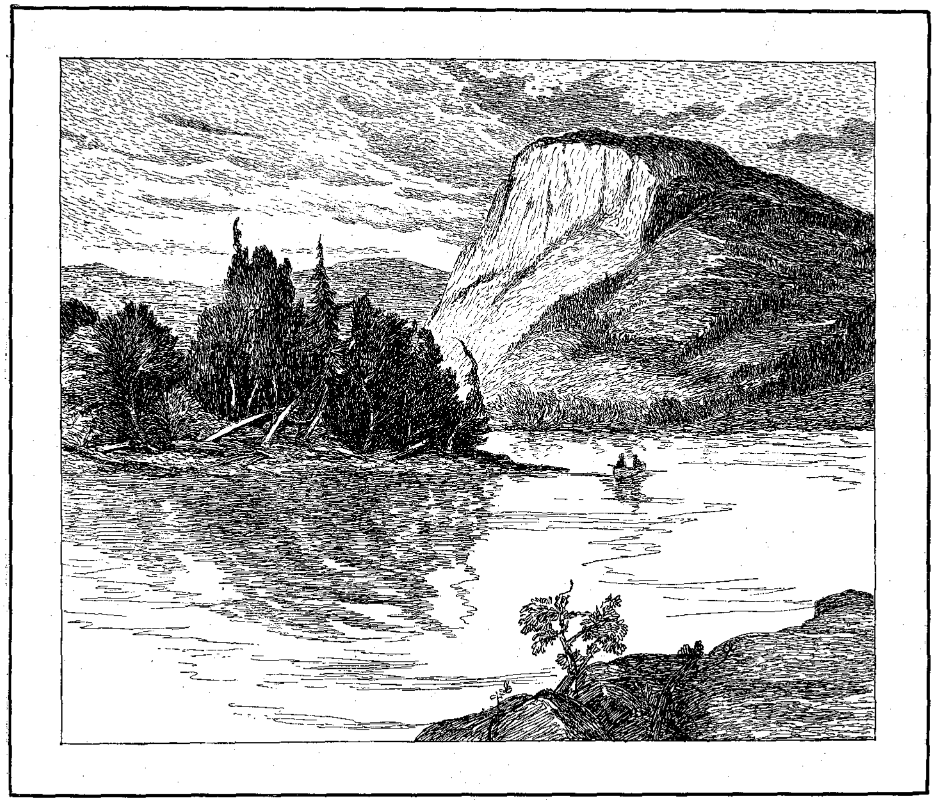
"WHEN THE SHADOWS BEGIN TO CREEP OUT OF THE HILLS" and a light book for both freight and company; we have never risen to the dignity and delight of a real river journey, with our little ship loaded to the gunnel and our destination three States away. The voyaging experience is new.

The novelty of the river road is always progressive. You continually get somewhere, even if it is only to face the same mountain from a new angle; or if two hours' hard paddling only reward you with the same red barn set against a slightly different background, you have at least a certain muscular sense of having achieved a result. The river carries you on. You may lounge lazily with a pipe or sit up and tend strictly to business—thirty strokes to the minute and exactly sixty minutes to the hour, and as many hours in the day as you can put in between summer dawn and twilight. You may work at your hardest clip, or lie back and not work at all. The river carries you on—always to something different, something changeful, something new. Sand-banks come and go, with their noisy population of swallows; the great curves and ox-bows wind themselves at last to an end; the largest letter S's that the river can trace across the broadest valley are finally spelled out to completion; mountains rise in the distance and in the distance grow blue again and fade altogether from sight; rapids succeed shallows and shallows follow rapids. The river does the business, even if you yourself sit back and do nothing.



"YOU FISHED OCCASIONALLY"

I like the river road for its variety. A good, average, well-grown, common-sense, handsome river is nothing if not mutable. Chance and change are busy here more than anywhere else in the world. The river is everything by turns and nothing long—like genius, or spring weather, or woman in her hours of ease. Scott's apostrophe to that well-known lady, "un-

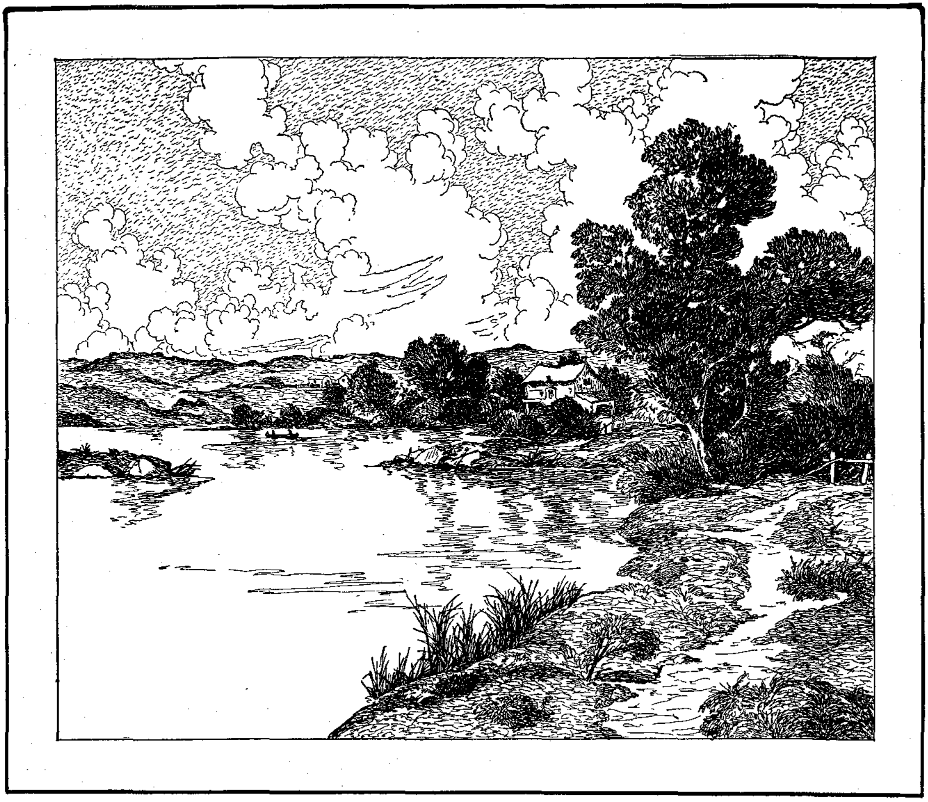


"EVEN IF IT IS ONLY TO FACE THE SAME MOUNTAIN FROM A NEW ANGLE"

certain, coy, and hard to please," might equally be applied to this pleasant, choice, changeful, not-always-ladylike river, with variations. Camping days on such a river are a good deal like the funny man's song of the feminine consummation of volatility, "You'll never find two alike at any one time; you'll never find one alike twice."

I took a little over a week's voyage on the Connecticut; the ship's log told its own story. The first day we slid through fast, easy water and learned the feel of the boat. The second we labored to pass interminable sand-banks and to avoid bumping into those continually reappearing red barns; also we learned the feel of the paddles with sore hands. The third we watched mountains come and go, and bridges glide swiftly overhead, and long carries crawl slowly under foot. The fourth we fought with shallow rapids, waded long stretches of wet cobblestones, and avoided beautiful falls that the rivermen euphemistically term "pitches." The fifth day we upset. The sixth we ran through the log drive and made our prettiest camp. The seventh we fought head winds—and large appetites. The eighth we traveled for record distance, and accomplished a terrific sunburn. The ninth we pulled out, shipped our canoe, shaved, and looked with surprise at tablecloths. For variety, health, and the spice of life I would be willing to match a hundred miles of river against a thousand of motor-roading or five thousand of Pullman. The story of the river road is an epic of the unexpected.

Of the river's beauty as you see it when you travel that road it is not necessary to speak. It is like talking about the beauty of a rose, or a sunset, or a woman you like. You see the rose, you watch the sunset, you know the woman, and, as far as you are concerned, that settles the matter for good and all. It is of no advantage to talk; talk only cheapens. So of the river. You make its acquaintance, you follow its course, you learn its moods and marvels and mysteries, you upset in its rapids, you wade its shallows, you



"THOSE CONTINUALLY REAPPEARING RED BARNS"

break its most reflective silences with the quiet ripple of your bow, you catch the color of the water at sunrise and the music of it at midnight, and the motion of it in the first swift hour of the morning's launching, and you need have nothing said to you of the river's beauty.

Nor of its companionableness. The river is good company; friendly without overdoing the thing, intimate but not intrusive, always with you but never a bore, seeming to understand your moods as you strive to understand its moods, never forcing speech upon you nor cornering you into a confidence. And yet at the day's end, when the shadows begin to creep out of the hills and before you realize that you are tired, there come to the voyager every now and then moments of exaltation and insight, of communion with the river gods and others. The mood passes, the shadows lengthen. You straighten up, to find yourself very tired with the day's travel, and push ashore to search for a suitable camping-place.

I like the river road most of all for its sanity. It takes you out of yourself. It makes you forget your troubles. It gives you something better to see and to think about and to do. It forces you to pull up the shutters of your mind and look out on the good, green, changing world. It compels you to throw open the windows of your soul and let in the sunlight and the winds of God. It makes you sane and sound and well.

Next to a good woman and a good book, says Stevenson somewhere in the "Inland Voyage," there is nothing on earth quite so fine as a river. If you don't believe it, try and see.

III—RIVER LUCK

You take it as it comes. It comes in many ways, and mostly you like them all.

But some things are more memorable in your experience than others. You can never forget the first night out, nor the last; nor your best camp, nor your best meal, which was the hungriest; nor the day that introduced you to swift water, nor the rapids that gave you in one quick, wet, gulping breath—a good sense of the precariousness of life.

On the whole, your luck was reasonable. You had no rain till the third day, and by that time had learned to do the thing comfortably. You did not get a tip-over till the fourth, and were seasoned to enjoy it; you lost nothing but an extra paddle and the more disabled of two cameras. You met no bad water for the first fifty miles, and then you liked it.

You fished occasionally, and were not more unsuccessful than usual. You shot a few shore birds, and got your gun only sensibly rusty. You had plenty to eat; the village store was never for long out of reach. You had no trouble from indigestion, though some of the things you ate were fearfully and wonderfully made; nor from insomnia, though some nights the ground was hard. You never thought to catch cold, though part of you was wet almost all of the time, and all of you part of the time.

You did not wear your canoe quite to pieces, nor tear your hands beyond reasonable patching, nor blister your sunburn out of all possible endurance.

On the whole, your luck was good. But you wouldn't have very much cared if it hadn't been. You weren't traveling for comfort; you were traveling for a good time. You got it.

IV—LIVING RIVERS

You remember how Stevenson uses the phrase. He must have taken it right from his own experience on the Oise, or from one of those Scotch streams he was still more fond of, and put it into the familiar little envoy to "Underwoods," the best line of six.

"A living river by the door"—there's a good mission for a book, certainly, or for a life. Any man who purposes so much, whether by pen or by personal presence, purposes high; any man who achieves so much achieves more than most.

For there is something in the spirit of big running water that I like to think essentially Christian. It may seem fanciful to imagine so, and yet I believe that nobody can spend much time with a real, live, full-blooded (or full-flooded) river and not absorb certain very real and valuable virtues.

The first is geniality. He gets it out of the ripple of the shallows, and out of the glint of the sunlight in fast water. The skies pour it on him from overhead, even when they also pour rain; the river spatters it at him from below, even when it wets him to the bone; the swish and roar of the rapids challenge him with it, even though they likewise challenge him to have a care and mind what he's about.

It comes to him in many ways, and comes to stay—an abiding cheerfulness, ruddy and well founded; a secret humor, ready to burst out for any cause or none; a quiet festiveness of manner, jaunty as his own canoe in full stream; a sunny peace, passing both understanding and explanation.

And the second is clarity. He gets it out of the water beneath him, in the still places where the tall shadows are, in the dark, luminous pools where the big trout linger, in the brown pebbly stretches where the afternoon lights dance so incessantly. He gets it out of the skies above at night when the stars shine over his bed almost as brightly as the fireflies, or at morning when the sun cuts the thick mists on the river, or again late in the afternoon when the white clouds pile high against the blue air.

It comes to him in many ways—he hardly stops to think how; it is enough that it comes. The currents of his life clear and quicken; the channels of his being run full and deep. Imperceptibly all his thoughts purify themselves, all his senses grow alert and keen, as does his eye.

And the third virtue is certainty. The river goes forward. It may falter for a time; it may spread and scatter around a dozen islands; but a little farther on it gathers again, in fuller volume than before.

And the man it carries with it learns its lesson. He may not call it faith; for he doesn't bother with names. But he knows he has found something real. And he goes forward; and like as not he sings as he goes.

And when he leaves the river he's sorry, as at any good fellowship ended; and yet he's very glad, as for a good friendship that nothing can sever.

He dreams of it sometimes at his work in the city, and wonders when he can go back. And in the meantime he smiles, and lives better.

The Girl and the Camp

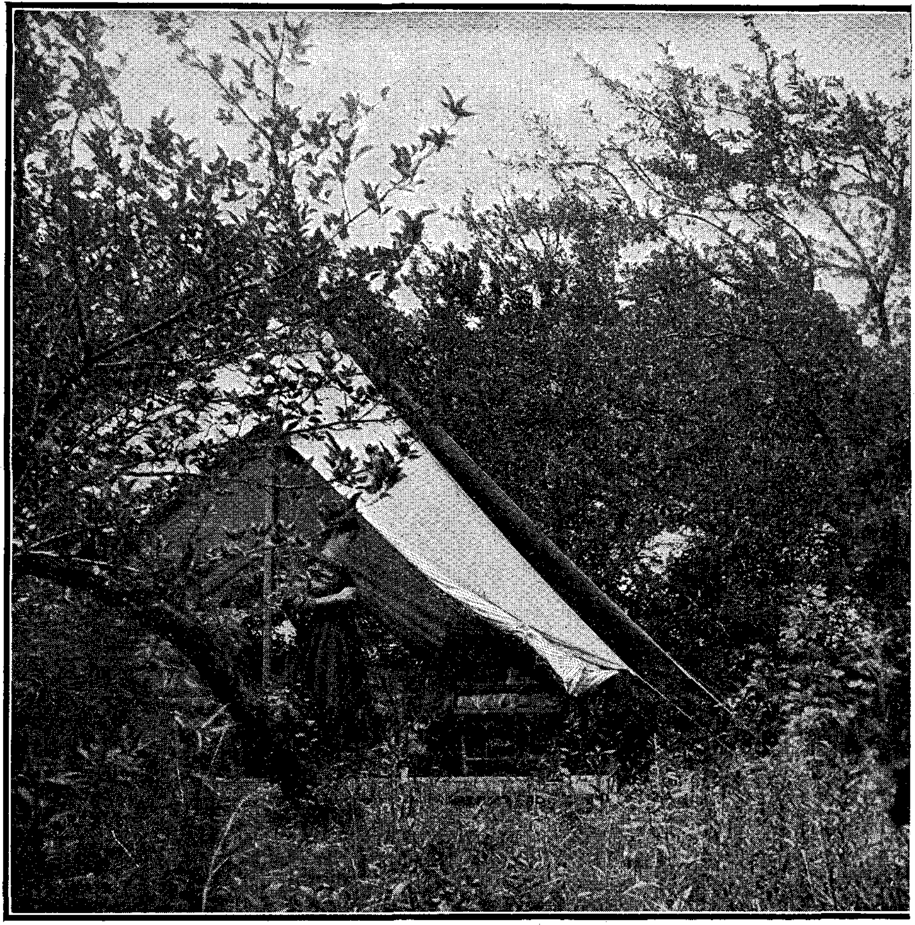
By Elizabeth M. Fessenden

PRIMITIVE man was delighted to sleep in a wigwam and stride through the forest from daylight to dark—strong of muscle, straight of spine, keen of eye, quick of ear, alert, alive. He lived the life of the body. He wasn't worth much as a human being because he lived not the life of the soul.

Then he got civilized, and was delighted to pass his days in the stuffy air and semi-darkness of libraries and laboratories, puzzling out fine points through gold-mounted spectacles, bending a flat chest and round shoulders over the microscope to examine the tubercle bacillus—flabby of muscle, sallow of skin, shifty of gait, sluggish of circulation, dyspeptic, nervous. He lived what he intended for a life of the soul. He wasn't worth much as a human being because he lived not the life of the body.

And—can you believe it?—he never once thought of his birch canoe and the fresh breezes of his old-time forest! He went to compounding drugs for himself and began to gorge pills and powders and black mixtures. And he was nothing better, but rather grew worse. The tubercle bacillus munched peacefully on. The nerves shrieked louder.

Then at last, when the day of utter need was come, there began to be heard faintly

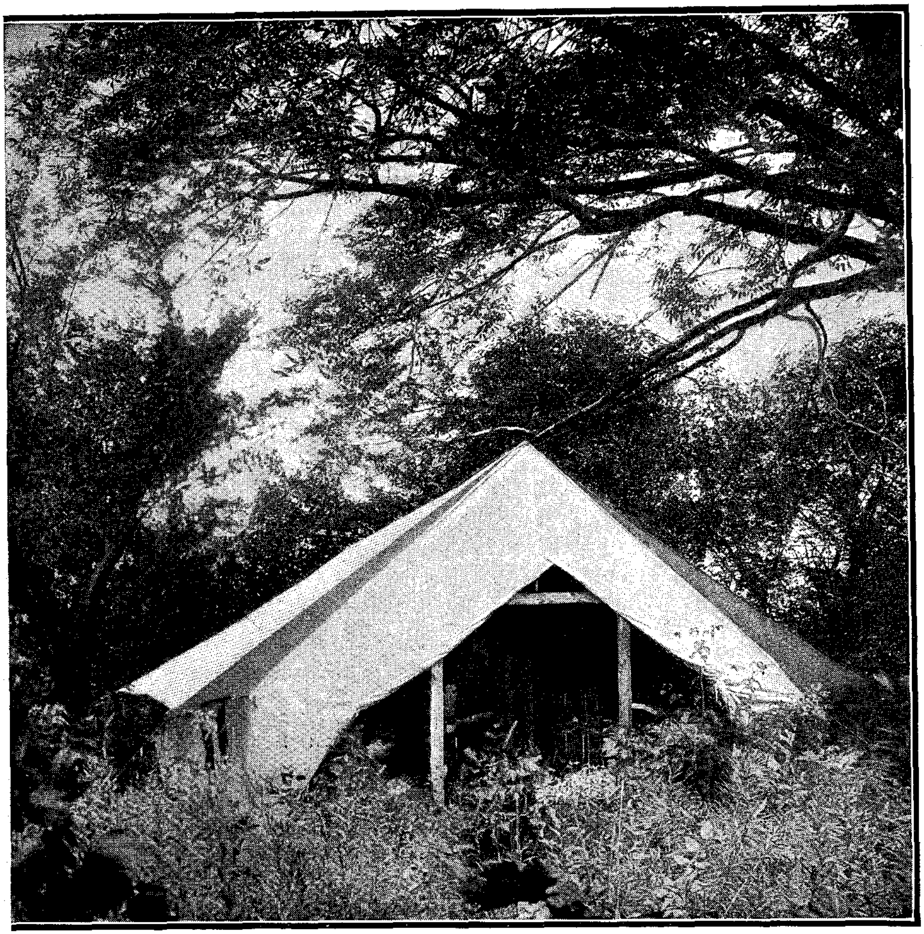


above the din and confusion of man's civilized life "the call of the wild." He listened. The old savage in him began to stir. He obeyed. But at first only a few of him. Freaks they were thought, but they dared to be queer. And the cry grew louder and reached deafer ears, and many a weak heart began to flutter with faint stirrings of hope that civilization might yet be saved. The men of the Thoreau type began to be seen, not as simpletons, but as prophets of the simple—as voices crying in the wilderness that man must get back to nature if he would live. And he is going back. Thank the Lord, nowadays even doctors—some of them—are getting more in love with God's medicine than the chemist's! Not only have the days gone by when dried powdered toad and snakeskin mixed with molasses were popular remedies, but even pretty pink pills have lost some of their charm. The camphor and paregoric bottles get a bit dusty on the shelf, and the sage M.D.—at least the most up-to-date specimen of him—will tell you not to sit by the fire and swallow drugs, but to get out.

Luckily "the call of the wild" sounds in every human heart that has not quite lost its primitive simplicity. In some perhaps it is entirely outdinned by the call of the ledger or the reception invitation or the ancient manuscript. In others it is only made faint by these nearer noises. But in many it rings out clear and imperative.

"The red gods call and he must go."

He! Why not she? Must her nerves still shriek, her wits still vanish? Must all, then, still be lost through her? Perhaps Kipling didn't know it, but she was once a child of the forest, too. Why must it be



SUPREME IN CAMP

ever he? She needs it even more. He at least has not lived all his days tied up in petticoats and pinched up in corsets, and he hasn't, with pegs under his heels, hobbled through life, stiff, stilted, stylish. He has known at least a little freedom. And the red gods do call her equally, but she has generally felt that she mustn't go. Her duty to the petticoats and various instruments of torture forbade. Hunting parties, canoe trips, boys' camps for him. For her— Well, yes, of late years the red gods have made special arrangements for her too. She has joined mountain clubs. Some of the most energetic specimens of her have made ascensions that have caused the world's hair to stand on end. A few of her, with an eye to business, have shaken off the dust of the city streets and its germs and have gone to farming it. And, at last, girls' camps! Among the long lists of camps for boys are gradually creeping in a goodly number for girls, the high-water mark so far perhaps in this great movement for the salvation of the race. Actually for girls, a camp! A place where the red gods reign supreme! And for girls! Doesn't it seem almost too good to be true?

The object of a girls' camp, then, is health. But we have emerged from the age when the world believed that health of body and health of soul were dissociable things. We used to know all about it. Here was soul and here was body. You could educate one without affecting the other. One could be sick while the other was well. We don't know so much as we used to. Now we don't know where soul ends and body begins. We do know one thing, though, or we think we do: that whatever affects soul will affect body, and

THE FORMS OF PHYSICAL EXERCISE ARE SUCH AS FILL THE HEART OF GIRLHOOD WITH DELIGHT

whatever affects body will affect soul. Education must be for both soul and body. The girls' camp, which is part of the great educational scheme, seeks health for the girl's body because interested in her soul, and seeks health for her soul because interested in her body, and seeks health for both her body and her soul because interested in her.

First, then, health for the girl's body. What are the means used by the camp to attain it? Physical exercise, rest, fresh air, good food, proper clothing.

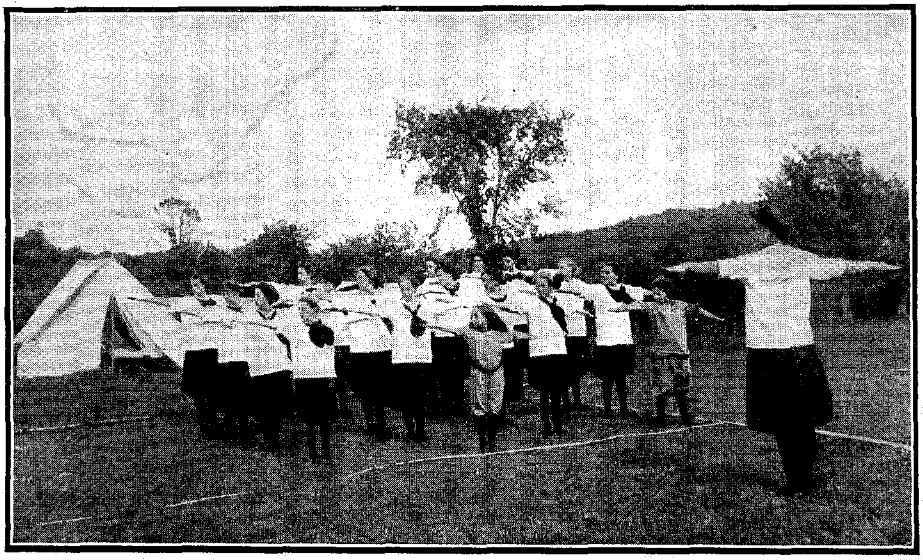
The forms of physical exercise are such as fill the heart of girlhood with delight—swimming, diving, rowing, paddling, tramping, mountain climbing, active games, such as basket-ball and tennis. "Splendid!" exclaims Mrs. Strenuous. But Mrs. Cautious is thinking to herself, "But, oh, how much danger that the girls will overdo!" Well, Mrs. Cautious, you would be right if you had in mind an ill-managed camp. But many, if not all, of the camp leaders are highly conscientious mortals singularly fitted for this work by training and experience. Many of the camps are conducted by teachers, some by fathers and mothers joining hands to take care of other people's children as well as their own, one by a mother and daughter, the daughter a teacher of manual training, one by a physical director and a doctor, both women. With leadership of this stamp the danger of harm from too much exercise is vastly less than the danger in ordinary life from too little.

Of course the régime can't be the same for strong girls and for weak ones. A physical examination at the beginning goes far to show what each girl may be allowed to do. If she is found to have strong heart and lungs, well-developed muscles, straight spine, good feet, her exercise may increase rapidly, until she is able to do with ease and profit feats that might seem to Mrs. Cautious alarming. But if the stethoscope shows weak heart and lungs, if the muscles are flabby, the spine crooked, the feet weak, the whole condition of a rather low tone, her time for swimming must be short. She must take short walks rather than long tramps. She must avoid the more strenuous games. The leader of the camp must take careful note whether this girl eats well and sleeps well, whether she shows signs of fatigue after exertion, what the sphygmomanometer says about her from time to time, and must regulate her activity accordingly. It is almost certain that soon, instead of nibbling a little at dinner, this frail camper will hungrily devour "seconds," as the girls say. Her strength will increase, her enthusiasm will grow more and more. As the weeks go on she can do things with ease and delight that would have exhausted her at the beginning. She gains pound after pound. Her muscles grow hard, her face ruddy, her eyes bright. The joy of living takes firm hold of her, and the delight of her parents when they see her again testifies to the change. This is not theory. It is history. A few of the camps receive only thoroughly healthy girls, but most of them welcome also the frail. And possibly the most delightful chapter in a camp's history is the tale of how these fragile creatures were transformed into rugged beings, ready for life and work.

A little gymnastic lesson for "setting-up" purposes is part of the camp's daily programme, but elaborate gymnastic work is left for the days of cold and storm when winter and city make the gymnasiums a priceless blessing. In the summer days, when the "cunning green leaves" are ever beckoning us on to the enjoyment of "God's great big outdoors," the emphasis is laid on games and sports.

If physical exercise is absolutely necessary for a girl's healthy development, not less so is rest. In most camps nothing disturbs the "stilly night" after nine o'clock, and the younger campers close their eyes at an even earlier hour. The time for rising varies from six to seven of the clock. Thus the campers get a night nine or ten hours long, and even longer for the little girls. But this is not all. A quiet hour after dinner prevails besides. This generous amount of resting is felt to be necessary to offset the lively exercise, and the wisdom of it is shown by this fact. In spite of her strenuous mode of existence, which might be expected to use up most of her adipose tissue, the girl camper usually gains a goodly number of pounds. "Look at the elephant I've brought you!" exclaimed an older brother as he presented to the father and mother in September his nineteen pounds heavier camp sister. But the elephant needn't worry. If the pounds are too many, they will speedily vanish.

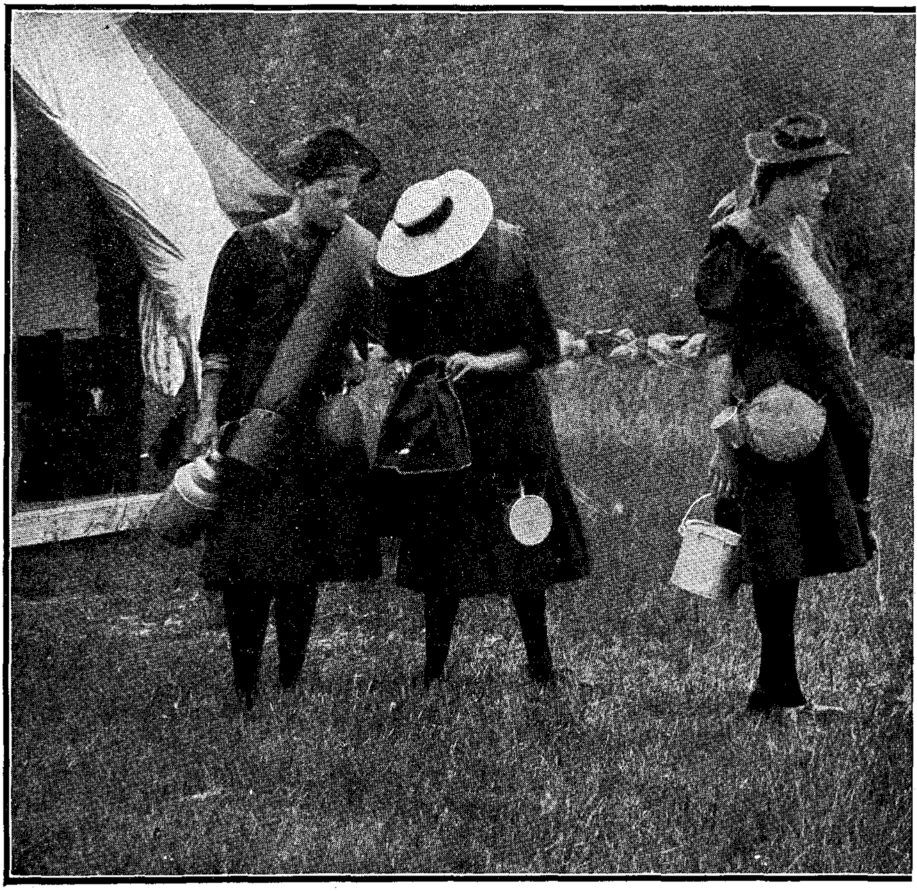
Fresh air rules supreme in camp. Three square meals a day are served, either entirely outdoors or in an open, airy dining-room, and in almost all camps inside sleeping has been discarded in favor of open tents. With the flaps and walls of her tent rolled up, a girl is practically sleeping outdoors with only a canvas roof to keep the star-dust out of her eyes. And not infrequently she carries her cot out of the tent and lets her eyes take their chances of injury



AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE CAMP LIFE

from star-dust! Of course the games and sports go on in the open, and, in some camps at least, even the reading and writing and singing go on under the trees. Reflector lanterns help for evenings out of doors, and the moon makes perfect the evening of rowing on the lake. And on a cold evening what can more warm the heart, not to mention the hands and feet, than a big, roaring camp-fire about which the girls can caper and frisk, can sing and listen to stories? To be sure, rain will fall sometimes even on campers, but since, as a rule, they know enough to go in out of the rain, they must be housed for a time, and they can be trusted to find merriment by the fireside within as without. The first season of one camp was a time of drought, and, except for their physical examinations, the girls were hardly inside the house during the whole eight weeks.

While the scientists are theorizing and experimenting and contradicting each other and changing their minds on the ever-interesting subject of food, the camps are trying their best to be hygienic. Everywhere the emphasis is laid on fresh vegetables, fruit, milk, cream, and eggs rather than on meat. One camp has abjured the flesh-pots of Egypt altogether, and sets a vegetarian table with a trained dietitian to provide a well-balanced menu. And the girls seem as happy and rosy as any beef-fed maidens. In almost every camp the effort is toward plain food, nourishing, abundant, and what the palate shall pronounce good, so that that zest shall be added to digestion which follows on the smacking of the lips. Eating between meals is discouraged. Extra light lunches are served, however, in some camps. For instance, when supper is served at half after five, milk or crackers and milk are taken before retiring. One camp serves



THE STRONGEST GIRLS TAKE THEIR BLANKET

a light luncheon at ten in the morning, another at four in the afternoon. In almost every camp there are stringent rules concerning the buying and eating of sweets; and probably this rescue of the girls from the soda fountain and the ever-open candy-box is one of the real causes for their improvement during the summer. It is such a rest from dissipation for their overtired stomachs. It isn't noticed that the stomachs rest from legitimate labor, however! If an ordinary good meal is a square meal, the meal of a girl camper after a few weeks of outdoor living is a cube at the very least.

Clothing! That knottiest of problems for the modern female! Mind perplexed and almost baffled by changing fashions and the ever-present, ever-pressing question, What shall we wear? Body perplexed and almost baffled by the ever-present, ever-pressing effort to wear it! Oh, the freedom of a camp costume! For one thing, it means bloomers—at least about camp, and sometimes even for going abroad when the company is large enough. For another thing it means a loose blouse, usually a white "middy." Camp feet are shod, as a rule, with tennis shoes or sneakers. Camp heads are crowned with soft slouch hats or wide-brimmed straw. The "dress parade uniform" usually includes a blouse to match the bloomers, and a skirt. Sometimes the skirt is long, although in one camp at least it is a little skirt just below the knee and made to button down the front, so that in climbing a mountain a girl can take it off, roll it up and tie it to her belt, and use it for a cape at the top. The costume is in the camp colors—green and white, khaki and green, khaki and brown, or the foresters' colors, russet and green. One day a member of the Appalachian Mountain

ROLLS AND CAMP ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

A GENEROUS AMOUNT OF

Club met a company of these russet and green forest maidens coming down a mountain, and afterward told a friend he had met a company of woodland nymphs on the mountain.

So much for the means whereby the camp seeks health for the girl's body. Now what are the aids to health of soul? We should have to begin all over again with the same list—physical exercise, rest, fresh air, etc.—since the greatest aid to health of soul is health of body. But there are other aids towards soul health in camp life.

Possibly the very foremost agency is the happiness of the whole thing—the blessedness that so naturally comes from this free life in the big outdoors.

Doubtless the beauty of nature is a large part of it Who can estimate what it means to the soul of a girl when every morning she opens her eyes to look out on a great vision of widespread mountains and lakes, when her daily walks are through the solemn woods, when her choicest artist is the painter of the sunset, when her angelus is the evening song of the thrushes, her night watchman the silent stars?

The direct study of nature is another element. Can we do for children a sweeter thing than to make them acquainted with Mother Nature in her various ways and works? Will anything else so surely crowd out frivolous, vain, foolish, selfish, and even impure thoughts and desires as an early and deeply implanted love for birds and trees and flowers and all sweet fresh woodsy things? These studies are carried on entirely informally and in the field. No text-books to grind over, thank you! The girls learn to know the birds by sight and by their songs, and study their habits, find their nests, watch the process of rearing the young. Some house wrens once made their nest in the hunting-grounds of a certain camp. A series of watches was instituted, one hour each, from four in the morning to eight at night. The watchers were all volunteers. Count was kept of the number of feedings and their nature, whether worms, caterpillars, grass-

RESTING IS NECESSARY

hoppers, or what not; and note was made of other proceedings. For instance, the first watcher reported herself scolded for fifteen solid minutes by the irate little wren. The total number of feedings was found to be two hundred and seventeen.

It is easy for the girls to learn the names of the wild flowers and ferns, and they are supposed to learn, too, to distinguish the trees by their leaves and bark. The idea is to lead the girl to be, not a stranger, but at home in nature's world, and to gain the simplicity of spirit, the out-of-door breeziness, that give inspiration and charm to nature lovers the world over.

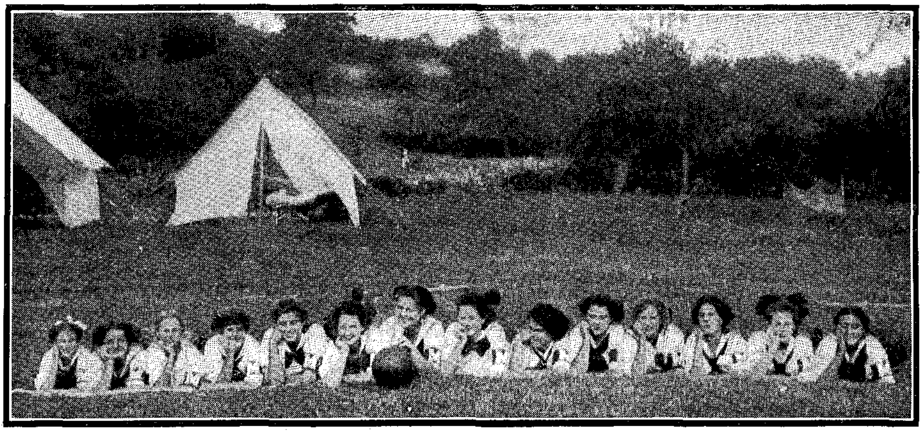
Camp ministers to soul health, too, through the simplicity and wholesomeness of the special pleasures—not theaters and dances, with their excitements and fluffy ruffles and rivalries, but picnics in wonderful mountain places, hayrick rides, coaching trips, launch rides in and out among the islands and inlets of a lovely lake, mountain climbings where the reward of sturdy effort is breathless beauty, camping parties where the girls try the simple life reduced to its lowest terms, sleeping on the ground and cooking over an outdoor fire. The mountain climbing may include such a camping party, for sometimes the strongest girls climb carrying their blanket rolls, and then they enjoy the wonderful experience of a night on top and a sunrise from that height.

Much mental and moral discipline, we all admit, comes from drill in team work. What young person, aged sixteen, can without a struggle subordinate her important personality to the best interests of her team in basket-ball or of her crew in barge rowing or war-canoe paddling? And yet this ability to pull together is one of the chief lessons life has to offer.

Physical courage is admittedly a branch of education in which girls need lessons, all their ordinary life and training tending to decrease, rather than augment, their original supply. If swimming and diving had been invented on purpose to teach courage and self-reliance, we all should say the inventor had done well. Especially does swimming in deep water develop these qualities; and let no one say that a real coward will ever make up her mind to take her first dive! These sports are made very safe in camp. A boat is always on the spot, and a trusty oarsman sits, oars in hand, ready to go to any one in need. No page in girls' camp history is darkened by a drowning accident. The swim is perhaps the favorite part of the daily programme in all camps. The length of time devoted to it varies. Most of the camps begin with a few minutes, in one instance only six, and increase gradually to twenty minutes or half an hour. On a cold day the time will be shorter than on a hot one, and delicate girls must go out of the water before the rest do. Practically every girl learns to swim the first season, and in deep water at that. Some also become excellent divers.

In the camps where horseback riding is a part of the programme, that is as good a courage teacher as swimming, perhaps; and if these sports teach self-reliance, so does going it alone in a boat, and this is allowed in some camps as a special honor. But a swimming test precedes, and in some instances it is a severe one. Don't feel troubled, Mrs. Cautious, my friend. Before a camper is allowed to try her half-mile she can swim it more easily than you can walk that far! A swimming test always precedes the use of canoes, and girls are never allowed to go out in these little craft without councilors. Some camps elect not to use canoes at all.

The community life is doubtless one of the most powerful influences toward health of soul. "Send your children to camp, and let the other girls educate them!" exclaimed a young camper at dinner one day. The camps are of all sizes, from eight or nine to fifty girls, with a corresponding number of councilors and other teachers. And the girls are of all ages, from no under limit in some camps to no upper limit in others. Mere man is not much in evidence, although in some camps, as has been said, a man is the leader, or one of the leaders, and in a very few camps there are men as councilors. Few or many, young or old, male or female, the campers form one family. The girls associate on equal terms not only with each other but with the grown-ups. The councilors are usually young college women chosen with the extremest care, utmost nobility of character being the not-without-which. Their relation to the girls is quite different from that of teachers. To be sure, they are teachers, but they are older sisters too—mothers, if you will—and especially they are companions, playmates. Old and young, all the campers do the same things; they play the same games, they have the same interests, the same joys and sorrows. Thus not only do the girls educate each other, and do it liberally, and sometimes by hard lessons when a girl is selfish or self-centered, but they are being constantly educated by this intimate companionship with noble-hearted councilors. The influence of a smaller community is brought to bear in the tent life. The girls live in companies of from two to eight in tents of all sizes, from 7 × 9 feet to 14 × 20 feet. In



A HAPPY BASKET-BALL TEAM

most camps a councilor is in charge of each tent, and that means that her fine, strong personality is brought to bear with special force on a small group of girls peculiarly her own. Thus there is one feature of the community life in camp that differentiates it from other community life. Everywhere girls educate each other, but through this unusual companionship of girl and councilor in a life that is simple and natural as nowhere else perhaps, education through the inspiration of personality is carried to a high degree.

When people live in such close contact, touching elbows, so to speak, there is discomfort if the elbows are sharp. People just *must* consider each other's happiness. And so it happens that girls who are used at home to having their own happiness considered begin now, of necessity, to consider that of others. Thus the community life of camp has been a powerful factor in breaking down the selfishness of "spoiled children."

Hardly any of the camps introduce book study as a part of their regular programme, although arrangements may always be made for tutoring when necessary. In a few camps, however, a certain amount of time each day must be devoted to domestic science, art, or to one form of handicraft or another. In still others handicrafts are taught, but the lessons are optional. Always a share in the daily work of camp is required of each camper. The girls at least make their own beds and take care of their tents, sweeping and keeping their own belongings in order.

Reading aloud to the girls in a group while they sew, or make baskets, or whatever, is a charming feature of the life, and chorus singing, either out on the lake or under the trees or about the piano, is a part of the programme in every camp. The members of one camp have written twenty-six camp songs. In some camps log-books are kept, the girls taking turns at writing the story of the day. Of course each vies with the others to make her log the brightest and best, and so a book of chronicles is compiled that becomes one of the camp's most precious possessions. In one camp a weekly paper takes the place of the log.

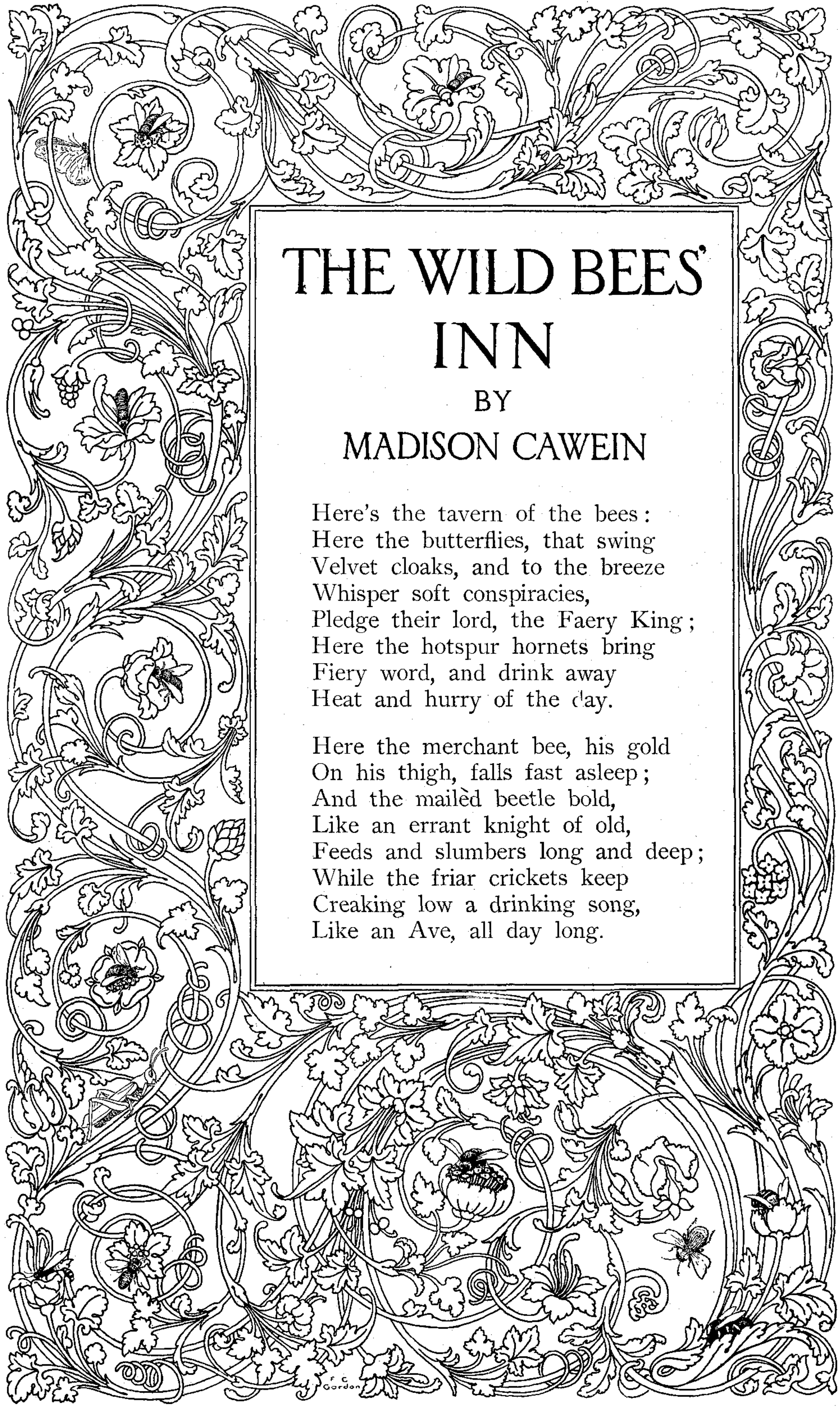
The rules in the different camps are, for the most part, similar, and exist chiefly in the interests of health and safety, and in the keeping of them there is great reward. And the reward comes not only through the health and the safety. Perhaps the biggest part of it is the self-control, the law-abiding habit, so greatly needed by us citizens of a self-governed country. And some of the rules do demand self-control in large measure. It isn't easy for sweet sixteen to settle down immediately, and not even so much as giggle, on the sounding of taps. At least two camps have put the government into the hands of the girls themselves, feeling that in this way greater self-control is learned.

The spirit of service toward other children and toward the rural communities in which the camps find their homes is cultivated in various ways. One camp gives a vacation to a young shop girl; one cleared the debt on the village library last summer and always gives a play to which the neighbors are invited; one entertains the children of the neighborhood every week; one sometimes sends children to Seabreeze, always sends Christmas presents to the children on the farms near the camp, and during the season conducts Sunday services in the little white "meeting-house" of the farmers. The camp "Grandma," who is a lecturer, does the preaching, the camp musician renders solos, and all help with the hymns.

All the camps go to church—either to a service of their own on the grounds or to some neighboring church. The only other religious exercise approaching formality is this: a number of camps devote a brief early morning moment to the effort to suggest an inspiring thought to the girls' minds—something to live up toward through the day.

The motto of one camp is General Booth's famous cablegram, "Others!" It expresses the spirit that pervades most of the camps, if not all. The camp cannot rest satisfied merely to "break down the selfishness of spoiled children." No negative ideal will suffice. The aim is to help implant in the heart of each camper the great Christian principle of active love.

The girls' camp is, as nearly as it has yet learned how to be, a perfect vacation educational institution, seeking by every means in its power to make every girl stronger and happier in both body and soul—a more useful woman in the bud.



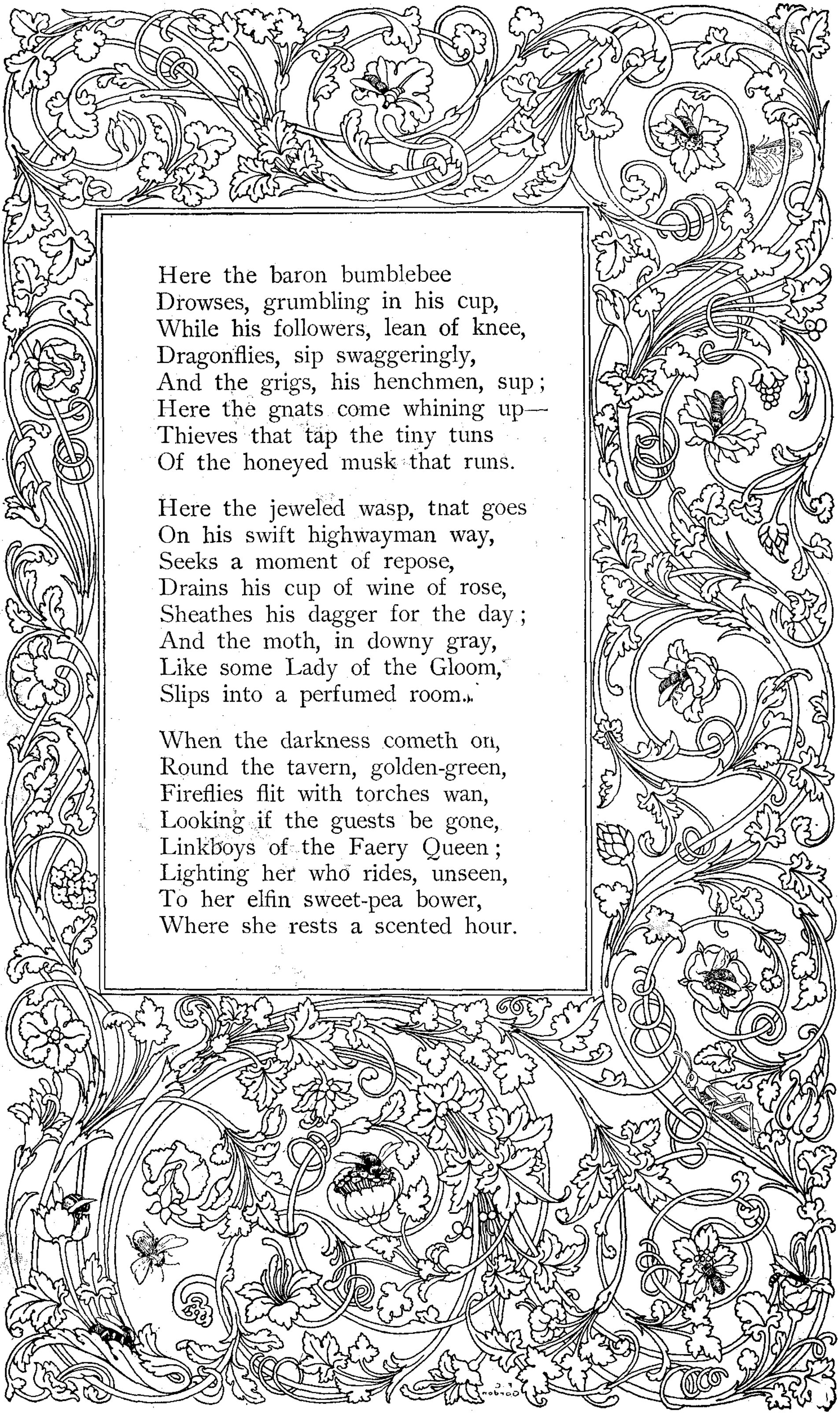
THE WILD BEES' INN

BY

MADISON CAWEIN

Here's the tavern of the bees:
Here the butterflies, that swing
Velvet cloaks, and to the breeze
Whisper soft conspiracies,
Pledge their lord, the Faery King;
Here the hotspur hornets bring
Fiery word, and drink away
Heat and hurry of the day.

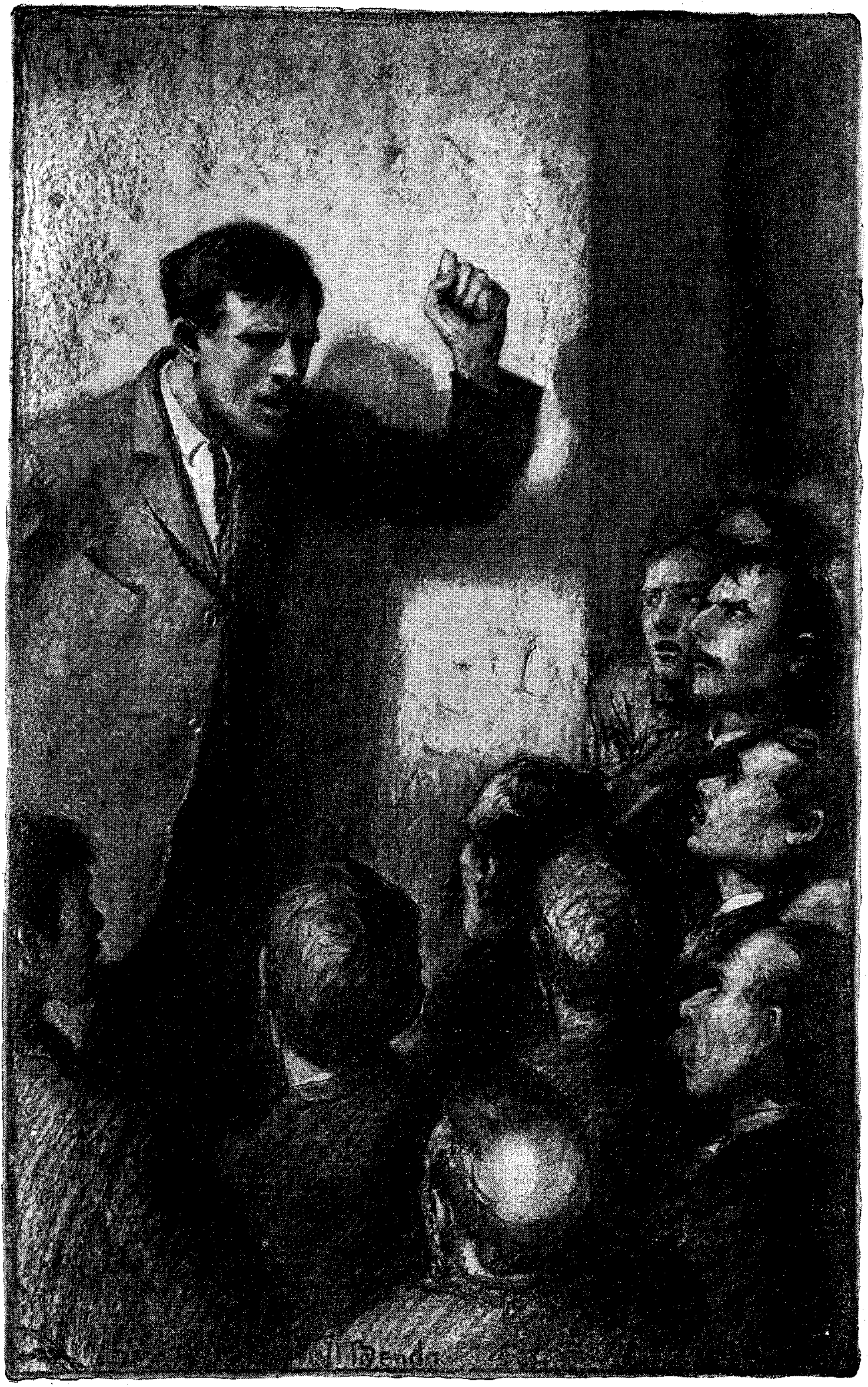
Here the merchant bee, his gold
On his thigh, falls fast asleep;
And the mailèd beetle bold,
Like an errant knight of old,
Feeds and slumbers long and deep;
While the friar crickets keep
Creaking low a drinking song,
Like an Ave, all day long.



Here the baron bumblebee
Drowses, grumbling in his cup,
While his followers, lean of knee,
Dragonflies, sip swaggeringly,
And the grigs, his henchmen, sup;
Here the gnats come whining up—
Thieves that tap the tiny tuns
Of the honeyed musk that runs.

Here the jeweled wasp, that goes
On his swift highwayman way,
Seeks a moment of repose,
Drains his cup of wine of rose,
Sheathes his dagger for the day;
And the moth, in downy gray,
Like some Lady of the Gloom,
Slips into a perfumed room.

When the darkness cometh on,
Round the tavern, golden-green,
Fireflies flit with torches wan,
Looking if the guests be gone,
Linkboys of the Faery Queen;
Lighting her who rides, unseen,
To her elfin sweet-pea bower,
Where she rests a scented hour.



"THE MEN WERE ALLOWED TO DECLARE THEIR FEELINGS IN SPEECHES"

Through the Mill

By Al Priddy

With Drawings by Wladyslaw T. Benda

CHAPTER XIV

IN January of that year forty thousand mill operatives went on strike. I belonged to the union and had a voice in the preparations for the strike. The manufacturers wanted to reduce our wages ten per cent.

Word was passed around the mule-room that there was to be a stubborn fight, and that every union member ought to be on hand at the next regular meeting, when a vote was to be taken which would be our answer to the officials.

Our union headquarters were then in a long, narrow room in one of the business blocks, lighted by smoky oil lamps. The room was crowded when the meeting was called to order. The men were allowed to declare their feelings in speeches.

"Th' miserly manufacturers," growled Hal Linwood, a bow-legged Socialist, "they never knows when they are well off, they dunno'. Little enough we gets now, and worse off we'll be if they slices our wages at the rate they would go. It ain't just, and never will be just till we div—"

"Order!" shouted the chairman. "This here isn't no Socialist meeting. What the man said at first is all right, though."

"Hear! hear!" roared the crowd.

Linwood represented the prevailing opinion, and when the vote was taken we declared in favor of a strike by a large majority. Messengers were coming in from the other meetings, and we saw that a general strike would be effected.

The situation was serious, though, for we were in the heart of winter, the most inconvenient time for a strike.

I looked forward to it without any scruples, for it meant a chance for me to rest. I had been given no vacations either in winter or summer, and I felt that one was certainly due me.

I experienced a guilty feeling when I passed the silent mills the next Monday morning. I felt as if I were breaking some great, authoritative law. It was the same feeling I always experienced when I stayed away from work, even for a day. I always avoided passing the mill for fear the overseer would run out and drag me in to work.

During the early stages of the strike we were constantly in our strike headquarters getting news and appointing committees. Collectors were sent out to other cities to take up contributions. Mass-meetings were held in the City Hall, and we were addressed by Mr. Gompers and other labor leaders. Even in the public parks incendiary meetings were common, and wild-eyed orators called us to resistance—from the tail end of a cart.

The position of collector was eagerly sought, for to most of the men it offered a higher wage than could be earned in the mill. It also meant travel, dinners, and a good percentage of the collections. When I told my uncle that a man named Chad was earning more money as a collector than he could earn as a spinner, I was angrily told to mind my own business.

In fact, the conduct of the strike, as I looked on it from behind the scenes, was simply a political enterprise. Our leader kept urging us to resist. He himself was not working in the mill, but was getting his money from our dues. Several of our meetings were no more than drinking bouts. The strike manager, who conducted our part in it, elected his closest friends to important offices which offered good remuneration.

I have been to football games when the home team knew that it was beaten at the start and yet the captain has pounded his men and said, "Come on, boys, we've got them whipped." That sort of artificial courage was supplied us by our leaders. Perhaps it was necessary, for the most of us were hungry, our clothes were worn, and the fire at home had to be kept low. The grocers would not give us credit, and the winter was cold. But the leaders grinned at us, pounded the gavel on the table, and shouted: "This is a fight for right, men. We've got the right end of the stick. Keep together and we'll come out all right!"

At one of the meetings picketing committees were appointed, with specific instructions to do all in their power to prevent "scabs" from going into the mills. We boys were invited to special meetings, where we were treated to tobacco by the men and lectured on the ethics of the "scabbing system."

"Just think, lads, here are those that would step in and take your work! Think of it! that's just what they'd do! Take the bread right out of your mouths, and when the strike is done you wouldn't have no work at all to go to. It's criminal, and you mustn't let it pass. Fight, and fight hard. A 'scab's' not human. Don't be afraid to fight him by fair means or foul. And then, too, the manufacturers have the police and the judges and the Governor on their side, because they are moneyed men! They will try to drive us off the streets so that we can't show how strong we are. Look out for the 'scabs'!"

His words came true, in part. The State police were called, several strikers were arrested and given the full penalty for disorderly conduct and assault. We were not allowed to congregate on the street corners. The police followed every crowd.

These precautions intensified the anger of the strikers. Strike headquarters, in which we could meet and pass the day in social ways, were opened in vacant stores. Here we came in the morning and stayed through the day, playing cards, checkers, and talking over the strike.

In regard to newspapers, there was a prevailing opinion among us that the Boston "Journal" alone favored our side, so we bought it to the exclusion of all other dailies. Against the Boston "Transcript" there was a general antipathy. I liked to read it, but my uncle spoke against it.

"I don't want anybody under my roof reading the paper that is owned hand and foot by our enemies," he argued, and I saw that I had given him great offense.

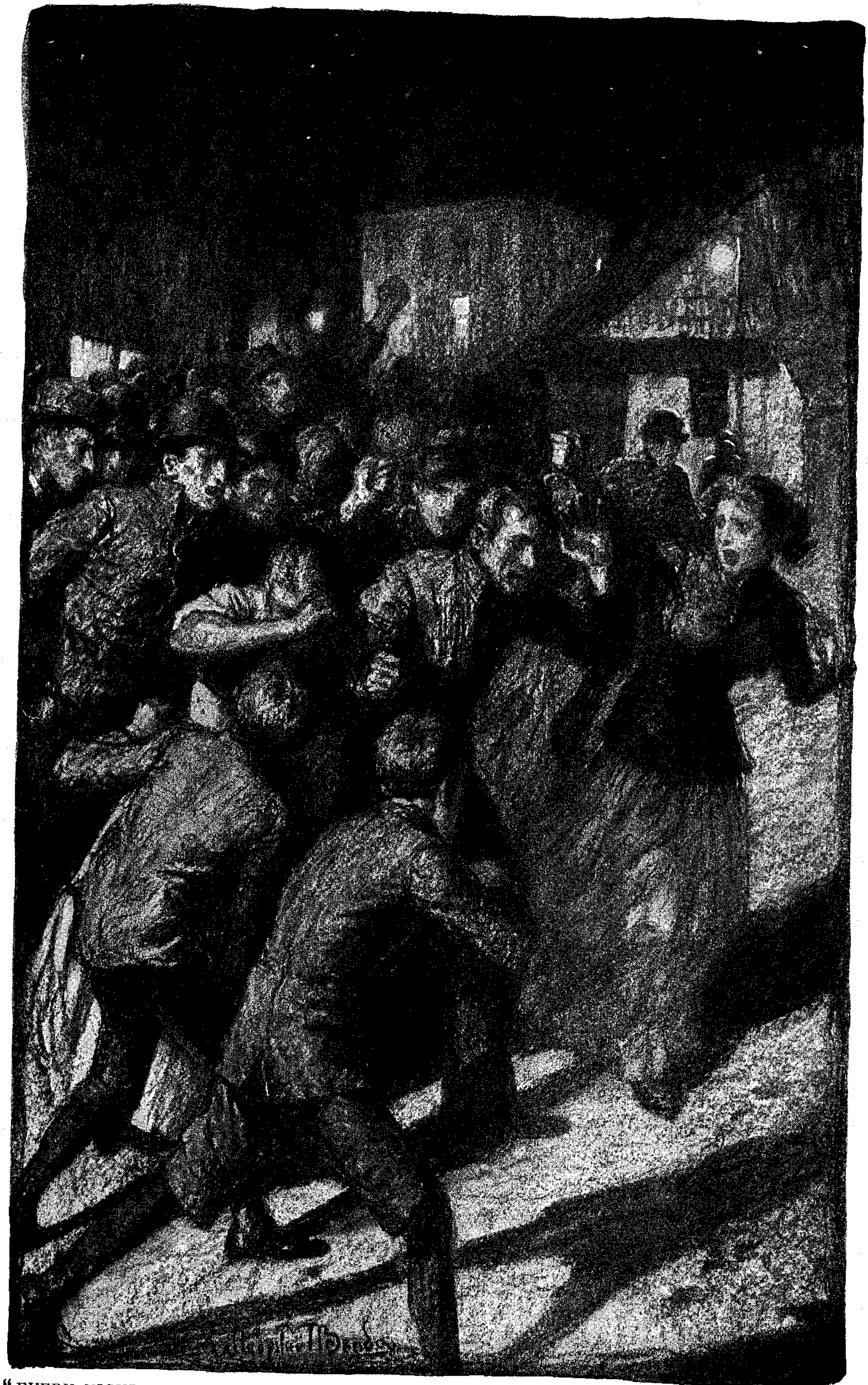
The Boston papers sent their official photographers to take our pictures. I posed, along with several of my friends, before our headquarters, and had the pleasure of seeing the picture in the paper under some such caption as "A Group of Striking Back-Boys."

I did not suffer during the strike. I had a splendid time of it. While the snow was on the ground I obtained a position as a sweeper in one of the theaters, and I spent nearly every day for a while at matinées and evening performances. The strike went on into the early part of May, and, when the snow had gone, I went out with a little wagon—picked coal and gathered junk. Through these activities I really earned more spending money than I ever received for working in the mill. I rather enjoyed the situation, and could not understand at the time how people could say they wanted it to end.

Before it did end the State police withdrew, and we went on guard once more at the mill gates on watch for "strike-breakers."

We boys made exciting work of this, encouraged by our elders. I recall one little man and his wife who did not believe in unions or strikes. They did have a greed for money, and they had plenty of it invested in tenements. They had no children to support. They were, however, among the first to try to break the strike in our mill. Popular antipathy broke with direful menace upon their heads. Every night a horde of neighbors—men, women, boys, and girls—escorted them home from their work, and followed them back to the mill gates every morning. The women among us were the most violent. "Big Emily," a brawny woman, once brought her fist down on the little man's head with this malediction, "Curse ye! ye robber o' hones' men's food! Curse ye, and may ye come to want, you thief!" The poor man had to take the insult, for the flicker of an eye meant a mobbing. His wife was tripped by boys and mud was plastered on her face. The pettiest and the meanest annoyances were devised and ruthlessly carried into effect while the strike-breaking couple marched with the set of their faces towards home.

Even the walls of their house could not



"EVERY NIGHT A HORDE OF NEIGHBORS—MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, AND GIRLS—ESCORTED THEM HOME FROM THEIR WORK, AND FOLLOWED THEM BACK TO THE MILL GATE EVERY MORNING" protect them from the menace of the mob. One of the strikers rented the lower floor of their house, and one night, when we had followed them to their gate, he invited us into the basement, produced an accordion, and started a merry dance, which lasted well into the night.

The return of the swallows brought an end to the strike. We boys resolved to vote against a return, for the May days promised joyous outdoor life. But the men and women were broken in spirit and heavily in debt, and a return was voted. We had fought four long months and lost.

CHAPTER XV

I returned to the mill with the feelings of an escaped convict who has been returned to his cell after a day of freedom. My uncle found that he had been put on the black-list, and consequently would not be able to obtain work in any mill in the city. I was allowed to take up a new position as "doffer." This meant an advance in wages, but I knew that I was not physically equal to it. There was nothing for me to do, however, but accept, for there was a waiting line at the lower end of the room and the overseer was not a man who offered things twice.

The mill was getting more and more beyond me. It had taken my strength and I was incapable of a man's work, as a man's work went in the mule-room. I resolved, then, to break my aunt's domination, leave the mill, and earn my own way with the first thing that offered itself outside the mill.

About this time I read of a young fellow who earned large profits by selling steam cookers. I wrote to the firm, borrowed five dollars, and obtained a sample and a territory. This cooker consisted of five compartments which fitted in each other like a nest of boxes. The sample was on such a small scale that great care had to be exercised in a demonstration of it. I practiced faithfully on it for a few evenings, tried to sell one to my aunt, and then resolved to take a day's holiday and attempt a few sales. One cooker would yield a good day's pay. I resolved to abide by instructions and persevere.

So I started out one afternoon, full of hope, assured that the cooker would sell on sight and that my way out of the mill had come. I did not then think that personal appearance had everything to do with successful salesmanship. I did not stop to think that a tall, bony, red-eyed youth, with a front tooth missing and wearing trousers which bagged at the knees, whose coat sleeves were just high enough to show that he had never worn a pair of cuffs in his life—I did not stop to think that I would invite laughter and ridicule on my head. I faced the situation seriously and earnestly, and I expected the same consideration from the world.

I walked cheerfully to a wealthy portion of the town, in a district where I was certain they would like to see my wonderful steam cooker. In great, gulping patience I waited for an answer to my ring before a very aristocratic house. I arranged my "patter" and determined that everything should go on smoothly so far as my talent was concerned.

The lady of the house appeared and I stated my business. She did not invite me into her house. I exposed my wonderful machine, pulled it apart, explained how she could cook cabbages, puddings, and meats at one and the same time. I expatiated on the superiority of steam-cooked foods, and implied that she could not intelligently keep house and maintain a reputation as a cook unless she used the steam cooker. She bore my "patter" with great patience, and must have smiled at my cockney dialect, of which I was blissfully ignorant.

I had reached that part of the demonstration where the several sections had to be fitted into each other, and had put the first two sections in place and told what foods could be cooked in them, when I came to grief at the third section. It stuck, and in spite of the beads of perspiration which rolled down my face and a vain attempt to keep up the "patter," I could not unfasten it until I had turned the wonderful cooker upside down, a proceeding which would have emptied the beans and puddings in practical use. The woman was very kindly, and she dismissed me with cordial words. But I went down those steps chagrined and fully persuaded that I must stay in the mill.

My uncle was now earning his living by keeping another store. He and my aunt were spending the profits in a next-door saloon. My home life had not improved.

Then I remembered the novels I had read; some of them, an "Army and Navy Series," had treated of apprentice life in the navy. I knew that Newport was the recruiting station, and I resolved to enlist in the navy.

When I proposed the matter to my aunt, she agreed to let me go. The following morning I obtained a day's holiday and went on the electric cars to the noted seaport town.

This trip abroad, with its opportunities to see that there were people who did other things besides work in the mill, and with its freedom and sunshine, made me more desperate than ever to leave the mill. I was like the Pilgrim in the first chapter of Bunyan's allegory, running from the City of Destruction, fingers in ears, calling, "Life, Life!"

I walked around Newport cliffs and touched the gateways of the palaces which front the famous walk. I reveled in the shimmer of the sea and the fragrance of shrubs and flowers. This was life and the world! I must get out in it; take my place daily in it, and live the life of a Man. God made the sun and the fragrant air, he made the flowers and created health. That was due me, because it was not my sin, but that of my elders, which had shut me out of it through my boyhood. These were some of the thoughts uppermost in my mind. I walked the narrow streets and broad avenues—places which I had read of and had never hoped to see. If I had to return to the mill, I could say that I had seen so much of the outside world, at least!

After I had watched the departure of some torpedo-boats in the direction of a gray-fronted fort across the bay, I hurried in the direction of the naval college to see if Uncle Sam would give me the chance to leave the mill which others had denied.

I passed a training-ship with its housed deck. I walked along past drill grounds and barracks and entered a quiet office. With a beating heart I announced to the attendant that I had come to offer myself for enlistment in the training-school. He led me into a large, dim room to a group of uniformed officers. They asked me a few questions, tested me with bits of colored wool, and then I was commanded to disrobe.

The remainder of the examination must have been exceedingly perfunctory, for the scales registered only one hundred and eighteen pounds and I stood five feet eleven inches in my bare feet. That was enough to exclude me, but they went on with the tests, examining my teeth (the front one was missing), pounding my chest, and testing the beat of my heart. No comments were made, and after I had dressed again I was sent to an anteroom and told to await their decision.

For a few long minutes I sat in the silent room wondering what would be the decision. I was optimistic enough to plan what I would do if I should enter the navy. I should— Here the attendant came, offered me a tiny card, and without a word bowed me to the door. I knew then that I had been refused. I walked through the yard in a daze. When I reached the city, I took heart to read the card they had given me. I recall that it read thus simply: "REFUSED. Defective teeth. Cardia—" Uncle Sam did not want to give me a chance!

CHAPTER XVI

On my return from Newport I went to work in one of the oldest mills in the city. The "mules" were in a gloomy basement—a crowded, dim, and very dirty place to work in. It was the Ichabod of mule-rooms, with every trace of glory gone. The machinery was obsolete and had to be helped along with monkey-wrenches, new parts, and constant, nerve-wearing watchfulness. The alleys were so narrow that the back-boys had to edge in between the frames; an expanded chest often meant a destructive rubbing on bobbins and a breaking of threads. It always seemed to me that this room was reserved by the corporation to work off its veteran spinners and its unreliable ones, its veteran machinery, and its bad-tempered, ineffective bosses. This mule-room was the byword among the spinners at that end of the city. A man hung his head when he had to tell another that he was working in it; for it generally was his testimony to his fellows that he was in the last ditch.

Spinners graduated from that room into scrubbing or oiling.

The personnel of this room was always changing; but its prevailing character remained the same: a dull-eyed, drunken set of men, a loafing, vicious set of young fellows who worked a week and loafed three.

I chose to work in that place because it was my first opportunity for an advance from doffing to "joiner." A "joiner" is one who shares with another the operation of a pair of mules—a semi-spinner. The pay is divided and the work is portioned off between the two. I had been working toward this position for six years and a half, and now that it had come, even in that miserable room, I was eager to see how I should manage.

But, oh, the mockery and vanity of all efforts, even my wild ones, to master one of those machines! The lurching, halting, snapping things could not be mastered. Threads snapped faster than I could fasten them. One tie and two breaks, two ties and three breaks, along the row of glistening spindles, until there were so many broken threads that I had to stop the mule to catch up. And every stop meant the stoppage of wages, and the longer a thread stayed broken, the less I was earning; and on top of that, the bosses swore at us for stopping at all. I should have stopped work then and there—it would have been the sensible thing to do—but I was no loafer, and I was trying to make good in this new work: the end of a long desire. The other "joiners" and spinners did not try to keep at it. They gave up the work as soon as they discovered how useless it was to try to make a decent wage from the worn-out machines. Only myself and a few poor men who were there because they could not get any better place stayed on and fought the one-sided fight. Every time the machinery broke—and breaks were constant—the machinist grumbled, and took his own time in coming with his wrenches.

The physical and mental reaction of all this upon me was most woeful. My muscles grew numb under the excessive pressure on them, so much so that I often stood still when the threads were snapping about me and looked on them as if I had never seen a broken thread before. Or I would suddenly stop in my wild dashes this way and that in the mending of threads and look dazedly about, feel a stifling half-sob coming to my throat, and my lips would tremble under the misery and hopelessness of it all. My only consolation, and very poor, too, lay in the clock. At six o'clock it would all end for a few hours at least, and I could get out of it all. But when you watch the clock under those circumstances, an hour becomes two, and one day two days. So the labor was, after all, a wild frenzy, a race and a stab and a sob for ten and a half hours! I can never think of it as anything more.

Some of my work-fellows in that room were sent to jail for assault, petty thieving, and drunkenness. I used to think about them, in the jail, doing light work, under healthy conditions, even though they were paying penalties for lawlessness, but I, who had done no crime, had to have ten hours and a half of that despairing contest with a machine. How much better to be sewing overalls or making brooms in a jail! I had to stay in the house at night in order to be thoroughly rested for the next day's work. I had no liberty.

And, added to all this, there was the constant depressive contact with unsympathetic and foul-mouthed desecrators of ambition. Those who knew me in that room were aware that I was trying to avoid every degenerative and impure act. Some of them passed word around also that I was attending such and such a church! They came to the end of the mule, when the boss chanced not to be around, and, in a huddled group, stood at my elbows, where I had work to do, and put on their dirty lips the foulest vocabulary that ever stained foul air.

Then one day there came a flash which clearly lighted up everything. "Why are you going through this wild, unequal labor in this dull room day by day? Why? Do you absolutely have to do it? Are others keeping at it, as you? Why, why, why?" each one bigger than its fellow, made me meet every fact squarely. "To what end all this?"

My labor was helping to buy beer at home! I was giving up all my wage to my aunt, and getting back a little spending money. I had fifteen cents in the bank at the time. I did not *have* to overstrain myself as I was doing. I *had* the privilege of giving up my work at any moment I chose. I was no slave to such conditions. No man could drive me to such tasks. Giving up the work only meant a scolding from my aunt and a little going about among other mills to find another, and perhaps better, position. This was a new thought to me: that I could leave my work when I wanted; that I might be given work too hard for me. Previously I had worked on the supposition that whatever was given me *ought* to be done at all costs; that the *mill* was the measure of a man, and not *man* the measure of the mill. I had always looked upon my work as a test of my moral capacity; that any refusal to work, even when it was harder than I could bear, was a denial of my moral rights. But now the worm of conscience was boring through me. Why should I, at twenty years of age, not be entitled to what I earned, to spend on my education, instead of its being spent on my aunt's appetite for intoxicants?

Then, too, why should I have to work with people who had no moral or mental sympathy with me? Was five dollars and seventy-five cents, my pay for the first week in that gloomy room, worth it? Assuredly not.

But, then, what could I do outside of the mill? I had done nothing else but work in the mill and spend a little time on a farm. If I left the mill at so late a time, left all the technical knowledge I had gathered while I had been going through it, should I be doing the best thing for my future? There seemed nothing in the future from the mill, for, as I have shown, I had not the strength to cope with more difficult tasks than those that then faced me. Probably if I got out of doors, in some open-air work, I should gain strength and be able to make progress in some other line of work. But I had been trying for that, and nothing had come. What then?

Then the greatest light of all came—flooded me. *Leave the mill at any cost!* Stop right where I was; quibble no more, offend all, risk all, but *get away from the mill!* It was all so simple after all! Why had I not worked it out before? *Leave home! Have all I earned to save for my education!* That was my emancipation proclamation, and I started to follow it.

First of all, I went to the overseer in that dingy room and told him frankly that the work he had given me to do was too hard for me. I could not keep it up. I also told him I did not care to leave just then, but, if he had any easier work in the room—doffing, for instance—I should like to continue. He did not receive this declaration with any expression of reproach, as I had expected, but said simply: "You go to work back-boying on those first three mules. You'll make as much money by it as at anything in here."

This first break made, how easily all others followed, as if they had been waiting around all the time! It was just at this time that I met a young fellow who had come back to the city to spend his vacation from study at a university in the Middle West. To him I told all my thoughts concerning getting away from the mill. I said: "I wonder if I went out where you go to college and worked at something for a time, just to be away from mills, whether in time I might not have money enough on hand to be able to start on *my* way towards an education?"

"How much do you think you would have to save?" he asked, smilingly.

"Why—why, hundreds of dollars, isn't it?"

"Do you think so, Al?"

"Why, certainly."

"And how long would you work to save up?"

"Oh," I replied, "that depends upon what I get to do and how much I could put by."

"Suppose, Al, that you could go right out and start right in with school at the university—it has a preparatory course—and work your way along, what would you say?"

"You mean, jump right in now, this year?"

He nodded.

"But it's all I can do to board and clothe myself by working hard in the mill. I couldn't by any means work hard enough to pay for going through a school."

"How much would you be willing to—oh, Al, you're all wrong about the cost. I tell you, old fellow, you can get through a year at my place on a hundred dollars: board, tuition—"

"What's that?"

"Teaching and room and heat. All the rest of your expenses won't amount to over fifty dollars, if you're careful."

I gazed on him open-mouthed, for I thought he was laughing at me.

"Say—you aren't kidding me, are you? All that is straight—about being so—so cheap?"

"Why, yes, it's all true enough. I think you can manage it too, Al. I'll do my best to speak a word for you. Get ready to go in three weeks, no matter how much money you have. I think you'll be able to get some outside work to do at the university, to work your way through and meet expenses."

"Well," I said, "I sha'n't be sorry even if I don't get a chance at the school for a while, you know. If I could only get something to do *near* there, my chance might come later. I shouldn't be any worse off than I am here. I can earn my living at something, don't you think so?"

'Why, yes, I do; but I think you will have a chance at the school without having to wait."

"Oh, I can hardly believe that," I exclaimed for sheer joy.

"But you can make all your plans for it, just the same," said my friend with confidence.

This new outlook set every strong emotion shouting in me. The world was not dressed in so gray a garb as I had thought. I went home and told my aunt about my new plan. She said:

"You've never asked *me* if you could go!"

"Well, no," I said, "I haven't; and I don't think I need to. I mean to set out for myself, at any rate. It's about time now that I was doing something for myself, don't you think so?"

"I think you're an impudent puppy, that's what!" indignantly cried my aunt.

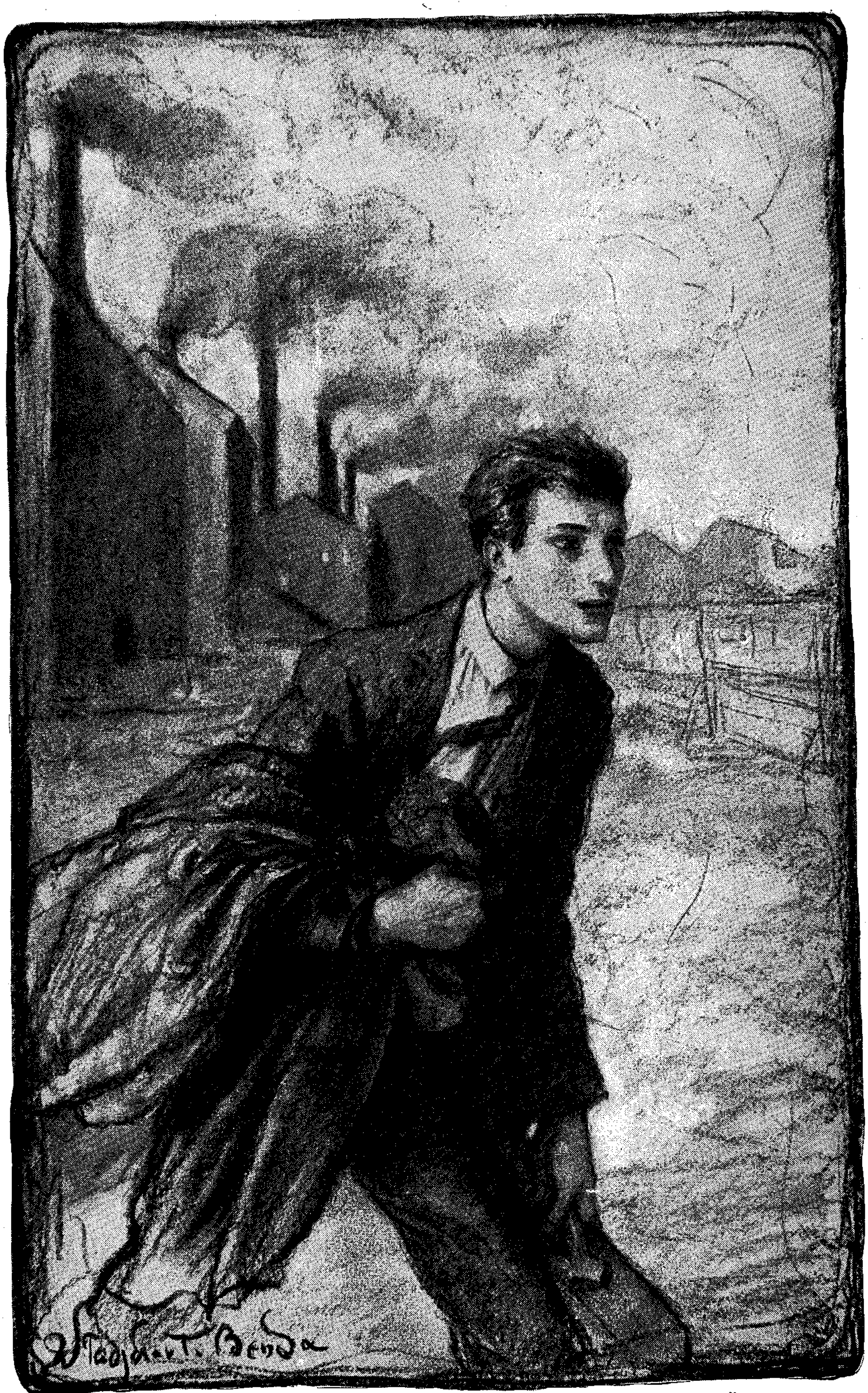
I told Pat and Harry, and they could hardly believe their own ears; but they urged me to take the chance, for they thought it was a "chance."

My work—all work in the mill—had suddenly taken on a temporary aspect now, a means to a great end and not an end in itself. I could look on it now and feel that I had mastered it at last. The throbbing, jubilant shout of the victor was on my lips now. I saw past those lint-laden rooms, the creaking, whirling pulleys and the clacking belts; past them, and everything that the mill meant to me, to a very pleasant new life ahead; one whose ground was holy and on which it was the privilege of but few to walk. I think there must have been a complete effacement of all the lines that had marked my face. For once, I felt sure of myself; sure that all the lines of leading were to mass into one sure road toward a better thing.

My mind was not on my work for the following three weeks. I went about with a dream in my eyes. I know I whistled much and began to lose all respect for those machines which had driven me, in times past, like a chained slave. I even found myself having much pity for all the other men and boys in the mill. I went among them with hesitation, as if I had a secret which if told would make them feel like doing what I was about to do.

I had found out from a ticket agency in the city that my fare to the Middle West would cost me about seventeen dollars. I knew that in two weeks, with the week's wage that the mill always kept back and with the seven dollars my Uncle Stanwood had promised to let me have, that I should have my railway fare and incidental expenses, anyway. So there, in the ticket agency, I had the clerk take me, with his pencil, over the route I should later take in the cars. It was a wonderful itinerary; I was to see the mountains of New England, the lakes of the border, and to plunge into a new part of the country! It would take me three days. How I stared at the prospect of so much traveling! I obtained time-tables with maps containing the route over the different railways I should ride on during that journey away from the mill. Three days from the cotton mills! That was a thought to make a fellow dance all day without rest.

One day I lay sprawled out at full length in an alley behind a box, so that the overseer might not see me, when Micky Darrett peeped over my shoulders at the maps I had spread out on which I


Wladyslaw T. Benda

"I WAS GOING AWAY FROM IT ALL, IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING" had traced and retraced my great journey with a pencil.

"What yer doin', Priddy?" said Micky.

"Oh," I announced with studied nonchalance, "just planning out the road I shall take in two weeks. I'm going to college, you know."

"Oh," laughed Micky, "quit yer kiddin' like that! *What* are you doin', really?"

"Just what I said, Micky. I mean it."

"Gee!" gasped the little Irishman; "yer a sporty bluffer, Priddy!"

"But it's true, though," I insisted.

"What yer givin'?" growled Micky. "It's only swells goes ter college."

"That's what you think, Micky, but it's God's truth that I go in two weeks and try to make a start."

"Gee!" he gasped; "I allus thought you was poor. You must have got a lot of money saved, all right, all right!"

"That's where you're wrong, Micky. I shall have about three weeks' wages and what my uncle gives me—seven dollars—if he gives it to me at all. That's all I've got to start on."

"You don't stuff that down me, Priddy!" cried Micky, in great disgust, for he hated to be made sport of. "You can't bluff yer uncle."

But nevertheless he published all over the room what I had told him, and thereafter I answered many questions about myself and my plans, and had to spend much energy in rebutting the prevalent suspicion that I was "bluffing the room."

Then came my last Saturday in the mill—the last day I have ever spent in the mill. I did my work with a great conscience that day. I don't believe the second-hand had to look twice to see if I had done my sweeping well. The spinners had become very friendly, as if my ambition had won respect from them, and even the overseer came to me just before I left the room, took me by the hand, and said: "I wish you the very best of luck, Priddy. Keep to it!"

On Monday morning, at six o'clock, I sat in the train. I had drawn thirteen dollars from the mill, received seven dollars from my uncle, said good-by to my old friends, and paid fifteen dollars and sixty-five cents for a ticket. Aunt Millie, in tears, had kissed me, and had hoped that "I'd do well, very well!" Uncle Stanwood had carried my hand-bag for me to the electric car and had given me good counsel out of his full heart. Now I sat listening to the mill bells and whistles giving their first warning to the workers. "You'll never call for me again, I hope!" I said to myself as I listened. Then the train started, and I glued my face to the window-pane to catch a last glimpse of the city where for seven years I had been trying to get ahead of machinery and had failed. The train went slowly over the grade crossings. I saw the mill crowds at every street, held back by the gates, waiting deferentially while I, who had been one of them last week, was whirled along towards an education. I saw them as I had walked with them—women in shawls and looking always tired, men in rough clothes and with dirty clay pipes prodded in their mouths, and girls in working aprons, and boys, just as I had been, in overalls and undershirts. And I was going away from it all, in spite of everything!

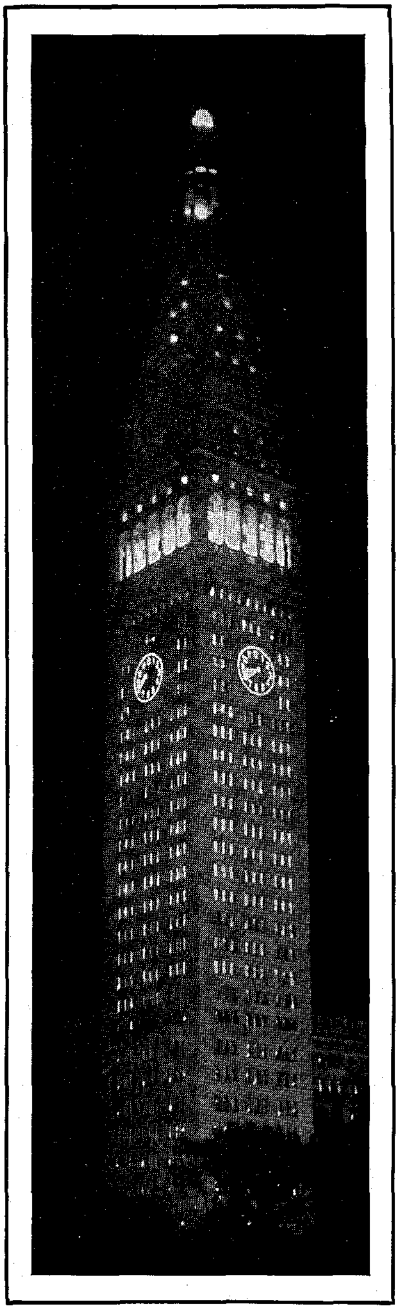
One of my friends was an old woman, stone blind. When I had given her my farewell, she had said: "Al, I'll be at the crossing in front of my house when the train goes by on Monday morning. Look for me. I'll wave my handkerchief when the train passes, lad, and you'll know by that sign that I'm sending you off to make something of yourself!"

We came to the outskirts of the city; the mill crowds had been left, and at last a lonely crossing came, the one for which I had been looking. I had the window open. The train was gathering speed, but I saw the black-garbed blind woman, supported by her daugher, standing near the gates, her eyes fixed ahead, and her handkerchief fluttering, fluttering, as we plunged into the country.

(The End)

The American Renaissance

By Alfred Hopkins



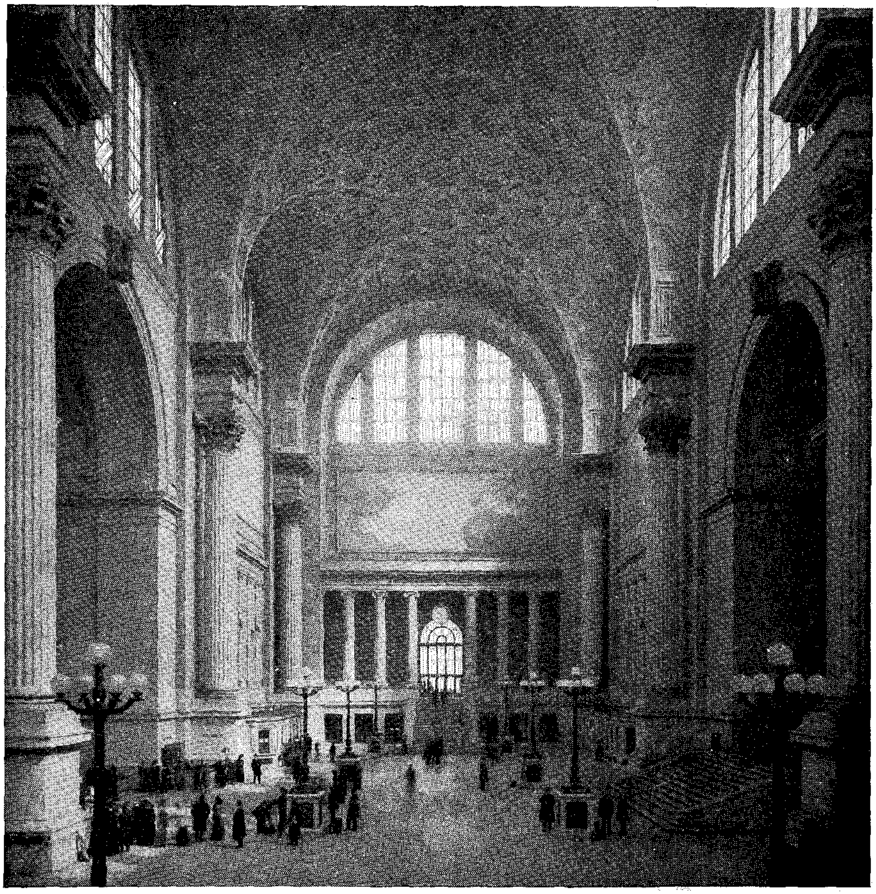
THE METROPOLITAN TOWER, THE MOST INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION IN AMERICA

NEVER so much as at the present time has the spirit of travel possessed the restless quality of the American mind, and, though all Europe greets hospitably the American traveler, yet Italy, above every other land, draws each year more and more of our people to its shores, captivating now, as it has at all times, every traveler who journeys thither. To Italy the student, whether decorator, painter, or architect, must still go for his inspiration of things beautiful, for the detail studies which make up the finished technique of his trade, as well as for the analysis of broad lines and general principles of composition. As the harassed and weary architect returns there, in season and out of season, to seek a change of environment, to find new and to revive his old enthusiasms, the thing which commences to impress itself upon him most is not the old masters, nor the soft tones of the Italian tongue, nor yet the poetic beauty of the landscape with its whisperings of the long ago. All these he has seen and heard before—thanks to his humble fortunes, several times before—but never has he observed there before such multitudes of his own countrymen and countrywomen. They are everywhere, and have come from everywhere, for the hotel registers show names from Augusta to Seattle, and from Minneapolis to New Orleans. We come to see Old World faces and to fall under the spell of a foreign tongue. The continued presence of the familiar American voice and feature becomes at times a little irritating and an interruption to the calm contemplation which we had anticipated before those reposeful children of the mature minds of Michelangelo, Raphael, Luini, Leonardo, Donatello, Palladio, Sansovino, and all the long train of artists whose names have gone into oblivion, but whose works still remain the admiration of every beholder. Through all the galleries and churches and in all places famous for the beautiful the American tourist is found—in twos and threes, in fours and fives, in tens and twelves, in such numbers that irritation gives way to wonderment, and wonderment in turn to admiration; for what does it mean, this outpouring of people from the land of commerce and the strenuous life to distant shores where the whole gain is the joy which comes from a thing of beauty? It means a great thing—it means nothing less than the Dawning of the American Renaissance.

As the revival of learning and belles-lettres at the end of the Dark Ages grew out of a revivification of the learning and the art of Greece, so is the great art interest now just awakening among us to receive its impetus from the art of Italy; but this impetus will be of much greater force and of much quicker gestation than that which impelled the revival of learning in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and this will be so because of the numberless examples in all phases of art which the traveler sees in Italy, and the quickness and comfort of foreign travel which places those examples so easily before him.

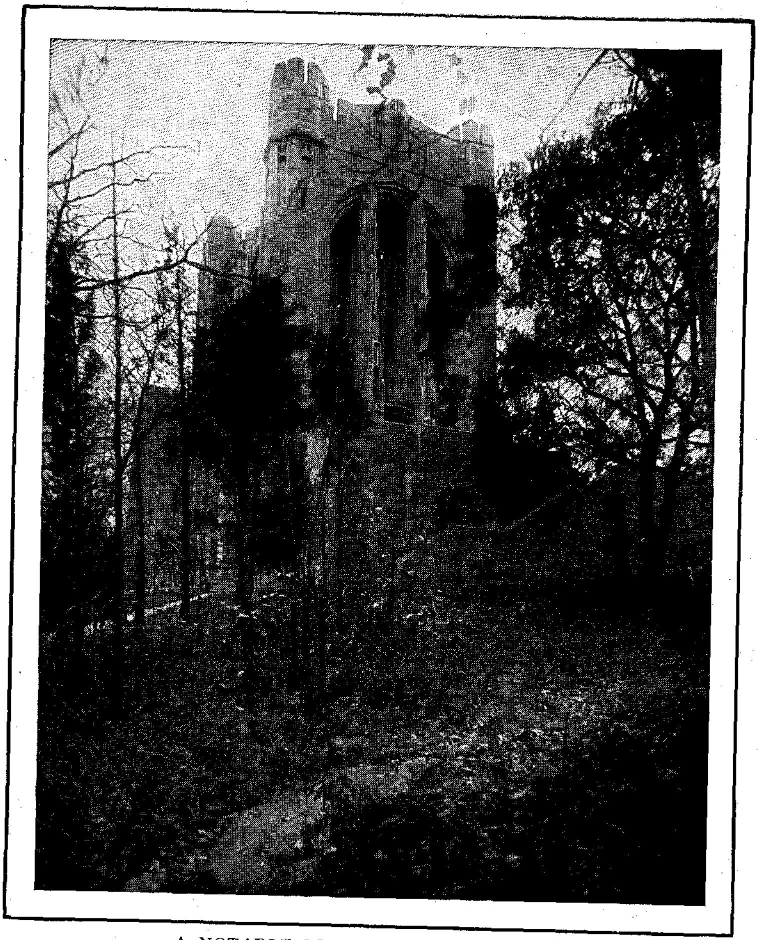
We have, then, the natural wish on our own part to travel, and a fascinating land of easy access stored with the art treasures of the world in which to travel; and when will the enthralling influences which have made the Southern Peninsula the art center for all time prevail here? How and by whom will the leaven be made that shall leaven the lump?

The answer is as simple as it is definite—by architecture and by the architect. And this is so because the first need of a new country is the need of buildings. That is our need, and the one we are most occupied with and interested in at the present time, though our vital interest in building



ONE OF THE FINEST HALLS IN EXISTENCE

The Pennsylvania Railroad waiting-room in New York. Founded on the great hall in the Basilica of Constantine, a structure which in its prime could not have been more refined, more highly studied, or more sensitive in the appreciation of architectural balance and detail

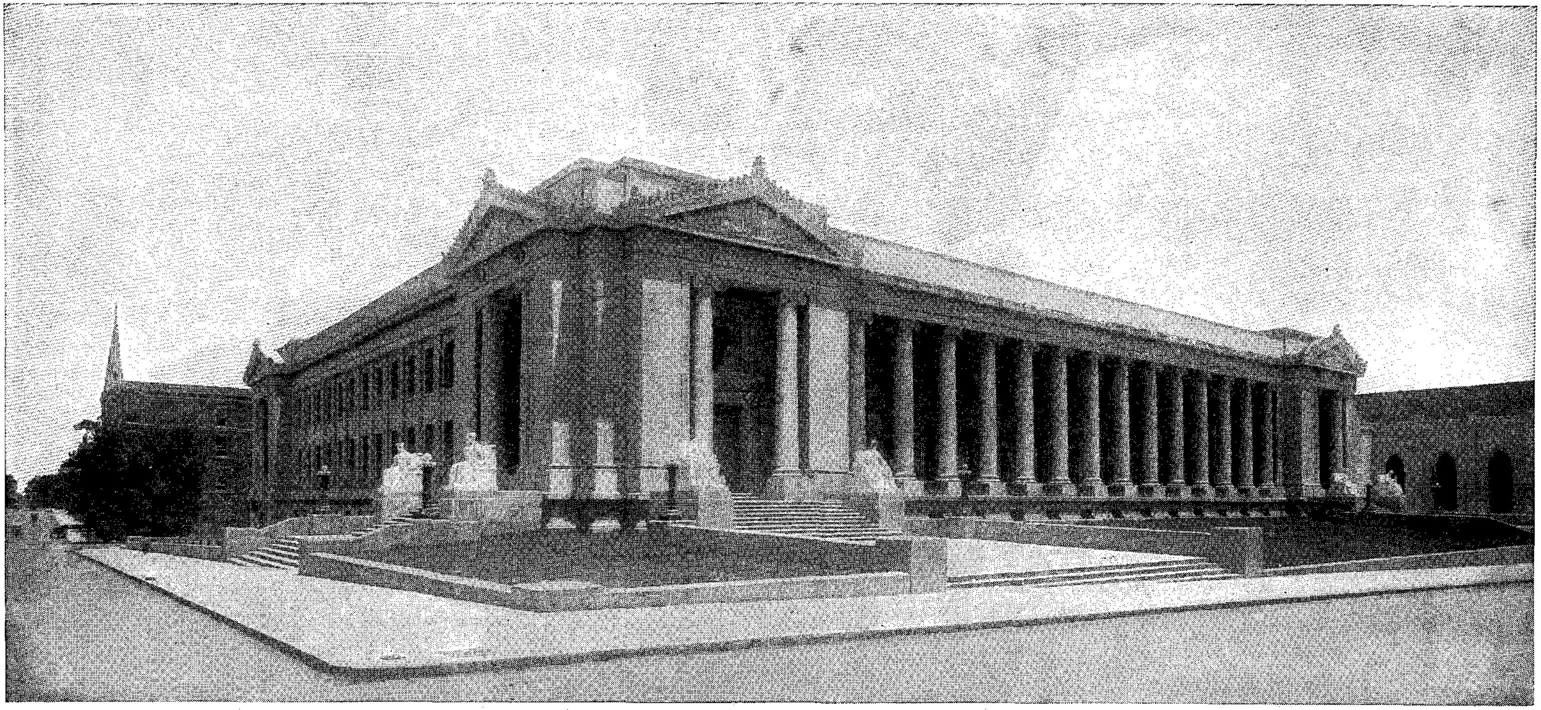


A NOTABLE PIECE OF GOTHIC WORK

The Military Chapel at West Point. Ideal in treatment and location, it shows in an unmistakable manner the ability of the American architect to grasp completely all the phases of his problem

seems to stop abruptly at the practical requirements, and does not continue to the æsthetic phase of the problem. A bias toward the beautiful is too often taken to mean a sacrifice of things practical, while the bent of the Yankee mind is squarely in the direction of the thing of utility. The enthralling influence of the artistic and that keen appreciation of its enhancing value, however, is sure to come, and to come quickly, in the general course of things, even though it seems long on the way to those whose occupation in life is to give to the practical thing embellishment of form, grace, or color.

There is no problem the solution of which can be made so interesting as this adaptation of a building to our needs, both practical and æsthetic. Architecture has always fascinated mankind, and every race in every clime has instinctively turned to the builder's art to celebrate and to perpetuate its highest aspirations. All the tomes in the world can scarcely give a clearer idea of the emotions of man than does the record which is written by the hand of the architect. The philosophy of Aristotle, Demosthenes, Plato, and all the Greek school finds its parallel in the Parthenon, with its absolute proportion and the strength and solidity of its vertical and horizontal lines, made soft to the eye by subtle slant and inclination. With equal certainty do the Coliseum, the Arch of Titus and the Arch of Constantine, the magnificent ruins of the Palatine and the Baths of Caracalla, shorn of all embellishment as they are, write in unmistakable language the glory that was Rome. Then comes a time of stagnation, a lull in the



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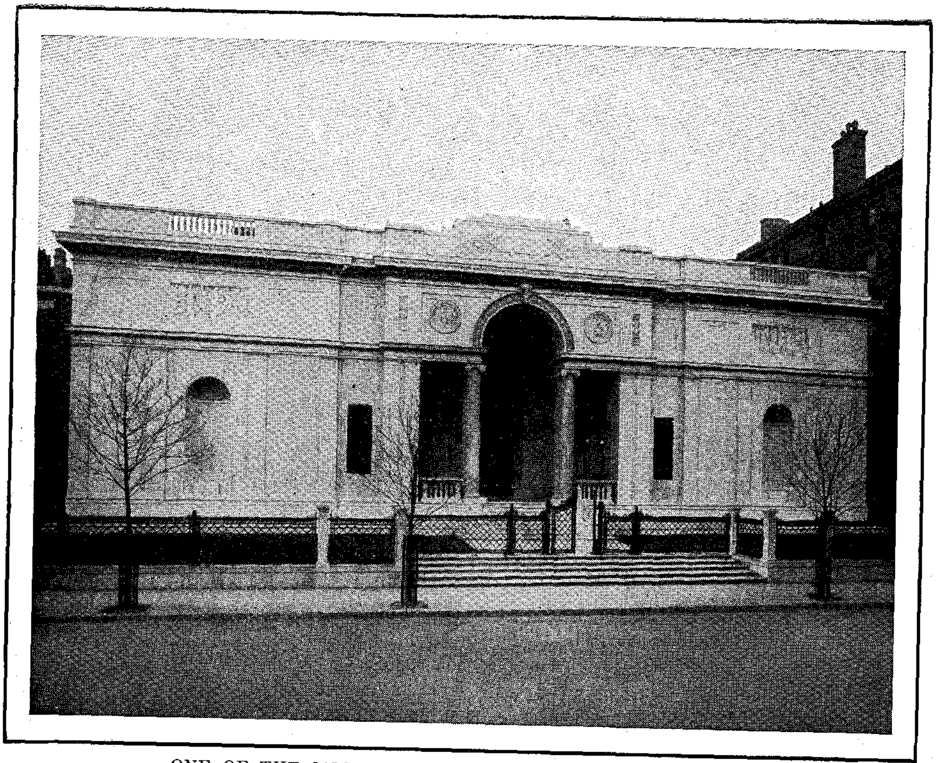
A FINE EXAMPLE OF AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

The Shelby County Court House of Memphis, Tennessee, carried out on simple and dignified lines. The figures are extremely well placed, and the whole design shows restraint and architectural talent of a very high order



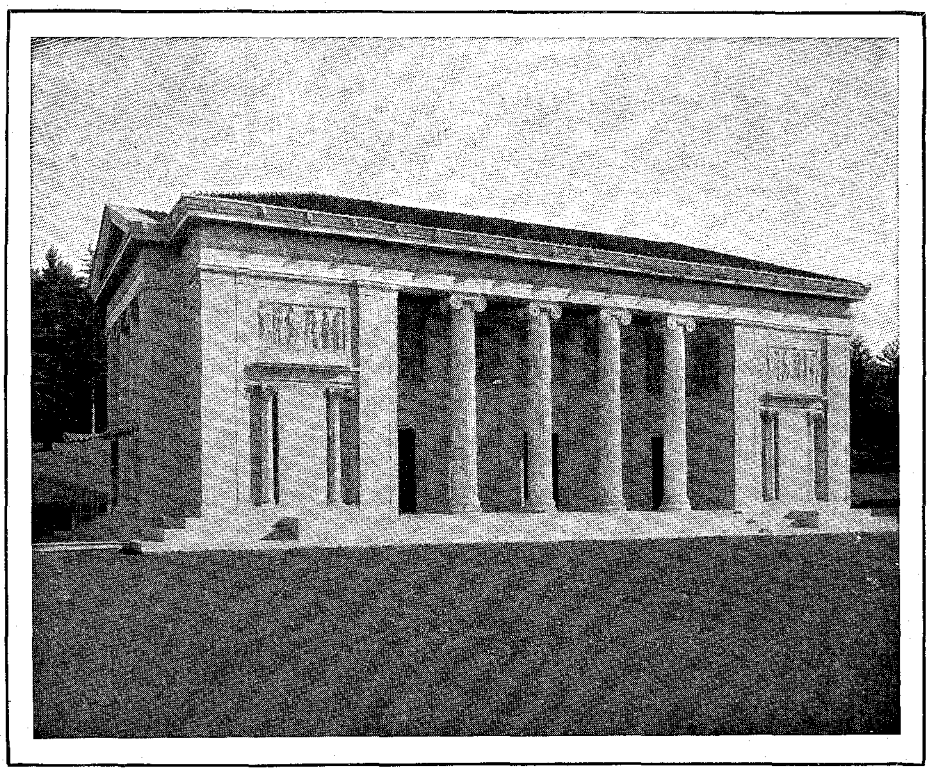
ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS OF ANY AGE

The J. P. Morgan Library in New York. It has all the charm and grace of the Renaissance, yet has also the quality of the classical type. American art has no more inspiring example than this

energies of the human mind, while the seed of Christianity germinates, springs into life, grows into the strong vine, and on into the beautiful flowering which has given to the world the great Gothic cathedrals. From the depths of the Dark Ages glows out the pearl of the Renaissance, and on the piazza of St. Mark, in the palaces of the Medici, and in the villas of Rome are seen the separation of the æsthetic from the spiritual. Sansovino's library in Venice has all the poetical charm of St. Ouen in Rouen, but its inspiration is the inspiration of beauty, while the Gothic building is the inspiration of God.

In spite of the added charm of things of long ago and the delight which it gives to weave into the story of their making the poetry of romance, we must not shut our eyes for a moment to the fact that the world was not half so good a place to live in at the time of the Medici as it is now. Life never was more worth the having than it is in this day and generation. Our ambitions are just as high and our enthusiasms just as earnest as in the civilization which produced Raphael and Michelangelo. We need only really to take thought of the value of beauty, and then we shall have the comfort of the practical, and the charm of the artistic as well, in such a measure as was never known before. But the first thing to do for the possession and the enjoyment of the artistic as it relates to the architectural is to grow out of the great American infirmity of haste. I think it is safe to say that nothing beautiful and lasting has ever been done in a hurry. But as a practicing architect I can say positively that in nearly every instance the first and most important query on the part of the owner who has undertaken the fascinating problem of building is—"When can I get it?" "I don't want any delay." "I must have a time clause and a penalty." The artistic value of the work seems to go for naught.

It is the architect who must give the sure and certain impetus to our own Renaissance; and never have more golden opportunities awaited him. Never before in the history of his art has he had available to his hand the variety of material and construction that he has at the present day. The Italians had their multitudes of marbles, but they led up to bad architecture rather than to good, as may be seen in the marble inlays of St. Peter's and the inordinately rich and overdone decorations of the Medici Chapel in Florence. The Italian use of brick was confined almost entirely to the work of construction, while our varieties of this material offer almost unlimited possibilities for refined and sensitive contrast, as well as for a softness of textural effects unknown to the disciple of Bramanti and Palladio. Terra cotta in colors was used mainly by the Della Robbia family, and then not always with the happiest result, while the palette was limited to yellows, blues, and greens. Now our manufacturers of faience excel in the beauty of their colors, and especially in those colors adaptable to the work of the architect. Herein lies one of the great possibilities of the architecture of the future, and one which is going to become its most definite and striking characteristic—that is, the note of color. On the other hand, there is no æsthetic problem so difficult as color in architecture, and it will take an experienced mind and one that has the habit of reserve well matured to be successful in this field of design. While on this same theme of color, I want to call attention to the soft mellow shades found in the boulders of our mountainous districts. One has only to look from the car window where blasting has been done for a new siding to see how varied and beautiful are the colors in the seams of the rock where the dirt and the damp have filtered their way into the crevices to stain and to oxidize them with soft browns and yellows and reds. Here, again, in the using of this stone, with its varied hues, for the home among the mountains, the American architect has not only possibilities of material given to himself alone, but possibilities also of style which are all his own.



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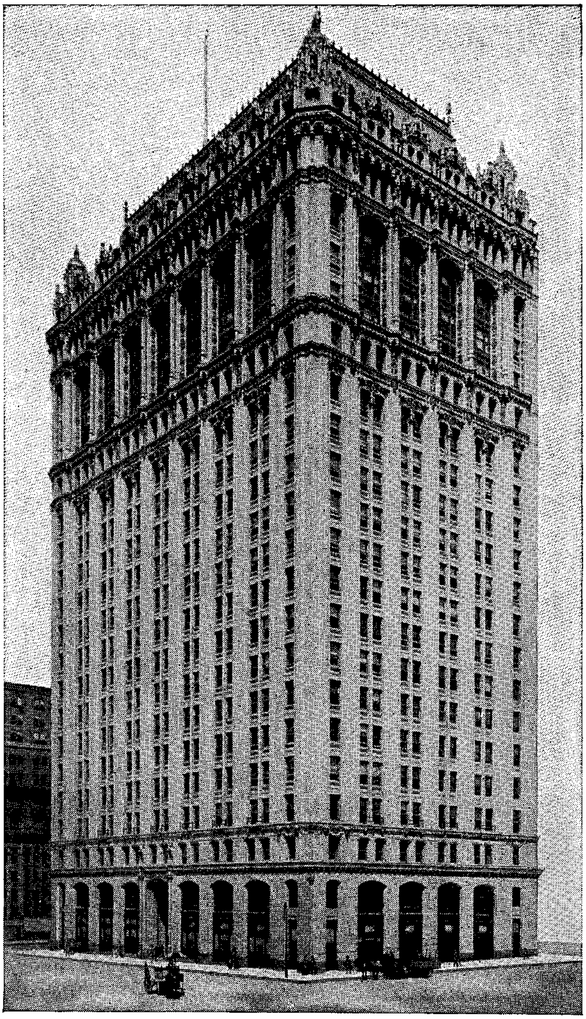
THE PERFECTION OF GREEK DESIGN

A building for music at Bar Harbor, Maine. Refined and highly studied. The contrasted wall spaces with the open loggia of the columns are in perfect proportion. A keen conception of the Greek Ionic order

Though I have touched on but a tithe of the materials new to the American architect's hand, let us pass on quickly to the various methods of construction, which are just as important and just as epoch-making to his profession. To begin with, there is the mighty steel skeleton, which enables him to rear a structure of forty stories as easily as the architect of Florence built four, and with no greater thickness of wall, giving thereby more habitable, better lighted, and better ventilated floor area. To ridicule or dismiss with a jest the æsthetic value of the commercial building only proves that the Dawning of the American Renaissance has not yet dawned upon the mind which takes that attitude. Equally important in practice, while perhaps not permitting the architect to project his structure so far into the space of ether, though farther on into the space of time than ever before, is the construction of concrete, which for endurance and sanitation is unequaled by any of the processes of building known to the master builders of Florence or Rome. And when it is recalled that these two important additions to the art of building have been contributed well within the knowledge of the present generation—in fact, within less than twenty years—that in itself is sufficient reason to believe that the Dawn of our Renaissance is upon us.



A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF AN OFFICE BUILDING

This structure, located in New York on West Street, is distinctly American, and is one of which any nation might well be proud. In its upper stories the use of color has been general, and the brilliancy greatly enhances the beauty of the design.

Our activity in building, too, is unparalleled. Leaving out the great cathedrals, probably New York City alone in five years builds enough buildings to equal in floor area the entire work of the Renaissance architects in Italy. What opportunities have been thrown away on account of haste and the lack of proper appreciation of the importance of building! We have some good work to show for all our outlay of time, energy, and money. Here and there among the mass of commonplace can be found an architectural note with the real ring to it; and these examples, though few in number compared to the vast majority of structures, take their places proudly with the great works of all time, and it is in them that we have the ocular proof of the ability and the appreciation in us to do the great things which are to be done in the not far distant future.

In the selection of examples of American architecture which I put forth as reassuring of the destiny of American art, it will be noted that they vary much in character and expression; and this leads to a brief consideration as to what form our Renaissance will take when it reaches its full fruition. The examples quoted point in a certain direction. Any one who expects a definite style to sweep from one end of America to the other, or even to confine itself to one section or another, and to clothe in its form the capitol, the court, the church, the home, and the farm, as has been the case with all other great art impulses, will be disappointed. He has entirely missed the spirit of the age, which is a spirit of specialization in all branches of endeavor, and is as much in control of the spirit of the artist as it dominates the spirit of commercialism. The ease and pleasure of travel, the cheapness and effectiveness of architectural illustration, spread before the architectural student early in the formative period of his education all the great works of antiquity, in a manner unknown and impossible before. It is therefore as easy as it is natural for him to acquire early a knowledge and a liking for any particular phase. Architecture, then, is to be greatly governed by the temperament of the architect, and, consequently, his work will have a personality associated with his own to a degree which has never been accorded him before. His artistic offspring will have a definite position and be acknowledged as his own—a vanity, if you will, but a recognition as sweet to the artist as to the *paterfamilias* himself.

Not so long ago, a magazine, wishing to interest its readers in the importance of building—and may good luck attend it!—got several young architects to put forth their views with their designs as to why any one building a house should choose to build in this style or in that. One architect advocated the Dutch Colonial, another the Italian villa type, another the English half-timbered style, and so on. It seemed, after reading all the arguments, that one fellow's text would have done about as well for the other fellow's pictures as it did for his own, and it turned out about as easy to prove that the half-timbered style was better than the Dutch Colonial as it was to prove that the Dutch Colonial was better than the half-timbered style, and the argument for one phase of the builder's art in preference to all others seemed to fall flat to any one interested in all phases. But the great thing proved was that each artist had found the type that had appealed to him, that he had acknowledged it and championed it, and that he was trying to do all he could to obtain interest in it and sympathy for it. It is the interest of the layman in the architect and in architecture which is the thing above all else to wish for and to work for; and so it is that the true lover of the beautiful can admire and enjoy what is before him in the Tribuna of the Uffizi and not be disturbed when the human locusts from either east or west of the Mississippi swarm about him. He has only to remember that their presence in this place means a potent influence for the artistic welfare of his country.

And I repeat that this interest in the beautiful will find, as it is finding, its first expression in building, for we are great builders—builders of railways, builders for corporations and industries, on a scale unknown or undreamed of before. We are great builders of engineering works, and alert in the right constructive principles of such things. As soon as the comprehension of artistic balance, proportion, and architectural dignity shall come as understandingly and as well within our scope as have come all the other conditions which require and which have received broad and comprehensive treatment, then there will arise an architecture as distinctively American and as indigenous to the soil as that of any other land whose architects have left to it the glory of inspired building. Whether it equal or surpass "a grandeur that is Greece and a glory that is Rome," it will be a crowning achievement of the civilization which has come to pass in a Western world but barely discovered when Palladio was at work on his basilica, and Raphael and Michelangelo were creating those works which have become that world's joy and inspiration.

The Passing of the Cattle King

By Randall R. Howard

THE first cowboy that I saw in the Harney country, which is the last "stomping-ground" of the cattle kings of the Pacific Northwest, was driving an automobile. The cattle king himself, big, jovial, and with a narrow white collar circling his sunburned neck, was on his way to his real estate office in the county seat. He really didn't need a chauffeur to make the six-mile run from his ranch headquarters to town and return. But it was business policy to have one, since this cattle king was also the biggest "booster" in central Oregon, and no visitor from the outside whose opinions could by any chance influence land values was allowed to leave the county without seeing its best crops, its possible irrigation projects, and its great ranches that were ready to be cut up and parceled out to hungry home-seekers as soon as the main line of the railway should approach a little nearer than one hundred and thirty miles.

The cowboy was delegated to take our party "over the valley." There was no half-and-half about him. He wore the regulation flopping-brimmed, dust-colored hat, a blue flannel shirt, no coat, "squaw" gloves, overalls, boots. With the addition of chaps and spurs he would have been as ready to climb on to a bunch-grass snorter as into the wheezy auto. And, judging from the way that we later bumped the sage-brush and bounced the ditches, he doubtless regretted having left off his cinch-clinching spurs.

At the "Home" ranch office the shoe-polished secretary was quick to explain why the ranch contained but 8,000 acres—fifty quarter-sections.

"It's merely headquarters," he said. "We raise several hundred thousand tons of hay here, of course, and feed considerable cattle in winter, but our *big* ranches are all from twenty to forty miles south of here. I'll 'phone to the different foremen to show you a good time, if you're going down that way.

"We have more than a hundred miles of telephone leading to the other ranches," he continued. "The 'P Ranch' is the largest—134,000 acres; then there are the 'O-O,' the 'Bell-A,' the 'Sod-House,' the 'Rock Creek,' and others. No, we couldn't get along without the telephone. In a few minutes before breakfast the boss can talk with all of the foremen. It would take a trip as far as from New York to Washington, D. C., to see them."

The most imposing of the buildings of the ranch was a two-storied tower-like structure in the center of the disorderly arranged group. The first floor, with windows on all sides, was a cozily arranged reading and guest room and private office. The second floor was evidently a bachelor's living quarters, and from the roof we could look out across the ranch. Past the rambling barns and sheds and corrals were the great level meadows crowded with haystacks and dotted by portable feed-racks. Farther away were marshes and lakes and rim-rocked ridges and rough, tree-barren hills. In the background blue mountains jutted out of the semi-arid plains. The mountains were summer grazing lands for many bands of sheep and thousands of cattle, and, incidentally, the scene of minor range wars in which an average of one or two men are killed every season. The plains, with their high bunch-grass protected during the summer months by lack of water, afford winter feed.

We later visited a 40,000-acre cattle ranch—rather it was a hay ranch, producing between thirty and thirty-five thousand tons in a good year. Then I started for the headquarters of the P Ranch. A ride through this ranch is not a mere before-breakfast jaunt. To take the most extreme route one will have traveled nearly four-fifths as far as from New York City to Philadelphia, and across an elongated area three times as great as the District of Columbia.

When I reached the P Ranch headquarters, the superintendent and a few men were busy "sacking-out" some fresh horses for the mowing-machines. I found that the sacking-out process is very simple, and that it means just what it says. It seems that the Western horse is a broncho every time he gets a new taste of bunch-grass and a whiff of free desert air. Especially is this true of the work-horses on the big cattle ranches, which are needed in large numbers but once a year, during the haying season.

The broncho was taken into a small circular corral, roped, and snubbed to a strong post in the center. Then while one man watched the slack in the rope another flaunted a grain or a wool sack in the horse's face, under his heels, across his flanks, until all the squeal, snort, rear, buck, bite, strike, and kick were sapped out of him. He was then ready for the mower. The same process answers equally well for the younger horses that have never yet looked through a working collar. Sometimes the driver on the awkward mower seat is shown a lively time, especially if the broncho happens to be yoked with another of his kind. Of the string of fifteen or twenty mowers, three or four may be careening and bouncing across fields and through bogs at the same time. Also it may take half a day to pick up the pieces after the excitement is over. Then there is more work for the big blacksmith shop, where two or three men are busy.

The average work-horse on this big cattle ranch knows no more about grain than he does about the South Pole. When the men turn in at noon the mowers come also, and the horses are allowed to stand along a rail fence and reflect over the morning's work while the drivers get their dinners. The horses have then cooled off and are turned back into the pasture, and a fresh team is caught (usually lassoed) from among the bunch in the corral.

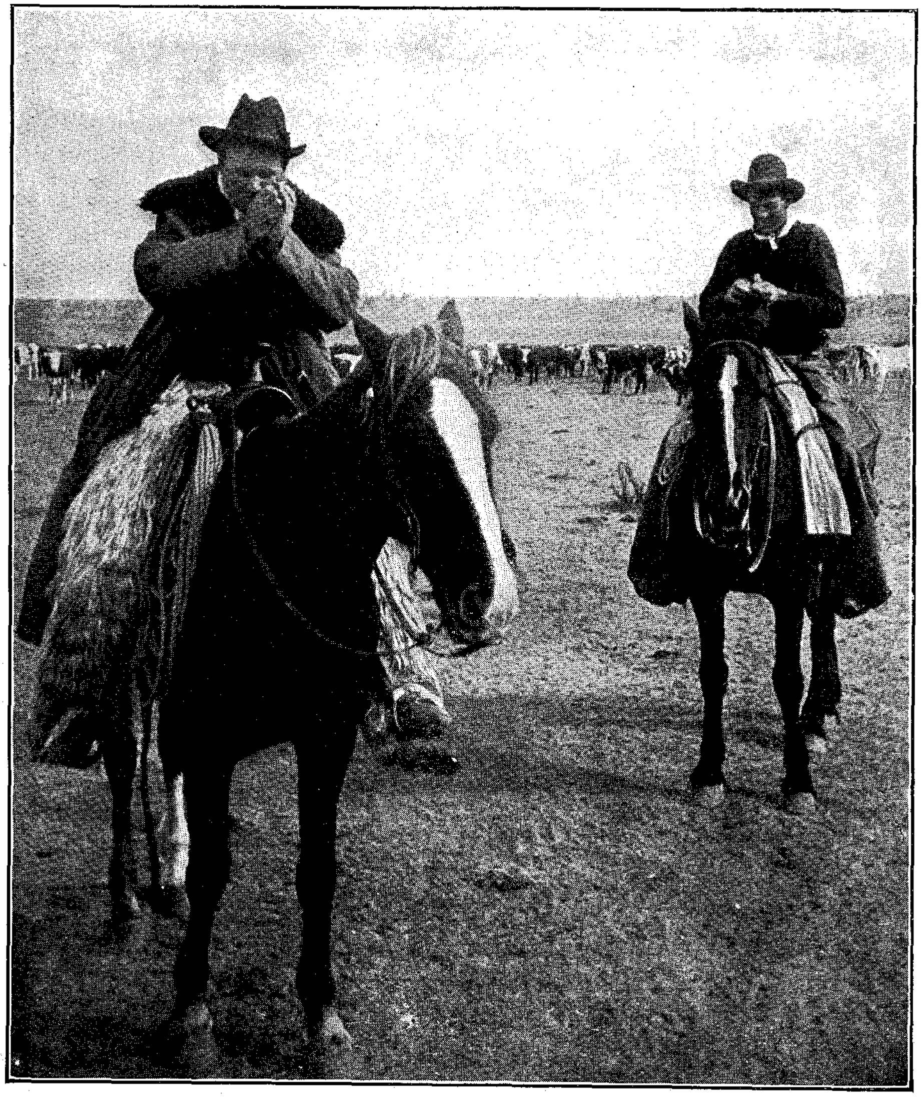
The mowers are followed by a long string of hay-rakes, and another crew is putting the hay into stacks. The stacking is usually done by contract by outside bidders. The whole effort is to get the hay in quick—from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty tons a day often being handled by a single crew. In fact, the hay is merely dragged and lumped together; but it matters little, since it will nearly all be fed out before spring. Great mounds are seen coming across the smooth meadows, being slid by four-horse bucks, the horses following behind the load. On to a net it goes; the four horses and the crawfish-looking buck are backed away, the signal given, and half a ton of fodder is drawn up the board incline on to the long spraddling stack and dropped at the word of the stackers.

Out in the office of the superintendent I was shown the row of ranch rifles. Some had done service, not so many years ago, in the days of the Indian raids, and had redskin scalps to their credit, or discredit. We washed in the spring-house back of the main dwelling, and when the signal was given for dinner were a part of the procession that filed into the low, narrow dining-room, whose only furniture was the long board table and benches.

"Where are the cowboys?" I inquired.

"Oh, cowboys are like blackbirds," the foreman said; "they don't stay anywhere. And the fifteen men that we have got wouldn't be caught in the hay-field on their life. They'd almost sooner hear a funeral dirge sung over their body."

So it is that the old-time cowboy classifies the common rancher and hay-shoveler in a different age of creation. There are yet a few of such untamed cowboy spirits



COWBOYS ON THE RANGE

in the West, but they are few. Civilization has encroached, markmanship is no longer a qualification, the pistol has been discarded, and the cowboy toned down until in the great majority of cases he is something between ranch-hand and cow-puncher. Even on the big cattle ranches not all of the cowboys escape the hay-fields. However, haying is the incidental, the minimized, the tolerated part of their life.

The cowboys were out with the cattle, keeping them to their range in the forest reserves and transferring them from one pasture to another. I had previously passed through pastures miles and miles long, some of them naturally fenced in great part by high, rugged rim-rocks on either side, others by strong wire fences. At several different points in the length of the ranch haying crews were seen, some of them occupying portable cook and bunk houses that were the palaces of wood-rats during the greater part of the year.

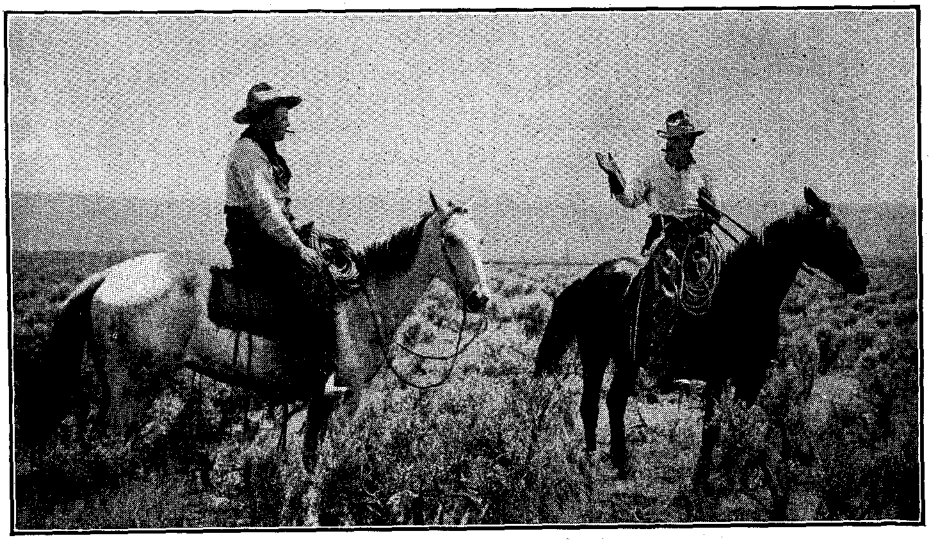
The fiscal year of the cowboy begins in

the early spring just after the snow has melted from the hills and the grass gets a good start and the season for feeding the poor stock is over. Then it is that he puts aside his winter ways of recklessness and buckles his belt to a hard six months' work. However, the cowboy is not the careless, hit-or-miss fellow that he has sometimes been painted. At least not in this day, for jobs are scarce, and growing more scarce. The chief characteristic of the cowboy is faithfulness—absolute faithfulness through gamuts of physical ordeals. This must be coupled with cow-craft and horsemanship, which will come naturally to the one with the basic love of the wild and the free and the out-of-doors. Physical strength and daring fearlessness are other necessary qualities. The average cowboy knows how to drink from a black bottle, has annexed other worldly habits, and sometimes may puncture the night with pistol-twirling glorifications, but for the most part "shooting up the town" exists in fiction only, and but for occasional vacation lapses the cow-puncher can be counted as being sober and sane.

As soon as spring weather permits, the "feeders" are driven to the fresh green grass on the hillsides. About this time it is necessary to bunch the cattle that have wintered on the "high desert" and on the plains where the grass is protected by the summer drouths. A little later the range and the pastures are systematically ridden, and the lively days of the great round-ups begin. The cook wagon has previously been loaded with grub and cigarette-like rolls of bedding, and each "buckaroo" has picked out his string of four or five saddle-horses, one or two of which are usually fresh-from-the-bunchgrass bronchos.

The spring ride is meant to accomplish two things: to brand the calves, and to get the cattle that will make beef in the fall to a good fattening pasture. One might think that where the cattle are kept within wire fences for a good part of the year, and some of them all of the time, that the process of searing an ugly big brand deep into their hides, and hacking off a big fraction of each ear, and cutting loose the skin of the jaw or neck or brisket so that a bloody piece of themselves may grow into a chin-waddle or neck-waddle or "dewlap"—one might think that all this college fraternity initiation heartlessness were useless.

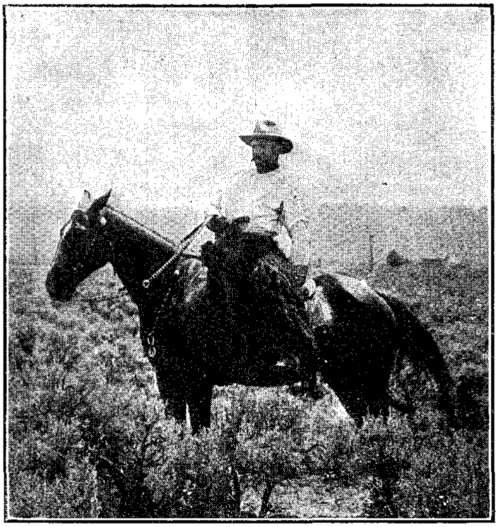
So thought a historic tender-hearted humanitarian named Sam Maverick, who came from Boston to Texas in an early day to scatter seeds of kindness and to



THE LIVELY DAYS OF THE ROUND-UP BEGIN

make his fortune in the raising of cattle. He didn't have a wire pasture, but he trusted humanity, and his calves and cattle carried their ears and their hides whole as nature had given them. As the old story goes, the catching up of Maverick's "slick ears" became very popular among the worldly, get-rich, ambitious stockmen of the section. The story became sectional parlance, and to-day Webster tells us that a *maverick* is a "bullock or a heifer that has not been branded, and is unclaimed or wild." Also the lesson of Maverick's loss of his herds seems to have been remembered. So it is to-day that the brand of the cattleman must be registered with the county officials, and becomes legal proof of ownership, unless, of course, theft be proved.

The days of stock-rustling are almost over in the West, largely owing to the rigid brand inspection at the larger market centers. A number of widely advertised "necktie" parties when petty thieves were caught in an earlier day also may have had deterring influences. The cattle kings themselves have not always been guiltless of rustling, so the stories go. In one case an irate small cattle-owner followed a big shipment of beef even into the stock-yards of San Francisco. The foreign brand was pointed out to the cattle lord, who merely remarked that "it beats all how cattle can get mixed," and reached into his pocket for the price demanded. Another story is told of a western Oregon farmer who happened to be visiting in eastern Oregon two years after a large herd of young cattle had been driven across the Cascades to the cattle country. The farmer happened to be riding through a large cattle pasture with the cattle magnate.



HORSEMANSHIP IS THE COWBOY'S CHIEF BUSINESS

"Say, that's a fine-looking steer," said the rancher as they passed an animal bearing the same brand as had the yearling that had disappeared two years before.

"Yes, I was going to tell you about him," answered the cattle king. "I'd like to buy him. How much is he worth?"

"Oh, about fifty dollars," the rancher carelessly answered, though he knew the market price was less than half that amount.

"All right," was the reply, and the fifty dollars changed hands on the spot.

The day's work of the cowboys on the "P Ranch" is strenuous and tearing. The "rango" man, whose turn it is to assist the regular herder of the saddle-horses, when there is no small pasture near, is up an hour before the first day-peep. The horses have been turned loose the night before in a well-grassed and protected spot. Under normal conditions they will satisfy their hunger and then lie down until daybreak. To create a family spirit, there are a number of bell-mares with young colts, each of which has its faithful following. Hobbles are reserved for the bell-mares that prove to be a bit giddy and inclined to wander.

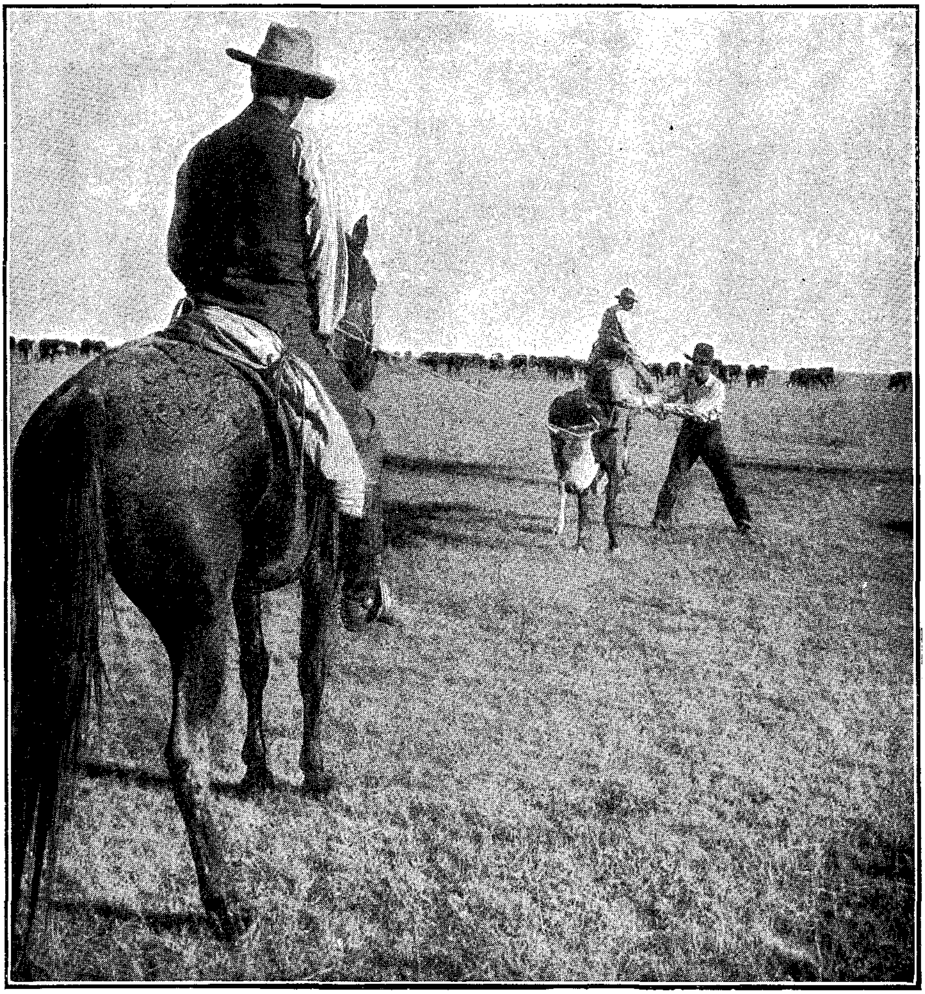
If there is no bad luck, the saddle-horses will be in camp by sun-up, and as soon as, or a little before, the cowboys have made the rounds with their tin plates among the big pans of fried meat, potatoes, gravy, and biscuits, and have visited the black coffee-pot, the syrup can, and the dried-apple bucket a few times. Practically all of the saddle-horses assert their independence by demanding that they be lassoed, even though they may have carried a saddle for twenty years. It is more handy to have a corral, but it matters little, for two long ropes stretched at an angle from a small juniper will do as well.

After the fun of watching the jolts and the spirals of the "plungers" is over—and it is always fun, since horsemanship is the chief business of the cowboy—the men soon scatter in ones and twos and begin to drive everything that makes a cow-track toward the agreed-on meeting-place. A few men then follow the herd back to the camp, and the remainder again scatter, and converge at the round-up grounds. All of this may have taken less than half a day, or all day and a good piece of the night. In the latter case the range rider may have had a noon beef-steak sandwich and a sip from a water-bottle or from a cow-track in the marsh. More probably he didn't want to bother with a bundle, and merely buckled up his belt another notch or two—or chewed the end of his rawhide rope, which is the classic way of describing no-dinner and midnight-supper diet. Normally, the cowboys return to camp at noon, and the afternoon is devoted to "cutting out" the beef, the cows and calves, and the "strays," if the round-up is in a big pasture.

Driving thousands of head of beef cattle to the railway is another of the duties of the cowboys of the P Ranch. Last year, for example, nineteen thousand head were delivered. Though the stockman no longer follows his herds across the plains from the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri River, as he did in an earlier day, there are still sections in the West where a drive of from sixty to one hundred and fifty miles is necessary. Before the range was so badly overcrowded, feed was so plentiful along these driveways that the cattle actually gained flesh, even though constantly on the road for ten or twenty days. But grass-barren range and wire lanes are present-day complications. Those greatest of the cattle kings of the Pacific Slope, Henry Miller and Charles Lux, sought to solve the problem of getting cattle to their favorite market, San Francisco, by acquiring land at convenient intervals along the road. And, as the old saying goes, they can now drive a lamb from northeastern Oregon to southern California and camp on their own land every night but two, and the lamb will be a mutton sheep when it reaches the end of its journey.

Range wars also often complicate the beef drives. There is a ridge in eastern Oregon which is familiarly known as the "dead line." Cattle can cross the beaten trail on the brow of the ridge—but sheep, beware! A few years ago a band of sheep did cross. Before the day was far gone a horseman happened along, rode up to the herder, and without a word slapped him, and then, with a caustic "You had better hit the back trail," rode away. The herder did not turn, and a few nights afterward a rifle fusillade broke out suddenly, and soon the camp was in flames and a large number of the sheep dead. A near-by herd of beef that

A ROUND-UP AT GULL LAKE



THE DAY'S WORK IS STRENUOUS AND TEARING

were being driven through were stampeded from their bedding-grounds; but the next morning a group of well-mounted horsemen happened along and generously assisted in tracking up the cattle.

Driving beef to the railway is the most important work of the cowboy year. Perhaps it is also the most interesting, though physically wearing. Many of the steers are very wild, and a herd has been stampeded by the fright of one animal that was surprised by a bird flying suddenly from a bush. Every effort is made to keep the beef from wearing away their tallow. It is the greatest of cowboy sins ever to allow them carelessly to go faster than a slow walk. To afford a better trail the cattle are strung out, single file, when the country is open. From a high point one can then look down the road sometimes for three miles and see the same living, vibrating, slowly moving thread. At the extreme point a cowboy will be driving a few faithful leaders, or maybe riding in front to lessen their pace. Back and forth along the line other horsemen will be riding, constantly on the watch to prevent a break, to keep out strays, and to watch the brush patches and prod along the hungry. The leaders will have had their fill of water at the creek and have been lying in the shade for an hour or two before the footsore and lazy trailers come along with their cloud of dust and two or three whip-snapping cowboys.

From six to ten miles is a day's drive, and, if the range is good, before dark the cattle will have satisfied the desire for grass and water. Then they are bunched, and they soon lie down in one compact, cud-chewing mass. In the early days of the drive they must be night-guarded, the men being grouped in shifts, each to spend half of the night in riding slowly around and around the herd, from one sage-brush fire to another. Later the cattle can be left alone, after they have quieted down, and they will not stir until daybreak.

The true-blue cowboys of the outfit will be sorry to see the last steer inside the stock cars at the railway train, though they would almost give their lives to insure its accomplishment. The climax of the cowboy year has now come. The Boss's profits are assured—and they have earned a holiday. For a few days the sweets and the bitters of civilization will be tasted at this little railway station on the edge of the frontier; and then they again turn back to their cattle and their horses and their boundless out-of-doors freedom.

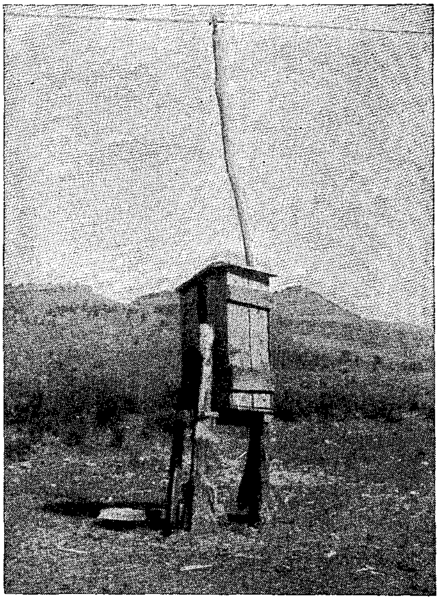
In this day the work of the average cowboy centers in the big ranch, and the largest round-ups are behind barbed wires. This because of the fast settling up of the open range and the "sheeping off" of the free grass. The recent high prices of wool and mutton, and the quick returns possible from a band of sheep, have stimulated the sheep barons to a last big grab for the range. Hence the bloody, ever-recurring range wars; and the driving back of the cattle kings to the large ranches. Practically every foot of the open range of the West is overcrowded; much of the grass is being gradually eaten and tramped out, and in many great sections it is thinned down to one-tenth of its former growth.

The cattlemen are not slow in range-grabbing either, where there is the chance. But their tactics are chiefly defensive, an attempt to hold what they have taken and used in an earlier day. Every onward move of civilization seems against them—in favor of the competing sheep baron. The cattle king must own great pastures and hay-fields; but not necessarily so with the sheep baron. The county assessor of Harney County, Oregon, hires a special assistant whose business it is to run down the roving bands of sheep that are every year driven on to the grass areas of the county, and whose owners do not own a dollar's worth of real property in that county, and, as likely as not, none in any other county. And, whereas 95,000 sheep are listed in the assessment rolls of Harney County, the detective tax-collector cornered an additional 100,000 head.

In many States of the West, including Idaho, there is in operation a herd law which requires that all loose stock be accompanied by a herder. Sheep must have a herder, anyway, but it is very difficult, and often impossible, successfully to range herd cattle. Also, sheepmen can well afford to pay the per-head tax charged for grazing herds within the National Forests, because of the range protection afforded. But extra men are required to keep cattle to their allotted range within the National Forests, and often it is necessary to construct costly drift fences.

Add to these growing restrictions of the cattleman the fact of the ever-onward press of the home-seeker and the homesteader. Each year sees the land-seeker become more bold, sees the fences of dry-farming enthusiasts wrapped about greater and greater areas of range. And under the new dry-farming homestead law the settler may now fence up a half-section instead of a quarter-section of land. A homesteader in the great Harney Valley of central Oregon told me how, last summer, a band of cattle became cut off from water by the rapid fencing up of the foothill lands, and were discovered and released only after a cow had become "water mad" and had charged through wire fences and back yards and injured a number of people.

Then railway extensions add another big chapter to the history of the disappearance of the Western range. Once built, the railway millions must be made to earn healthy dividends, which can be done only by booming the lands and resources of the country and starting a flood of newcomers that way. Railway magnates realize the colonizing possibilities of the great cattle ranches. For example, it is said that Louis W. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway, is part owner of some of the largest cattle ranches of the Harney country. The Hill invasion of central Oregon (formerly exclusive Harriman territory) has just begun, and these big stock ranches are the cream of this inland section. Grain, alfalfa, vegetables, and even fruit can be grown on many of these areas that now produce only an annual grass crop and a cattle pasture. And with transportation they can as easily support three or four thousand families as fifteen cowboys, a few ranch hands, and a cattle king.


TELEPHONE SUB-STATION ON A CATTLE RANCH

Another of the immense cattle ranches—or rather a string of stock ranches extending from southern California up into central Nevada and Oregon—that is on the edge of dissolution is the Miller & Lux holdings, consisting of hundreds of thousands of acres. One of the colossal schemes evolved in the brain of Mr. Harriman shortly before his death was the colonization of all of these holdings. The fulfillment of the scheme would have meant the creation of dozens of new towns and homes for tens of thousands of people. Only the preliminary work on the great project had been accomplished when Mr. Harriman's health began to fail. Henry Miller, the surviving member of the well-known cattle firm, is more than eighty years old, but he is still active—and he is still a cattle king to the core.

"I have grown up with this organization—I have made it," he is quoted as saying. "I do not want to see my years of labor lost. I will stay in the harness until I die. I would not know what to do. Retiring from business has never occurred to me."

Yet this best known of the remaining cattle kings of the West prophesies the future by adding: "I feel that I know this business as no other man knows it or can know it. There is no other man who can handle this great property."

But few of the big cattle ranches of Texas yet remain, and that State is now noted for agricultural products rather than long-horned steers. Nearly all of the big cattle estates of southern California, dating back to the days of Spanish rule and the day when the land was chained off with a rawhide rope and given free to any one who could stock it, have been divided up. Railway development in Washington crowded out the cattle king years ago; and only last summer the last remaining cattle king of Idaho sold all of his property accumulation of years at the reported largest public auction ever held in the State, and pushed back on to the cheaper lands of interior Montana. And some of the cattle kings of isolated central Oregon have already sold out, and others are fighting their last losing battle.

So it is that the cattle kings and the sheep barons are no longer the "big men" of the West, as they were a few years ago. One by one these giants of the frontier days are being shuffled off to their niches in the Western hall of fame—to become historic curios, and of concern chiefly to those who would relate their passing to the recent jump in the price of meat and to the new American enigma called "the cost of living."

A homesteader in interior Oregon was last summer complaining to me that the cattle kings had in their pastures the cream of the agricultural land—pastures that were growing the same grass crops that they did in the days of the prehistoric Indians.

"How did it happen?" I inquired.

"They got here before the law did," was the settler's interpretation. Then he went on to recite what I knew to be true in other parts of the West. Before the land-conscience era it was the practice for the nomadic cowboys and sheep-herders to use their homestead rights in the interest of their employer. The employer, of course, would pay all fees and for all improvements, and usually he was generous enough to give the hired man from five to fifty dollars for the use of his right. The price of "rights" later became a little higher; and I was shown a fine alfalfa field the "right" for which is said to have cost one hundred and fifty dollars eight years ago. The land is now worth fifty or sixty dollars an acre. At another point an ex-sheep-herder told that when he was working for one of the big sheepmen of the Northwest twenty-five herders were at one time letting "the Boss" use their quarter-section homestead right, he usually allowing them an extra month's wages for the privilege.

Another variation of the land accumulation game was "swamping" the land. Under this law overflow swamp lands were sold very cheap, the theory being that the drainage and the use of the land would be encouraged. It was then only a matter of finding witnesses who would state that they had "rowed all over the land in a boat." One of the standing jokes of the West was that oftentimes the boat was drawn on a wagon by four mules, and that they "rode" rather than *rowed.*

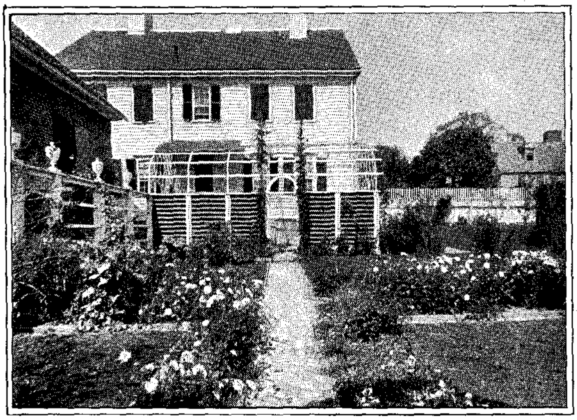
This is not to imply that skeletons of misdeeds are buried on all of the great stock ranches of the West, or even on any great number of them. Many of the cattle kings and sheep barons have built up their holdings as gradually as have the self-made owners of city department stores. They had a vision of a great stock ranch, and that vision grew. They were always acquiring land—never selling. And every land move was toward controlling the range and getting more land. In parts of central Oregon, for example, cattle kings own every watering-hole for miles around, and this gives them practical ownership of the range. They can fence up the creeks and the rivers with never a pang, for it is beef steers, not sugar-beets, that they are raising.

The stock barons believe that the game of life permits strategy; hence, for example, one of the late cattle kings of central Oregon bought up a series of "forties" that happened entirely to surround 80,000 acres of Government land. The extra land within his legal fence made a nice little back pasture. It should be added, however, that a few years ago some Government agents found the pasture and now the gates are open and the fences down.

But times have changed. Some years ago homesteaders were made to know that their presence was not wanted in the land of the cattle kings. But that battle has been fought and won by the newcomer, and his right is no longer questioned—except in fiction. Before, the humble petitioner for the purchase of a little corner of the big holdings of the cattle lord was made to wade through so much red tape and wait about so long that finally, in disgust, he went off and hunted land in another section. Now the petitions of the newcomer are humbly heard; and they are at least filed against the day when the great ranch will fall to pieces before the westward movement of population. The cattle king has seen the handwriting on the wall—has accepted the inevitable.

The remaining great stock ranches of the West can be counted almost on one's ten fingers, and within five years probably one-half of them will have been cut up and parceled out to the hungry home-seekers. Back and back to the interior the big stockmen are being forced. Every new railway rumor is to them a funeral note, and every completed double steel track a tombstone. "Wild West" shows, consisting mostly of cowboy antics and a few Indian feathers, are distinctly a novelty. Not more than one person in five in the big West has ever seen a truly live cowboy of the range, and in a few years the proportion will be one to ten.

THE HOUSE WHERE THE BAD BOY LIVED



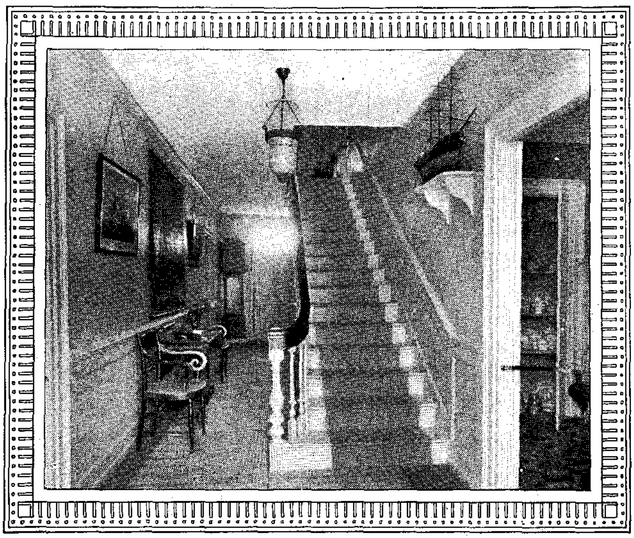
BY MRS. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THIS house is now the Aldrich Memorial Museum. Money for its purchase was raised by popular subscription, and through the piety and devotion of the poet's family its interior has been restored with the utmost fidelity. There to-day the visitor may gaze in the very mirror that reflected Tom Bailey's blithe features, or turn the pages of the books that entranced him on rainy afternoons. In the quaint Colonial garden may be found every flower mentioned in his poetry, while in the fireproof room that has been erected may be seen his priceless collection of autograph manuscripts, first editions, and literary relics. A visit here will better acquaint the reader with the background of the poet's youth than many pages of biographical rhetoric.

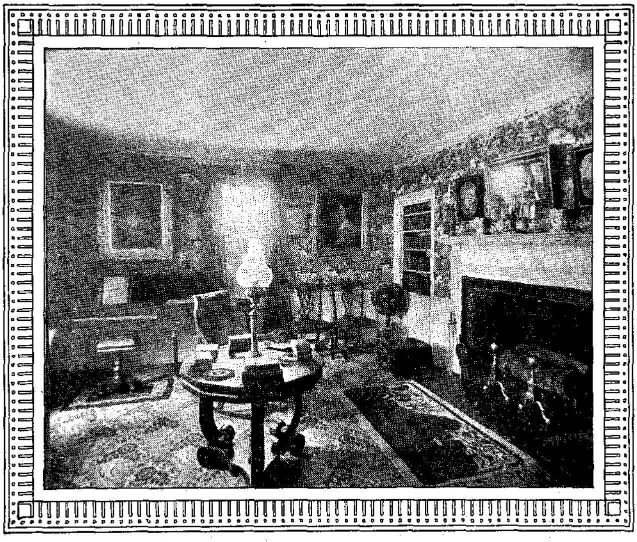
It is more than forty-three years ago that Thomas Bailey Aldrich laid down his pen after writing the final words, "So ends the Story of a Bad Boy." There are few purely story books that have had quite the unique experience of this one. Mr. Ferris Greenslet, in his Life of Mr. Aldrich, says: "In the forty years that have gone by since then, it has had a constant yearly sale that would be regarded as excellent for a new book. It has become, in short, judged by the most tangible and valid of possible tests, a 'classic.'" Happily for the writer, the book possesses a dual quality—a book for children, a story for grown-ups. I remember Mr. W. W. Story saying to Mr. Aldrich that "the book was always on a table at the head of his bed, and he had beguiled many hours with that inimitable story on the nights when he could not sleep." Many other men whose hair was gray have also said that in the charm of these pages their own lost youth returned to gladden them.

It was in the summer of 1869 that Mr. Aldrich wrote the story that was told to him—told to him by the Nutter House itself. The happy days of his boyhood spoke to him from every timber of that old home. There was not an inch in the house or a spot in the garden that did not have its story to tell. "It all came to me out of the past, the light and life of the Nutter House when I was a boy at Rivermouth."

Mr. Aldrich died in the spring of 1907. In the early summer of that year there was



THE HALL OF NUTTER HOUSE



THE PARLOR

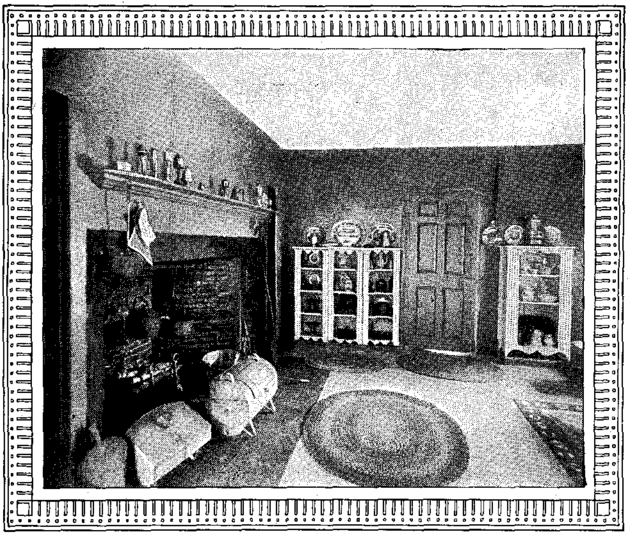
published in the Portsmouth "Chronicle" a suggestion that the town of Portsmouth should buy the old Nutter House, and keep it as a memorial to her distinguished son whose eyes had first opened there on sea and sky. The response to that suggestion was quick and earnest. An association was at once formed and incorporated under the name of the "Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial"—a fund of ten thousand dollars raised by popular subscription, in sums from one dollar to one thousand dollars. The house, which many years ago had passed into alien hands, was bought and work at once begun to restore the house and garden to their former condition, which fortunately could be done, as the heirs gladly gave back all that was taken from it at the death of Grandfather Nutter: the old silver in the sideboard, the china in the closets, even the little dresses that were made by loving hands for the first-born. Not only are the material things restored, but that which is much more difficult, the atmosphere of the past, which is so tangible there that the stranger feels impelled to hasten his visit ere the family return and find him.

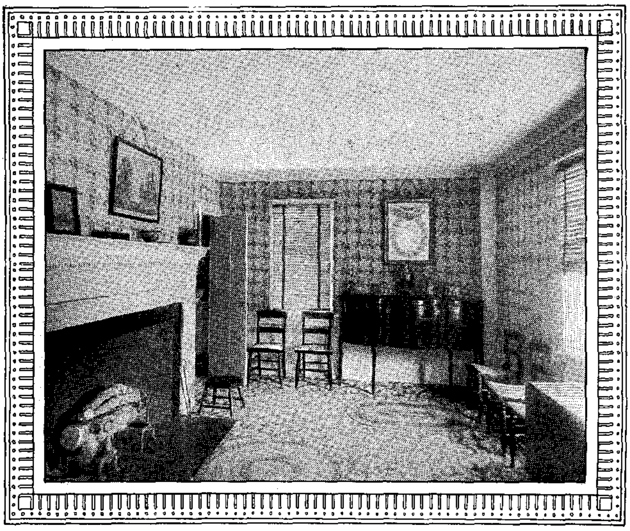
The house stands on a narrow street at the foot of which is the Piscataqua River. But the Nutter House and its surroundings are described so delightfully in "The Story of a Bad Boy" that the next few paragraphs shall be given to the reader by Tom Bailey himself:

"Few ships come to Rivermouth now. Commerce drifted into other ports. The phantom fleet sailed off one day and never came back again. The crazy old warehouses are empty; and barnacles and eel-grass cling to the piles of the crumbling wharves, where the sunshine lies lovingly, bringing out the faint spicy odor that haunts the place—the ghost of the old dead West India trade.

"The house abutted directly on the street; the granite doorstep was almost flush with the sidewalk, and the huge old-fashioned brass knocker extended itself in a kind of grim appeal to everybody. It seemed to possess strange fascinations for all seafaring folk; and when there was a man-of-war in port, the rat-tat-tat of that knocker would frequently startle the quiet neighborhood long after midnight.

"Imagine a low-studded structure, with a wide hall running through the middle. At your right hand, as you enter, stands a tall mahogany clock, looking like an Egyptian mummy set up on end. On each side of the hall are doors opening into rooms wainscoted, with wood carvings about the mantelpieces and cornices.


THE KITCHEN


THE DINING-ROOM

"There are neither grates nor stoves in the quaint chambers, but splendid open chimney-places, with room enough for the corpulent back-log to turn over comfortably on the polished andirons. The door on the left as one enters is the best room. The walls are covered with pictured paper, representing landscapes and sea-views—for example, this enlivening figure is repeated all over the room: A group of English peasants wearing Italian hats are dancing on a lawn that abruptly resolves itself into a sea-beach, upon which stands a flabby fisherman (nationality unknown), quietly hauling in what appears to be a small whale, and totally regardless of the dreadful naval combat going on just beyond the end of his fishing-rod. On the other side of the ships is the mainland again, with the same peasants dancing.

"It is Sunday morning. I should premise by saying that the deep gloom which settled over everything set in like a heavy fog early on Saturday evening.

"Our parlor is by no means thrown open every day. It is open this June morning, and is pervaded by a strong smell of center-table. The furniture of the room, and the little China ornaments on the mantelpiece, have a constrained, unfamiliar look. My grandfather sits in a mahogany chair, reading a large Bible covered with green baize. Miss Abigail occupies one end of the sofa, and has her hands crossed stiffly in her lap. I sit in the corner, crushed. Robinson Crusoe and Gil Blas are in close confinement. Baron Trenck, who managed to escape from the fortress of Glatz, can't for the life of him get out of our sitting-room closet.

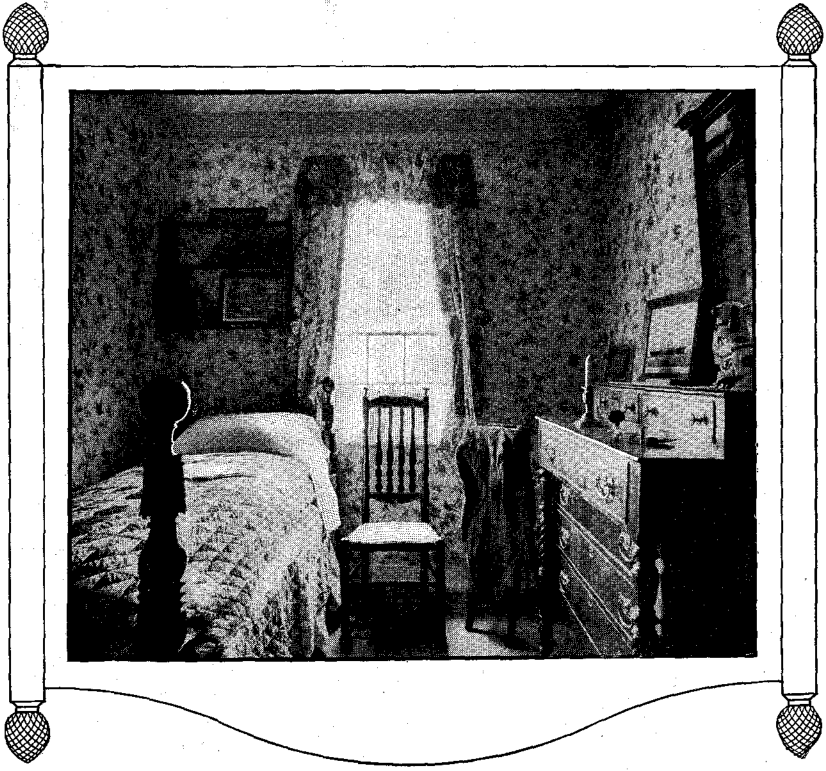
"The door at the right of the hall leads into the sitting-room. It was in this room where my grandfather sat in his armchair the greater part of the evening, reading the Rivermouth 'Barnacle,' the local newspaper. There was no gas in those days, and the Captain read by the aid of a small block-tin lamp which he held in one hand. I observed that he had a habit of dropping off into a doze every three or four minutes. Two or three times, to my vast amusement, he scorched the edges of the newspaper with the wick of the lamp; and at about half-past eight o'clock I had the satisfaction—I am sorry to confess it was a satisfaction—of seeing the Rivermouth 'Barnacle' in flames.

"My grandfather leisurely extinguished the fire with his hands, and Miss Abigail, who sat near a low table, knitting by the light of an astral lamp, did not even look up. She was quite used to this catastrophe.

"The monotonous 'click click' of Miss Abigail's needles made me nervous after a while, and finally drove me out of the sitting-room into the kitchen, where Kitty caused me to laugh by saying Miss Abigail thought that what I needed was 'a good dose of hot-drops.'

"Kitty Collins, or Mrs. Catherine, as she preferred to be called, was descended in a direct line from an extensive family of kings who formerly ruled over Ireland. In consequence of various calamities, among which the failure of the potato crop may be mentioned, Miss Kitty Collins, in company with several hundred of her countrymen and countrywomen—also descended from kings—came over to America in an emigrant ship, in the year eighteen hundred and something.

"I don't know what freak of fortune caused the royal exile to turn up at Rivermouth; but turn up she did, a few months after arriving in this country, and was hired by my grandmother to do 'general housework' for the modest sum of four shillings and sixpence a week. In time she grew to be regarded less as a servant than as a friend in the home circle, sharing its joys and sorrows—a faithful nurse, a willing slave, a happy spirit."



"THE LITTLE HALL-ROOM OVER THE FRONT DOOR"

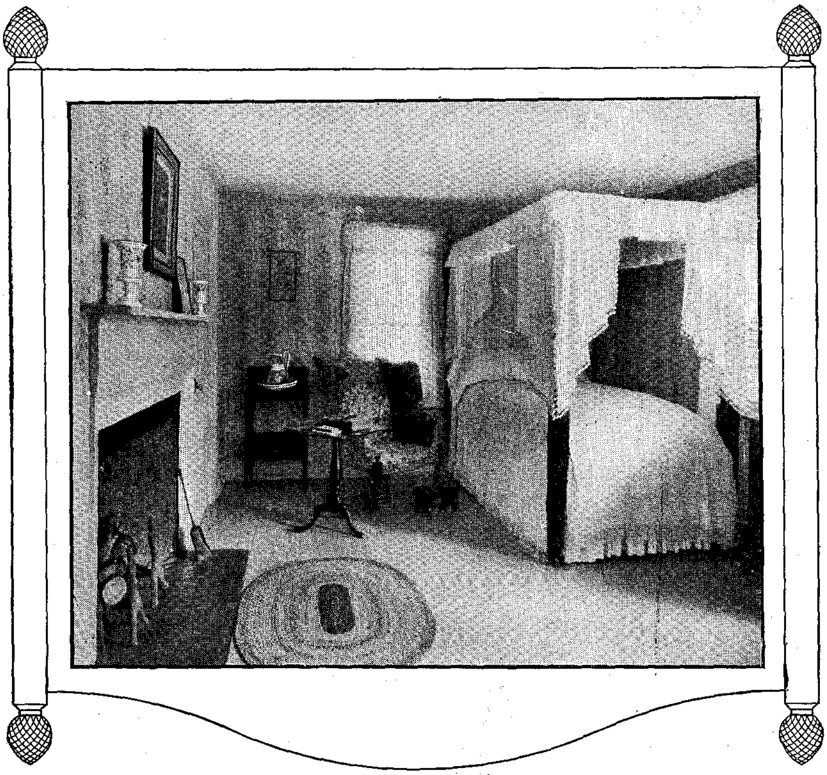
Of the dining-room Master Bailey had little to say, excepting the pen picture of Sunday morning in the Nutter House.

"Sunday morning.—At seven o'clock my grandfather comes smilelessly down stairs. He is dressed in black, and looks as if he had lost all his friends during the night. Miss Abigail, also in black, looks as if she were prepared to bury them, and not indisposed to enjoy the ceremony. Even Kitty Collins has caught the contagious gloom, as I perceive when she brings in the coffee-urn—a solemn and sculpturesque urn at any time, but monumental now—and sets it down in front of Miss Abigail. Miss Abigail gazes at the urn as if it held the ashes of her ancestors, instead of a generous quantity of fine old Java coffee."

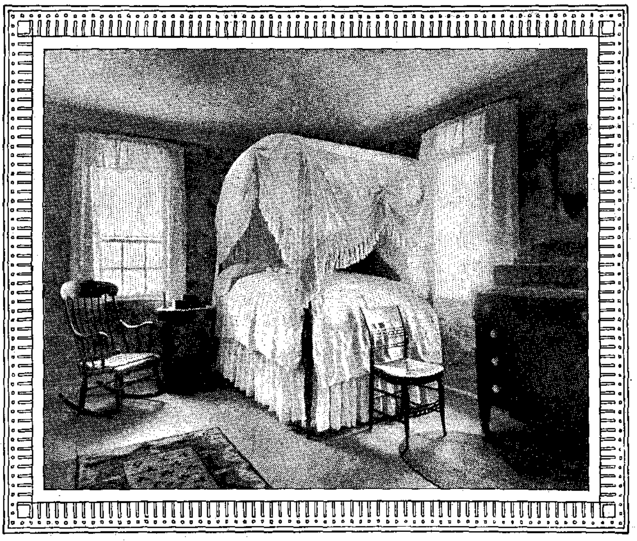
In the "Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," writing of the small hall bedroom in the Nutter House, his biographer says:

"Even in those days he was a reader, a little dreamer, and moved in a world peopled with the folk of the imagination. The books he found there and the use he made of them is of the first biographic importance."

"I had never before had a chamber all to myself, and this one, about twice the size of our stateroom on board the Typhoon, was a marvel of neatness and comfort. Pretty chintz curtains hung at the window, and a patch quilt of more colors than were in Joseph's coat covered the little bed. The pattern of the wall-paper left nothing to be desired in that line. On a gray background were small bunches of leaves, unlike any that ever grew in this world; and on every other bunch perched a yellowbird, pitted with crimson spots, as if it had just recovered from a severe attack of the smallpox. That no such bird ever existed did not detract from my admiration of each one. There were two hundred and sixty-eight of these birds in all, not counting those split in two where the paper was badly joined. I counted them once when I was laid up with a fine black eye, and, falling asleep, I immediately dreamed that the whole flock suddenly took wing and flew out of the



GRANDFATHER NUTTER'S BEDROOM



THE SPARE ROOM

window. From that time I was never able to regard them as merely inanimate objects.

"A washstand in the corner, a chest of mahogany drawers, a looking-glass in a filigreed frame, and a high-backed chair studded with brass nails like a coffin, constituted the furniture. Over the head of the bed were two oak shelves, holding perhaps a dozen books—among which were 'Theodore; or, The Peruvians;' 'Robinson Crusoe;' an odd volume of 'Tristram Shandy;' Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' and a fine English edition of the 'Arabian Nights,' with six hundred woodcuts by Harvey.

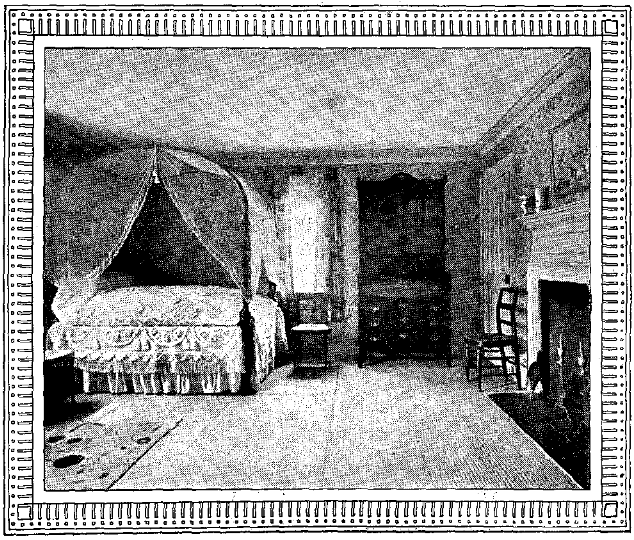
"Shall I ever forget the hour when I first overhauled these books? I do not allude especially to Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' which is far from being a lively work for the young, but to the 'Arabian Nights,' and particularly 'Robinson Crusoe.' The thrill that ran into my fingers' ends then has not run out yet. Many a time did I steal up to this nest of a room, and, taking the dog's-eared volume from its shelf, glide off into an enchanted realm, where there were no lessons to get, and no boys to smash my kite.

"In a life so tranquil and circumscribed as ours in the Nutter House a visitor was a novelty of no little importance. The whole household awoke from its quietude one morning when the Captain announced that a young niece of his from New York was coming to spend a few weeks with us.

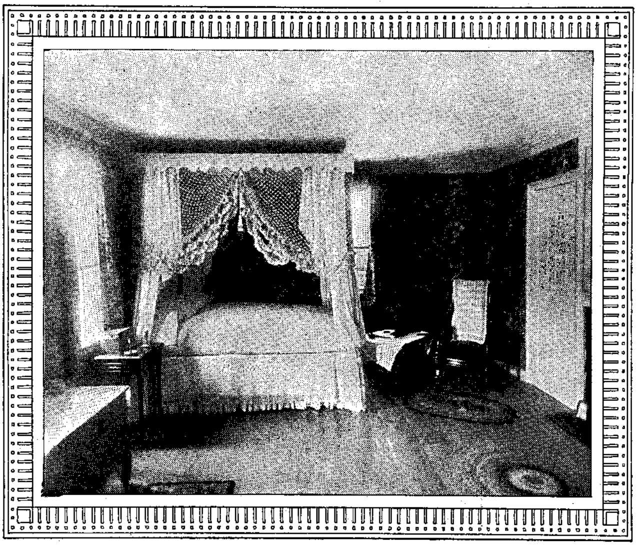
"The blue chintz room, into which a ray of sun was never allowed to penetrate, was thrown open and dusted and its moldy air made sweet with a bouquet of pot-roses placed on the old-fashioned bureau.

"At the time I came to Rivermouth my grandfather had retired from active pursuits and was living at ease on his money, invested principally in shipping. He had been a widower many years, a maiden sister, the aforesaid Miss Abigail, managing his household. Miss Abigail also managed her brother, and her brother's servant, and the visitor at her brother's gate.

"According to Kitty, it was not originally my grandfather's intention to have



THE BLUE CHINTZ ROOM



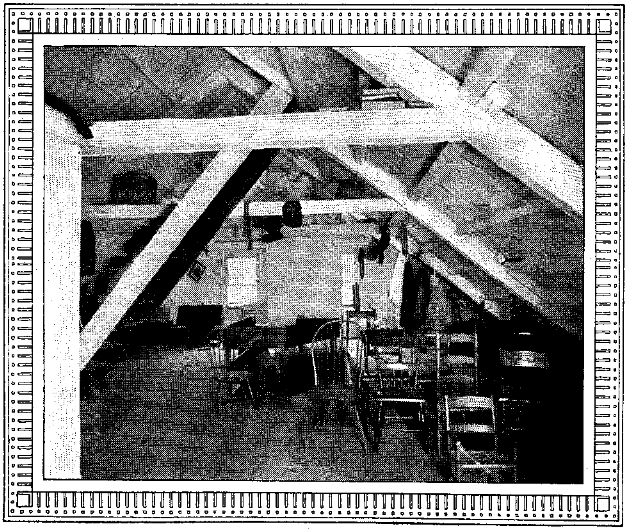
MISS ABIGAIL'S ROOM

Miss Abigail at the head of his domestic establishment. She had swooped down on him (Kitty's own words) with a bandbox in one hand and a faded blue cotton umbrella, still in existence, in the other. Clad in this singular garb—I do not remember that Kitty alluded to any additional peculiarity of dress—Miss Abigail had made her appearance at the door of the Nutter House on the morning of my grandmother's funeral.

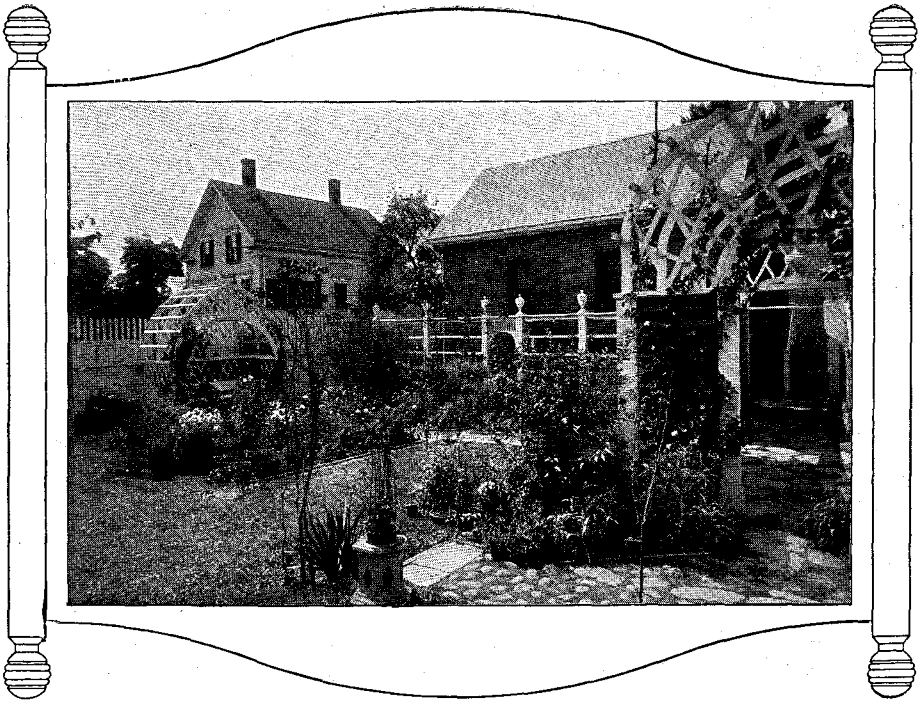
"Miss Abigail had effected many changes in the Nutter House before I came there to live; but there was one thing against which she had long contended without being able to overcome—this was the Captain's pipe. On first taking command of the household, she prohibited smoking in the sitting-room, where it had been the old gentleman's custom to take a whiff or two of the fragrant weed after meals.

"The edict went forth—and so did the pipe. However, my grandfather humored her in this as in other matters, and smoked by stealth, like a guilty creature, in the barn or about the gardens. That was practicable in summer, but in winter the Captain was hard put to it. When he could not stand it longer, he retreated to his bedroom and barricaded the door.

"I needn't tell a New England boy what a museum of curiosities is the garret of a well-regulated New England house of fifty or sixty years' standing. Here met together, as if by some preconcerted arrangement, all the broken-down chairs of the household, all the spavined tables, all the seedy hats, all the intoxicated-looking boots, all the split walking-sticks that have retired from business, 'weary with the march of life,' the pots, the pans, the trunks, the bottles—who may hope to make an inventory of the numberless odds and ends collected in this bewildering lumber-room? But what a place it is to sit of an afternoon with the rain pattering on the roof! What a place to read 'Gulliver's Travels' or the famous adventures of Rinaldo Rinaldini! In a lidless trunk in the garret I subsequently unearthed another motley collection of novels and romances, embracing the adventures of Baron Trenck, Jack Sheppard, Don Quixote, Gil Blas,



THE GARRET



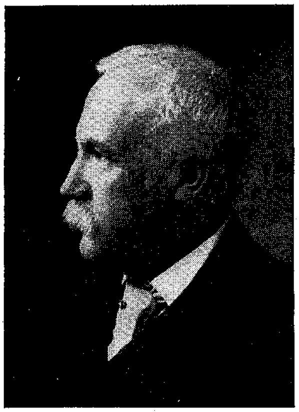
THE GARDEN

and Charlotte Temple—all of which I fed upon like a book-worm. I never come across a copy of any of those works without feeling a certain tenderness for the yellow-haired little rascal who used to lean above the magic pages hour after hour, religiously believing every word he read, and no more doubting the reality of Sinbad the Sailor or the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance than he did the existence of his own grandfather."

In the story of the "Nutter House" Mr. Aldrich does not speak of the garden, but he has often told me of the inexhaustible territory of pleasure and play it was—at times swarming with Indians, in ambush, behind every bush and tree—then, presto, change! it was transformed into an English forest through which rode Robin Hood and his men—again the pirates had it—Captain Kidd burying his treasure in the moonlight—Jeanne d'Arc proudly riding on her white steed with banners flying—and here, many times, was solemnized the marriage of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith.

"A happy childhood, ringing with fortunate stars!
What dreams were his in this enchanted sphere,
What intuitions of high destiny!
The honey-bees of Hybla touched his lips
In that new world garden unawares."

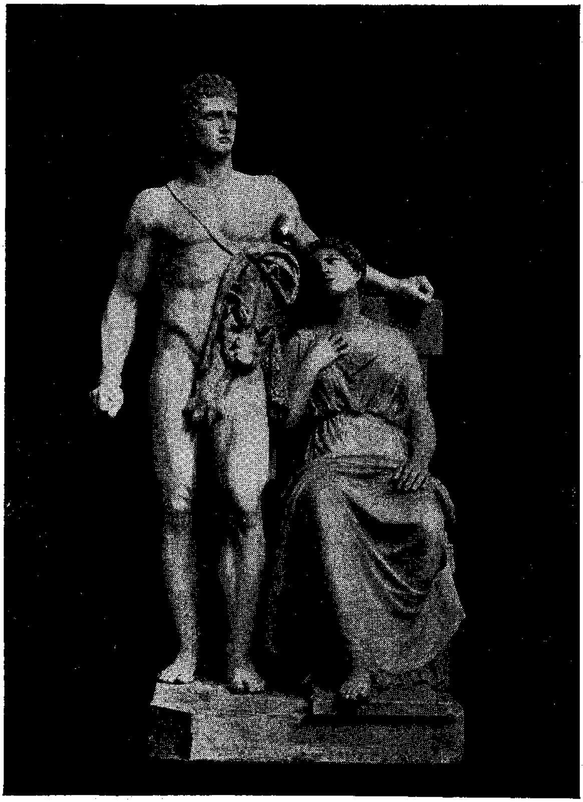
A Veteran Sculptor



FRANKLIN SIMMONS

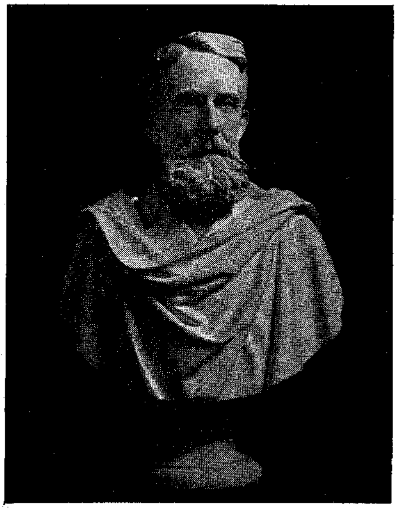
THE self-educated man of affairs has been widely celebrated in this country; and every American boy knows by the example of a hundred men that the pathway to fortune, influence, and power is open to any one, whatever his educational advantages may have been, who has the patience, industry, and firmness of will to train himself. Very little has been said, however, about self-educated men in art; and yet there have been a number of artists who have conferred distinction upon the country, whose training has been almost entirely self-conducted. Among men of this class is Mr. Franklin Simmons, who has lived so long in Rome and has done his work with such quietness and modesty that, although that work is found in many of the most important cities and commemorates many of our most distinguished men, his reputation has a professional rather than a journalistic quality. Like Mr. Ben Foster in painting and Mrs. Riggs in fiction, Mr. Simmons was born in Maine. In the little town of Webster he attended the public school, and later spent some time at Bates College, Lewiston. His career was determined for him at a very early age by the unmistakable bent of his taste and the equally unmistakable evidence of his ability. As a school-boy his recreation was modeling figures in the clay which he found in the neighborhood; and while he was still a youth a portrait-bust of Dr. Bowditch, of Bowdoin College, showed such knowledge of character and such skill in modeling that it established the young sculptor's local reputation. In the workshop of a sculptor in Boston he found suggestion and stimulus, but he had no regular instruction.

It was war-time, and the most critical period. Washington was calling men of all kinds of ability, and Mr. Simmons responded. It was a fortunate moment for an ambitious young sculptor of energy, for there was a large group of interesting and striking subjects awaiting a sculptor's hand, and Mr. Simmons's hands were soon full. He made busts of Generals Grant, Meade, Sheridan, Sherman, Thomas, Hooker, of Admirals Farragut and Porter, and of many other prominent men in the army and navy. His sitters became his friends; and, if he could be induced to write a book of reminiscences, it would be a delightful foot-

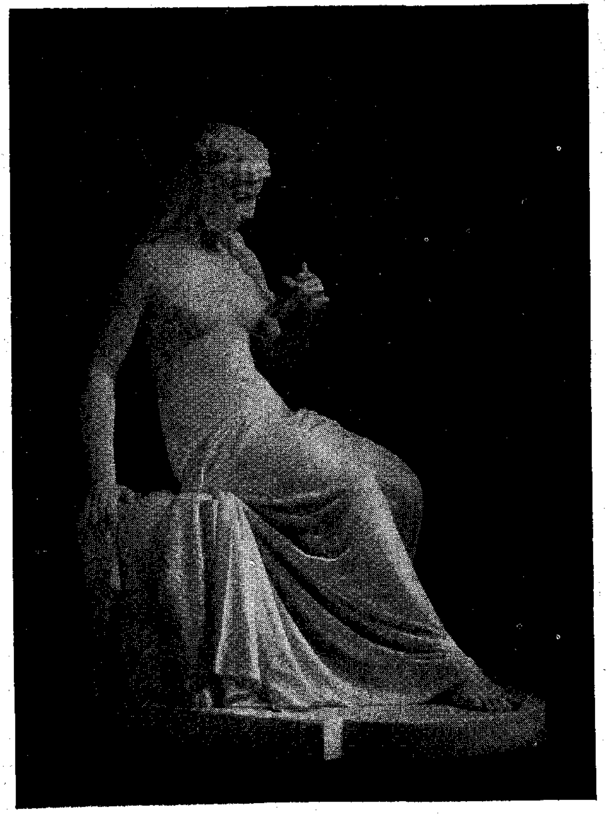


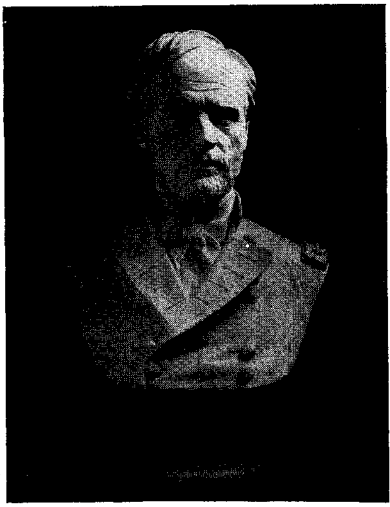
HERCULES AND ALCESTIS

note to the more serious histories of that period. His task and opportunity were as a visualizing historian of a dramatic period and the biographer in marble of a number of its most prominent actors. Three years later he received a commission for a statue of Roger Williams; and the conditions offered by the commission made it possible for him to realize the dream of a young sculptor—a visit to Rome. That visit has been lengthened into a lifelong residence. The Williams statue was completed in Rome at the end of two years, and now stands in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol at Washington; a benignant, dignified, and admirably treated figure, with effective disposition of the drapery. Seven years later another statue of Roger Williams from Mr. Simmons's hand was unveiled at Providence. As there is no authentic portrait of Williams in existence, Mr. Simmons had a free hand in expressing his idea of the spirit and the physical characteristics of Roger Williams. His work won the high regard of his contemporaries. His handling of the subject was made notable by the introduction of an accessory figure—the impersonation of History—a method with which Mr. Saint-Gaudens has familiarized the country, but which was then novel. Mr. Simmons's studio in Rome has been peopled with other figures of classical quality and significance, "Penelope," "Medusa," "Galatea," "The Mother of Moses," among them. All these figures showed careful study, admirable workmanship, a conscientious endeavor to make the ideal in the sculptor's mind real in the work of his hand.


ANDREW D. WHITE

One of the most important of the monumental works from Mr. Simmons is the group on the Naval Monument in Washington, in which History is personated standing ready to commit to marble the names of those whom the country desires to immortalize. The heroic figure of the "Republic" in Portland has dignity and strength. His latest important public work is the equestrian monument of General Logan in Washington; an elaborate work, entirely in bronze, the attitude of Logan being full of repose, but face and gesture and poise highly expressive of the heroic temper. The pedestal


MEDUSA

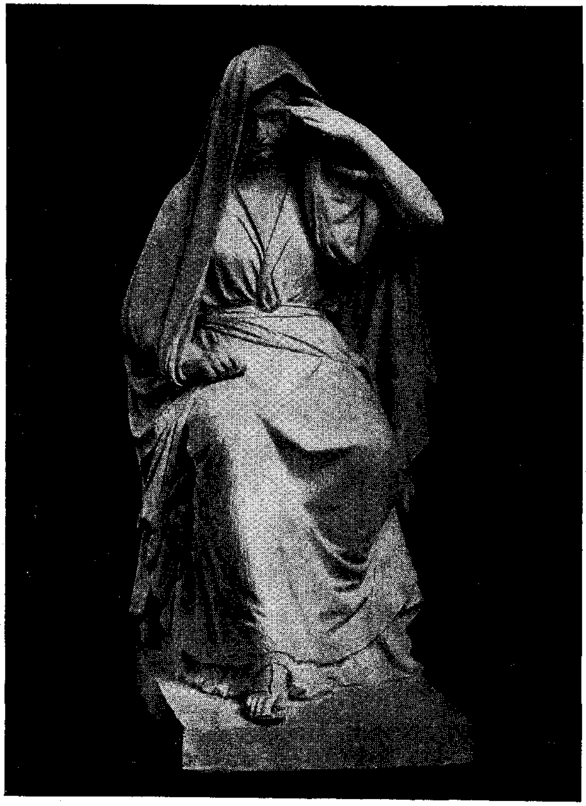


WILLIAM T. SHERMAN

of this statue is one of notable interest, presenting in large reliefs life-sized figures of Logan and some of his most distinguished contemporaries.

Of late years this veteran sculptor, who never lets anything go from his hand until it satisfies his exacting artistic conscience, and who has remained loyal to the ideals of his youth, has given his imagination play in a number of ideal figures, among them " The Woman of Endor," which represents, not a witch, but a seeress, who is looking into the future with an intense expression of divination. The group of " Hercules and Alcestis " is a very interesting and suggestive treatment of one of the best-known classical myths. The sculptor has seized that variation of the story which represents Hercules as waiting beside the dying woman for the approach of death and the deadly struggle to which he has given himself: a figure of great dignity and youthful confidence, without a touch of bravado, but comprehending the grim seriousness of the fight; the repose of deified youth, which holds itself equal to all tasks, and in which the sense of fear is yet to be born. The symbolism of this fine group as expressing the struggle between knowledge and disease is very impressive; it ought to find a place before some great hospital. The " Angel of the Resurrection," in the English Cemetery in Rome, is also a late piece of work, touched with deep feeling. Mr. Simmons is vigorously at work and is a delightful companion, a man who has lived in the atmosphere of his art, and has counted many of his foremost contemporaries among his friends.

Few sculptors of his generation have rivaled him in point of industry. He has produced more than one hundred portrait busts in marble, and fifteen public monuments from his hands stand in various parts of the country; so that his work has covered a wide range. His public work has been commemorative of public service, because it presents men of force, courage, and patriotism; and his classical work, inspired, no doubt, to some extent by his residence in Rome, has expressed both his sense of verity and his idealistic temper.



THE WOMAN OF ENDOR

Bright and Early

By Edmund L. Pearson

A SMALL, dim figure stood at the side of my bed and repeated the words, "It's quarter of four!" It took me a number of seconds to comprehend their meaning and to recognize their speaker. Then I knew, of course, that this was the hour of rising for the great expedition into the backwoods, and here was Ed Mason telling me of that fact.

By day Mason stalked the earth, compelling and terrible, in all the majesty of eleven years. The ground trembled beneath his feet, and none looked upon him without reverence. With his own strong right arm he had slain the muskrat in its lair, and he had explored the fastnesses of "Second Woods," which, as everybody knew, were at least three-quarters of a mile beyond "First Woods."

But now, in the chilly twilight before dawn, and clad in a single white garment, which hung from his shoulders angel-wise, there lacked something of the awe which usually invested the Terror of the Neighborhood.

Moreover, the nearly complete darkness which surrounded us, and the eight solid hours of sleep from which I had just emerged, tended to make me slow of understanding. Only the afternoon before, and the world which had stretched beyond the borders of the town lay at our feet, awaiting our conquering footsteps. Now the world seemed, not only cold and dark, but immeasurably vast, and we no longer a pair of relentless Columbuses. Rather small, in fact, we seemed, and not wholly equipped to tame the jungle and bring the desert to acknowledge its masters.

However, I said nothing of this to Ed Mason, but arose and dressed. He was making ready in another room, and in a few minutes we tiptoed down the stairs. At four o'clock we were to meet other bold travelers at a rendezvous near the Frog Pond, and there was no time to be lost. Luncheons—a day's supply of food—had been prepared and put in boxes the evening before. With these under our arms we hurried out into the faint light and through the side yard, our spirits and our clothes a trifle dampened on the way by means of a glass of water thoughtfully poured upon us from a window by Ed's sister Florence. This attention was by way of reciprocating our act of the previous week, when we had locked her up for a season in the hen-house—a bit of humor which we had long ago forgotten, but which, it appeared, she still held in lively recollection.

As we approached the pond three other personages came into sight. These were Rob Currier, Jimmy Toppan, and Joe Carter. Charley Carter had been one of the organizers of the expedition, but a too intimate association with Mr. Hawkins's Bartlett pear tree and the fruit thereof, late on the previous afternoon, had rendered his absence unavoidable. From his elder brother we gathered that Charles had passed the darkling hours in a manner not altogether agreeable, and that his parents, and even Dr. Macey, had been in consultation over the matter. Indeed, it was a narrow escape for Joe that he was not made to suffer vicarious punishment and be kept at home on this day of days, but luckily he had been able to prove an alibi.

Peter Bailey would not accompany us. This was not on account of any physical indisposition, but, as we had all been made aware, because he disapproved of our methods. It was absurd, he had pointed out, to go on such an excursion without a compass. The military instinct which already made Peter regard himself as a future ornament to the United States army, and which is doubtless of supreme value to him to-day in a stock-broker's office—this instinct demanded a compass in order to find our path through the wilds. None of us had a compass, and Peter's was broken and could not be replaced until his birthday—six months hence. We must either postpone our trip for six months or go without Peter. He would not trust himself so far from civilization unless at any moment he might satisfy his passion for knowing where lay the north.

Some little delicacy made us refrain from suggesting that at the farthest point which we should probably reach the spires of most of the churches in town would undoubtedly be visible, and that we might take our bearings from these. Jimmy Toppan, then as now a navigator of deep seas, was one on whom the compass argument had made a profound impression. He described an ingenious but complicated recipe (which had once proved the salvation of certain mariners) whereby the hands of a watch, if directed toward the sun, or away from the sun (I forget which), at noon, might serve in place of the magnetic needle. But, as Rob Currier observed, we might be hopelessly lost long before noon, and Ed Mason supplemented this gloomy prophecy by recalling the fact that Peter Bailey's Waterbury watch (the only timepiece amongst us) was never going, through Peter's constant neglect to spend the fifteen minutes necessary to wind it up.

The plan for the day nearly fell through, but we finally decided to take our lives in our hands and go without a compass. Peter, after treating us to a few sarcasms on our unscientific venture, refused absolutely to have anything to do with the trip. So there were but five of us who set out at last.

On one thing we were determined. This was an all-day expedition. The necessary amount of exploration, of hunting and fishing, could not be accomplished in a few hours. We carried food for three full meals, and our families had been warned that they must get along without us until night began to gather in. Ed Mason had a light air-rifle, and Joe Carter, by virtue of his seniority and experience (he was thirteen that week), carried a small but pernicious revolver. The rest of us had fishing poles and lines, and I was further equipped with a burning-glass, without which no one should venture into the wilderness, where matches may fail and camp-fires have to be kindled.

We had not gone far when the suitability of breakfast occurred to us. We paused by the road, not far from the brick-yard (where Ed Mason had once beaten off an attack by tramps), and ate one-third of our provisions. Rob Currier's box proved to contain, among other things, a couple of hard-boiled eggs, and to find a third part of two eggs was not only puzzling but unpleasantly reminiscent of Mr. Colburn's Arithmetic—a book which we did not care to have accompany us even in spirit. Rob solved the problem by eating both eggs then and there.

A short walk brought us to a spot on Little River where the fishing was good, and where Jimmy Toppan and I promptly unlimbered our rods. Ed Mason wandered across the meadow to look for a legendary owl which he claimed once to have seen at the latter part of an autumn afternoon in the old hickory which stood near the center of the meadow. An owl-haunted tree it certainly looked, but at that hour of the day there was little surprise that Ed saw nothing of him. The hunter soon returned to the river-bank, where Jimmy and I were pulling in hornpouts at a great rate. The others, scornful of hornpouts, had departed to a small pool farther up the river, where nobler game was reported. Before the end of an hour they returned, bringing two very small and skinny pickerel. Now, your pickerel, be he ever so meager, is of course a nobler fish than your hornpout, and there is more glory in his capture. So Joe Carter and Rob were fain to look with loathing upon the dozen fat hornpouts which lay on the grass, and to consider that Jimmy and I had spent our time in but a trifling fashion. Not content with vaunting the superiority of their two dusty pickerel, they reduced us to greater humiliation by recounting their adventures. Joe Carter had lost bait, hook, and float from his fishing-tackle through the agency of the enormous turtle that had lived for many a year under the bridge at the head of the pool, and Rob Currier had fallen into the water and come out wet to the knees. So it was evident that there was nothing for Jimmy and me but to hide our diminished heads.

We said little, but suggested that, as the morning was apparently far advanced, it would be well to have a swim and our midday meal. By the railway track—a short cut—we reached the swimming-place. It was probably the poorest ever prescribed by an iron tradition. Passing trains made it necessary modestly to seek deeper water, and grazing cows threatened to devour our clothes; but there, and at no other place, did every boy learn to swim.

Tradition is a tyrant; during the believing years it is the worst of despots.

In a few minutes we were all in the water—all except Rob Currier, who, under threat of dire punishment, had been eternally charged by his mother to keep out of the water until he was a complete master of the art of swimming. As he had not yet learned on land, he sat on the bank, threw pebbles at the cows, and from time to time remarked monotonously, "Oh, come on!"

The process of dressing was slow—the use of towels, or any serious attempt to dry one's self, being tabooed as a sign of the most degrading effeminacy. When we were ready to depart, the position of the sun in the heavens and a certain hollow sensation in our interiors showed beyond question that we must once more draw upon our commissariat. Guided by three gaunt poplars, we advanced to the Devil's Den—an ancient limestone quarry which had some of the appearance and many of the advantages of a natural cave. Curious mineral substances were found there; asbestos might be dug from the rock with a jackknife, and green veins of serpentine decorated the side of the cliff. It was a recognized spot for picnics, and we should have scarcely thought of eating our principal meal anywhere else. In the deepest part of the cleft there was an unwholesome-looking puddle into which dripped the moisture from the roof of the cave. It was rather gloomy, and made visitors lower their voices a little until once more they were in the sunlight.

We built a fire—for what purpose it would be difficult to say, as sandwiches, cake, and fruit do not need a great deal of cooking, and the fish which we had captured had been left with old Mr. Harris, the railway-crossing tender, to be claimed on our return trip. It was pleasant, though a trifle hot and smoky on a midsummer's day, to sit around a fire and refresh our wearied frames with food. Joe Carter had a clay pipe, and after he had eaten he tried the experiment of smoking dried leaves in it. He coughed a good deal, and did not seem to derive that joy from the process which we had all heard arose from the use of a pipe.

After a little time we set out once more, climbed to the top of Devil's Pulpit, and then took the road toward the Devil's Basin. In that region the devil seems to have had a large interest in the scenery. The road is of the pleasantest, however. Here, before the snow has hardly left the woods, the spring "peepers" sing insistently from a little bog, while a few weeks later the gentle blossoms of the hepatica emerge shyly from the dead leaves and the anemone springs up on the hillside.

Now summer was at its full tide and the woods were crammed with things of interest. We investigated the Basin—another deserted quarry. We explored the edges of the bog, and stalked a flock of crows that had gathered in the top of an oak. The afternoon hours passed, at first pleasantly, but finally with some tedium; the day seemed interminably long.

We rambled about for hours till we became aware that we were very tired, that the day was waning, and that three or four long miles lay between us and home. So we hurried through our suppers and started on the return trip.

Joe Carter walked a little distance in advance, calling out from time to time, "You fellers better hurry up, unless you want to camp out all night in the woods."

Then he would casually take out his revolver and look mysteriously toward the deep undergrowth on each side of the road, as if to signify that he could not hold himself responsible for what manner of thing might beset us after the powers of darkness should be exalted.

We did not want to camp out all night in the woods, and we hastened our steps.

When we reached Mr. Harris's little shanty, it was closed and locked, and the old gentleman had gone—whither we knew not. Our fish he had kindly preserved for us in a pail of water, and we gathered them up and hurried on. We debated what was the exact hour, and both Ed Mason and Rob Currier opined that sunset was close upon us. Ed remarked that he had seen one or two bats fluttering about as we came through the woods—evidently the creatures of the night were beginning to make their appearance. Tired we were, we knew that, and I had a small, sharp pebble in one shoe, which made walking exceedingly painful. I was forced to delay the party until I could rid myself of it. At last we left the railway track and started on the home-stretch over the old turnpike. We felt fairly at ease now, since houses were in plain sight, and the town scarcely distant a matter of thirty minutes' walking.

Here we met a man driving a sorrel horse and wagon. Joe Carter stopped him.

"Say, mister, do you know what time it is?" asked Joe.

The man pulled up the horse and took a watch out of his pocket. He looked at the dial, and then held the watch to his ear.

"Well," he remarked leisurely, "guess my watch has stopped again. But I can tell yer pretty close. It was quarter to nine when I come by Moulton's, an' that wa'n't over fifteen minutes ago. It's 'bout nine o'clock now; I guess you fellers better be gettin' home, or you won't get no breakfast!"

I WOULD NOT BRING YOU TEARS

BY IVAN SWIFT

When Nature grieves
In some unwonted pain,
And feels her leaves
Droop under blighting stain,
Her kindly curtain falls
Against our view,
And, lone in her gray walls,
She broods the dark day through.

Bereft of joy,
The painter takes her mood—
His brush employs,
Upon a solemn wood
At dusk, the somber hue.
When glad and young,
He paints the morning dew
And skies where larks have sung.

So bear with me
If I seem far to-day.
May it not be
That well am I away?
My canvas tells the pain
Of loss and fears—
My hour is cold, gray rain.
I would not bring you tears.

You knew me, dear,
When Fortune played me fair.
Then was I near,
And gladness kissed your hair.
So might I come again—
When golden light
Comes through the cold, gray rain.
And morn comes through the night.

The Bible and the Life of the People[1]

By Theodore Roosevelt

I HAVE come here to-day, in the course of a series of lectures upon applied ethics, upon realizable ideals, to speak of the book to which our people owe infinitely the greater part of their store of ethics, infinitely the greater part of their knowledge of how to apply that store to the needs of our every-day life.

There have been many collections of the sacred books, the sacred writings of the Old and New Testaments—many collections of note. Upon an occasion such as this we who think most of all of the King James version of the Bible should be the first to acknowledge our obligation to many of the other versions, especially to the earliest of the great versions, the Vulgate of St. Jerome, a very great version, a version that played an incalculable part in the development of Western Europe, because it put the Bible into the common language of Western Europe, the language known to every man who pretended to any degree of learning—Latin—and therefore gave the Bible to the peoples of the West at a time when the old classic civilization of Greece and Rome had first crumbled to rottenness and had then been overwhelmed by the barbarian sea. In the wreck of the old world, Christianity was all that the survivors had to cling to; and the Latin version of the Bible put it at their disposal.

Other versions of the Bible followed from time to time, and gradually men began to put them into the vernaculars of the different countries. Wyclif's Bible is one version to which we must always feel under deep obligation. But the great debt of the English-speaking peoples everywhere is to the translation of the Bible that we all know—I trust I can say, all here know—in our own homes, the Bible as it was put forth in English three centuries ago. No other book of any kind ever written in English—perhaps no other book ever written in any other tongue—has ever so affected the whole life of a people as this authorized version of the Scriptures has affected the life of the English-speaking peoples.

I enter a most earnest plea that in our hurried and rather bustling life of to-day we do not lose the hold that our forefathers had on the Bible. I wish to see Bible study as much a matter of course in the secular college as in the seminary. No educated man can afford to be ignorant of the Bible; and no uneducated man can afford to be ignorant of the Bible. Occasional critics, taking sections of the Old Testament, are able to point out that the teachings therein are not in accordance with our own convictions and views of morality, and they ignore the prime truth that these deeds recorded in the Old Testament are not in accordance with our theories of morality because of the very fact that these theories are based upon the New Testament, because the New Testament represents not only in one sense the fulfillment of the Old but in another sense the substitution of the New Testament for the Old in certain vital points of ethics. If critics of this kind would study the morality inculcated by the Old Testament among the chosen people, and compare it, not with the morality of to-day, not with the morality created by the New Testament, but with the morality of the surrounding nations of antiquity, who had no Bible, they would appreciate the enormous advances that the Old Testament even in its most primitive form worked for the Jewish people. The Old Testament did not carry Israel as far as the New Testament has carried us; but it advanced Israel far beyond the point any neighboring nation had then reached.

In studying the writings of the average critic who has assailed the Bible the most salient point is usually his peculiar shallowness in failing to understand, not merely the lofty ethical teachings of the Bible as we now know it, but the elemental fact that even the most primitive ethical system taught in the most primitive portions of the Bible, the earliest of the sacred writings, marks a giant stride in moral advance when compared with the contemporary ethical conceptions of the other peoples of the day.

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[1] Delivered as one of the lectures on the E. T. Earl Foundation, under the auspices of the Pacific Theological Seminary, at the University of California, Berkeley, on Sunday, March 26, 1911.

Moreover, I appeal for a study of the Bible on many different accounts, even aside from its ethical and moral teachings, even aside from the fact that all serious people, all men who think deeply, even among non-Christians, have come to agree that the life of Christ, as set forth in the four Gospels, represents an infinitely higher and purer morality than is preached in any other book of the world. Aside from this, I ask that the Bible be studied for the sake of the breadth it must give to every man who studies it. I cannot understand the mental attitude of those who would put the Bible to one side as not being a book of interest to grown men. What could interest men who find the Bible dull? The Sunday newspaper? Think of the difference there must be in the mental make-up of the man whose chief reading includes the one, as compared with the man whose chief reading is represented by the other—the vulgarity, the shallowness, the inability to keep the mind fixed on any serious subject, which is implied in the mind of any man who cannot read the Bible and yet can take pleasure in reading only literature of the type of the colored supplement of the Sunday paper. Now, I am not speaking against the colored supplement of any paper *in its place;* but as a substitute for serious reading of the great Book, it represents a type of mind which it is gross flattery merely to call shallow.

I do not ask you to accept the word of those who preach the Bible as an inspired book; I make my appeal not only to professing Christians; I make it to every man who seeks after a high and useful life, to every man who seeks the inspiration of religion, or who endeavors to make his life conform to a high ethical standard; to every man who, be he Jew or Gentile, whatever his form of religious belief, whatever creed he may profess, faces life with the real desire not only to get out of it what is best, but to do his part in everything that tells for the ennobling and uplifting of humanity.

I am making a plea, not only for the training of the mind, but for the moral and spiritual training of the home and the church, the moral and spiritual training that has always been found in, and has ever accompanied, the study of the book which in almost every civilized tongue, and in many an uncivilized, can be described as *the book* with the certainty of having the description understood by all listeners. A year and a quarter ago I was passing on foot through the native kingdom of Uganda, in Central Africa. Uganda is the most highly developed of the pure Negro states in Africa. It is the state which has given the richest return for missionary labor. It now contains some half-million of Christians, the direction of the government being in the hands of those Christians. I was interested to find that in their victorious fight against, in the first place, heathendom, and, in the next place, Moslemism, the native Christians belonging to the several different sects, both Catholics and Protestants, had taken as their symbol "the book," sinking all minor differences among themselves, and coming together on the common ground of their common belief in "the book" that was the most precious gift the white man had brought to them.

It is of that book, and as testimony to its incalculable influence for good from the educational and the moral standpoint, that the great scientist Huxley wrote in the following words:

> Consider the great historical fact that for three centuries this book has been woven into the life of all that is noblest and best in English history; that it has become the national epic of Britain; that it is written in the noblest and purest English and abounds in exquisite beauties of mere literary form; and, finally, that it forbids the veriest hind, who never left his village, to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilizations and of a great past stretching back to the furthest limits of the oldest nations in the world. By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between the Eternities?

I ask your attention to this when I plead for the training of children in the

Bible. I am quoting, not a professed Christian, but a scientific man whose scientific judgment is thus expressed as to the value of Biblical training for the young.

And again listen to what Huxley says as to the bearing of the Bible upon those who study the ills of our time with the hope of eventually remedying them:

> The Bible has been the Magna Charta of the poor and of the oppressed. Down to modern times no State has had a constitution in which the interests of the people are so largely taken into account, in which the duties so much more than the privileges of rulers are insisted upon, as that drawn up for Israel in Deuteronomy and in Leviticus; nowhere is the fundamental truth that the welfare of the State in the long run depends upon the righteousness of the citizen so strongly laid down. . . . The Bible is the most democratic book in the world.

This is the judgment of Huxley, one of the greatest scientific thinkers of the last century. I ask you to train children in the Bible. Never commit the awful error of training the child by making him learn verses of the Bible as a punishment. I remember once calling upon a very good woman and finding one of her small sons, with a face of black injury, studying the Bible, and this very good woman said to me with pride, "Johnny has been bad, and he is learning a chapter of Isaiah by heart." I could not refrain from saying, "My dear madam, how can you do such a dreadful thing as to make the unfortunate Johnny associate for the rest of his life the noble and beautiful poetry and prophecy of Isaiah with an excessively disagreeable task? You are committing a greater wrong against him than any he has himself committed." Punish the children in any other way that is necessary; but do not make them look upon the Bible with suspicion and dislike as an instrument of torture, so that they feel that it is a pain to have to read it, instead of, as it ought to be, a privilege and pleasure to read it.

In reading the Bible and the beautiful Bible stories that have delighted childhood for so many generations, my own preference is to read them from the Bible and not as explained even in otherwise perfectly nice little books. Read these majestic and simple stories with whatever explanation is necessary to make the child understand the words; and then the story he will understand without difficulty.

Of course we must not forget to give whatever explanation is necessary to enable the child to understand the words. I think every father and mother comes to realize how queerly the little brains will accept new words at times. I remember an incident of the kind in connection with a clergyman to whose church I went when a very small boy. It was a big Presbyterian church in Madison Square, New York; any New Yorker of my age who happens to be present here will probably recollect the church. We had as a clergyman one of the finest men that I had ever met, one of the very, very rare men to whom it would be no misuse of words to describe as saintly. He was very fond of one of his little grandsons. This little grandson showed an entire willingness to come to church and to Sunday-school when there were plenty of people present; but it was discovered that he was most reluctant to go anywhere near the church when there were not people there. As so often happens with a child (every mother knows how difficult it often is to find out just what the little mind is thinking), his parents could not find out for some time what was the matter with the little boy or what he was afraid of in the church. Finally, Dr. Adams, the clergyman, started down to the church and asked his little grandson to come with him. After a little hesitation the small boy said yes, if his grandfather were coming, he would go. They got inside the church and walked down the aisle, their footsteps echoing in the empty church. The little fellow trotted alongside his grandfather, looking with half-frightened eagerness on every side. Soon he said, "Grandfather, where is the Zeal?" The grandfather, much puzzled, responded, "Where is what?" "Where is the Zeal?" repeated the little boy. The grandfather said, "I don't know what you mean; what are you talking of?" "Why, grandfather, don't you know? 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up'!" Now, that little fellow had been rendered profoundly uncomfortable and very suspicious of the church because he had read this statement, had accepted it in literal fashion, and concluded there was some kind of fearsome beast dwelling in the church, as to which it behooved him to be on his guard.

It would be a great misfortune for our people if they ever lost the Bible as one of their habitual standards and guides in morality. In addressing this body, which must contain representatives of many different creeds, I ask you men and women to treat the Bible in the only way in which it can be treated if benefit is to be obtained from it, and that is, as a guide to conduct. I make no pretense to speak to you on dogmatic theology—there are probably scores of different views of dogma here represented. There are scores of different ways leading toward the same goal; but there is one test which we have a right to apply to the professors of all the creeds—the test of conduct. More and more, people who possess either religious belief or aspiration after religious belief are growing to demand conduct as the ultimate test of the worth of the belief. I hope that after what I have said no man can suspect me of failure rightly to estimate the enormous influence that study of the Bible should have on our lives; but I would rather not see a man study it at all than have him read it as a fetish on Sunday and disregard its teachings on all other days of the week; because, evil though we think the conduct of the man who disregards its teachings on week days, it is still worse if that conduct is tainted with the mean vice of hypocrisy. The measure of our respect for and belief in the man and the woman who do try to shape their lives by the highest ethical standards inculcated in the Scriptures must in large part be also the measure of our contempt for those who ostentatiously read the Bible and then disregard its teachings in their dealings with their fellow-men.

I do not like the thief, big or little; I do not like him in business and I do not like him in politics; but I dislike him most when, to shield himself from the effects of his wrong-doing, he claims that, after all, he is a "religious man." He is *not* a religious man, save in the sense that the Pharisee was a religious man in the time of the Saviour. The man who advances the fact that he goes to church and reads the Bible, as an offset to the fact that he has acted like a scoundrel in his public or private relations, only writes his own condemnation in larger letters than before. And so a man or a woman who reads and quotes the Bible as a warrant and an excuse for hardheartedness and uncharitableness and lack of mercy to friend or neighbor is reading and quoting the Bible to his or her own damage, perhaps to his or her own destruction. Let the man who goes to church, who reads the Bible, feel that it is peculiarly incumbent upon him so to lead his life in the face of the world that no discredit shall be brought upon the creed he professes, that no discredit shall attach to the book in accordance with which he asserts that he leads his own life. Sometimes I have seen—all of you have seen—the appeal made to stand by a man who has done evil, on the ground that he is a pillar of the church. Such a man is a rotten pillar of any church. And the professors of any creed, the men belonging to any church, should be more jealous than any outsider in holding such a man to account, in demanding that his practice shall square with the high professions of belief. Such a man sins not only against the moral law, sins not only against the community as a whole, but sins, above all, against his own church, against all who profess religion, against all who belong to churches, because he by his life gives point to the sneer of the cynic who disbelieves in all application of Christian ethics to life, and who tries to make the ordinary man distrust church people as hypocrites. Whenever any church member is guilty of business dishonesty or political dishonesty or offenses against the moral law in any way, those who are members of churches should feel a far greater regret and disappointment than those who are not members. They cannot afford for one moment to let it be supposed that they exact from the attenders at church any less strict observance of the moral law than if they did not attend church. They cannot afford to let the outside world even for a moment think that they accept church-going and Bible-reading as substitutes for, instead of incitements toward, leading a higher and better and more useful life. We must strive each of us so to conduct our own lives as to be, to a certain extent at least, our brother's keeper. We must show that we actually do take into our own souls the teachings that we read; that we apply to ourselves the Gospel teaching that a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, and that the sound tree must prove its soundness by the fruit it brings forth; that we apply to ourselves the teachings of the epistle wherein we are warned to be doers of the word and not hearers only.

I have asked you to read the Bible for the beautiful English and for the history it teaches, as well as for the grasp it gives you upon the proper purpose of mankind. Of course if you read it only for æsthetic purposes, if you read it without thought of following its ethical teachings, then you are apt to do but little good to your fellow-men; for if you regard the reading of it as an intellectual diversion only, and, above all, if you regard this reading simply as an outward token of Sunday respectability, small will be the good that you yourself get from it. Our success in striving to help our fellow-men, and therefore to help ourselves, depends largely upon our success as we strive, with whatever shortcomings, with whatever failures, to lead our lives in accordance with the great ethical principles laid down in the life of Christ, and in the New Testament writings which seek to expound and apply his teachings.

THE NEW BOOKS

Mr. Frederick Lynch's little volume of one hundred and twenty-seven pages, "The Peace Problem," is a valuable storehouse of historical information for those who are engaged in the war against war. But it is more. It furnishes arguments as well as facts, is free from sentimentalism, is characterized by a restrained and sober idealism, and in its closing chapter, "The Immediate Task," proposes nothing for to-day that it is not entirely practicable to undertake to-day. In all of which respects it furnishes a good model for the advocates of peace. (The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 75c.)

The volume called "Impressions of Mexico," by Mary Barton, is almost solely a record of external impressions. It is notable for a series of some twenty colored illustrations which (although the Northern reader will find them a little brilliant in color) are probably really faithful to nature. They certainly give a charming idea of Mexican mountains and landscape and architecture. The text is almost entirely descriptive and serves chiefly as commentary on the pictures, and a record of personal experiences and enjoyment. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.)

As is well known, the tendency of our time is to concoct peace organizations, to call together peace conferences, to build temples to peace. Such temples ought to be built of tempered, not untempered, mortar, says the venerable and distinguished John Bigelow, late Minister to France, who knows whereof he speaks. If we are going to cement peace treaties with other nations, we should not begin by declaring flagrant war against them. We do so, says Mr. Bigelow, by striving to support our Government through duties levied upon foreign merchandise to such an extent as persistently to exclude that merchandise, whenever possible, from our markets. In his "The Folly of Building Temples of Peace with Untempered Mortar" Mr. Bigelow remarks that in dealing with foreign commerce we seem to have been "bewitched with the Calvinistic notion that the more commerce has to suffer and struggle, the more it will thrive. It not only taxes the foreign merchant for what he sends one-half of its home cost, but it further discourages his coming to us at all by charging for our harbor hospitalities two or three times as much as he would be charged in the harbors of any other maritime nation in the world." Instead of welcoming the vessel as a special providence, then, we really welcome it as a beast of prey. Among other dire results, our tariff has contributed to drive our ships from the sea, has interfered with the natural and equitable distribution of our wealth by turning it into unnatural channels, has discouraged ingenuity and enterprise outside of the protected industries. For all this untempered mortar substitute tempered mortar, counsels Mr. Bigelow. What would be tempered mortar? The sharing by the State of the usufruct of an exclusive right of way given to a railway, for instance, or the taking our just proportion of the net income from our remaining acres of public domain instead of giving them away, or the reserving a royalty from the mines on that domain, or the safeguarding of a fair share of the increase in value of our water powers for the benefit of all the people, or the retaining of a share of interest in patents and copyrights. In New York City this proposed substitute for the tariff has already been adopted in the provisions relating to the Hudson Tunnels; the city has, in effect, a partnership interest there; it is paid a definite sum per linear foot of track and a percentage of gross earnings. While we do not share Mr. Bigelow's intransigeant attitude towards the tariff, such a substitute as he proposes would certainly secure to the State a proportion of the property it helps to create instead of allowing that share to go to the people whom it enriches without receiving a corresponding equivalent. Moreover, as Mr. Bigelow points out, such a substitute would diminish the temptations for some to seek and for others to confer these privileges (as they have too often been sought and conferred) by illegitimate inducements. Furthermore, such a substitute would inspire the public with unwonted confidence in the administration of its public affairs. Finally, it would give to the people the friendly interest of co-partners in the prosperity of their industrial corporations. The resultant economy of such a substitute, reducing the cost of living, would, after all, be insignificant compared with the reconciliation between labor and capital. Drastic free-trader as he is, Mr. Bigelow would not immediately abolish the tariff. Beginning with raw materials, he ingeniously proposes to reduce the tariff as fast as a corresponding revenue is received from the substitute, investing the Secretary of the Treasury with the proper authority to reduce rates, an authority substantially enjoyed by the Minister of Finance in France. (B. W. Huebsch, New York. $1.)

The final volume of Professor John Bassett Moore's edition of "The Works of James Buchanan" is now at hand. Besides a well-constructed index for the entire twelve volumes it includes Buchanan's account of his Administration; a reprint of an address delivered three years ago at Lancaster, Pa., by Mr. W. U. Hensel, on "Buchanan's Administration on the Eve of the Rebellion;" the fragmentary "Autobiographical Sketch" used by Curtis in his biography of Buchanan; and the "Biographical Sketch" specially written for Curtis by Buchanan's nephew, James Buchanan Henry. Thus there is little in the volume that is not already pretty well known, with the exception of Mr. Hensel's address. This is a eulogy of Buchanan and a vigorous plea for kindlier treatment of him by the historians. Mr. Hensel takes sharp issue with Rhodes, Schouler, Chadwick, and other eminent critics who have agreed in regarding Buchanan's policies while President as those of "a weak, timid old man, who had gained his place by the favor of, if not through the bargain with, an arrogant, unscrupulous, slaveholding oligarchy of the South." He was, Mr. Hensel affirms, neither weak nor timid, and, to condemn his Administration, as has been so unsparingly done, is "unhistorical, unjudicial, untrue, unjust, and cruel." It cannot be said that Mr. Hensel convincingly demonstrates the need for the complete reversal of the judgment of history for which he warmly—and rhetorically—pleads; but he does adduce sound reasons for modifying in certain important respects the prevailing unfavorable attitude. Herein, indeed, as we have previously pointed out, is the chief value of the collection of Buchanan's "Works," in which Mr. Hensel's plea finds a place, and which Professor Moore has so ably edited. It affords the historical student, for the first time, an adequate assembling of Buchanan's private and public utterances, and an opportunity to examine in a fresh light his course in such great issues of American National development as were involved in the annexation of Texas, the acquisition of Oregon, the Mexican War, and the Civil War. With the recently issued "Diary of James K. Polk," this collection will take rank as among the most important historical publications of recent years. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5, net.)

As The Outlook has repeatedly said, water is our greatest resource. No other element in nature plays so useful a part in our existence. And yet, how we employ it! Every year we allow it to carry a billion tons of our richest soil out to sea. Mr. John L. Mathews, in his "The Conservation of Water," says that a hundred thousand men standing on the banks of the Mississippi with shovels and an unlimited supply of rich earth at hand and toiling twelve hours every day three hundred and sixty-five days in the year could not throw into the Mississippi as much soil as the river annually carries into the Gulf of Mexico. Why should not we conserve this soil—and other soil too—by draining our seventy-five million acres of swamp land? Why should we not use the water to irrigate an equal acreage of desert land, to open new channels of navigation, to furnish "white coal" fuel—that is to say, electricity? For in our rivers and streams there is still at least fifty million horse-power. That would represent the equivalent of six hundred and fifty million tons of coal burned every year. We actually mine about five hundred million tons of coal annually. But we waste at least an equal amount in getting it out. Hence our undeveloped water power really represents the needless reduction in our total coal supply of no less than a billion tons a year. Something, of course, ought to be done. Something is being done. Individuals are doing something and corporations are doing something. But neither individuals nor corporations can do enough. Only the supreme power can. The Government can. It should take an inter-State river and treat it as a whole, developing it at every point where it is susceptible of the best development, whether as a furnisher of domestic and municipal supply, whether as an irrigator, whether as a source of navigation or power. Why should not we have a Department of Public Works to do just this thing among others—to take a river and decide how it shall be developed in all of its parts and functions, to carry out the necessary work by bond issues, charging the improvement to pay for the bonds, and, when this is done, dividing the income among the cities and counties involved? If such a plan were carried out, a number of interesting by-products should result. Among others, we ought to have a definition of the extent of the power of Congress over navigable streams. Mr. Mathews thinks that such a power ought to extend to every tributary of a navigable river to the river's remotest source. As another by-product, we might expect to see a national Pure Water Act passed, following the lines of the Pure Food Law, and making it impossible for any city, factory, or individual to corrupt a running stream; our streams would then have a fair chance of becoming clean, healthful, and useful. A third by-product might be some ultimate realization on the part of the whole Nation of what the people of Oregon have put in their law: "All water within the State, from all sources of water supply, belongs to the public." While something practical will doubtless be worked out, the difficulty in applying this last standard would seem to be at present practically insuperable. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.)

In connection with the new Americo-Japanese Treaty the student of current politics should read what Admiral Alfred T. Mahan has to say in his recently published "The Interest of America in International Conditions," and particularly in that half of the volume wherein he treats of the relations between East and West, using the "Open Door" as his text. As we understand it, the Open Door means equal trade opportunity for all nations. As applied to the Far East, it means a stoppage of further extension, by political or military intervention, of external control over the markets in China. Hence, as a natural corollary, the integrity of the Chinese Empire must be maintained. That integrity is the concern of the United States of America, or of any country upholding the doctrine of the Open Door in the Far East. But how far in action should the maintenance of the Open Door carry the interested nations? They may exert an influence on those who would close the door there by overt action or by some exhibition of the latent power to act. One or the other might be necessary in case, "by predominant force, by intrigue, or by the negligence of rivals," a preponderance were obtained by an enemy of the Open Door, destroying the balance required to maintain it. Now that neither Great Britain nor Germany seems able to divert its naval forces to the Pacific in general, and to the western Pacific in particular, the two chief Powers represented there are, appropriately, the two chief Pacific Powers, the United States and Japan. According to Admiral Mahan, Japan's attitude should be interpreted in the light of her advantages: first, her nearness to China and the commercial advantages already conferred by short and rapid transportation; second, cheap labor. The very fact of near natural markets and Japan's interest in them cannot, says our author, but breed "that sense of proprietorship which with ill-organized States easily glides into the attempt at political control that ultimately means control by force. Hence the frequent reports, true or untrue, that such advantage is sought and accomplished." On the other hand, the "mingled weakness and perverseness of Chinese negotiators invite this very attempt and endanger the Open Door, give rise to continual suspicion that undue influence resting upon force is affecting equality of treatment or is establishing a base for inequality in the future. There can be no question that the general recent attitude of Russia and Japan, however laudably meant, does arouse such suspicions." The recent Russo-Japanese Convention followed quickly upon the proposal of the American Administration to neutralize the railways in Chinese territory, now under Japanese and Russian control, as well as others contemplated by Japan and Russia in Manchuria. For the moment Japan and Russia have joined hands. They are, for the nonce, at one in resisting certain tendencies; for if those tendencies were given free rein they would bring other Powers upon the scene. But, as Admiral Mahan impressively reminds us, the causes of variance between Japan and Russia remain. Those causes, he adds, will one day "receive a solution of force, not necessarily of war." (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

The second volume of "A Beginner's History of Philosophy," by Professor Herbert Ernest Cushman, of Tufts College, is devoted to the four and a half centuries since modern philosophy rose in the Renaissance. Thus covering a much shorter period than its predecessor's treatment of ancient and mediæval philosophy, this volume involves for the beginner a more difficult task. Modern philosophy, as Dr. Cushman remarks, is the more subjective part of his subject; it exhibits the conflicting aspirations that accompany the development of individualism. Moreover, the beginner has not entirely freed himself from mediæval notions which modern philosophy has outgrown, and therefore must do serious thinking to modernize himself intelligently. The merit of Dr. Cushman's treatment of a study attended with such difficulties is that he facilitates the beginner's task by presenting philosophy in its successive stages, not as isolated from, but as closely related to, the whole intellectual and political movement of the time; *e.g.*, during the stage of the Renaissance (1453–1690) the central interest was "the new world;" during the stage of the Enlightenment (1690–1781) it was "the new man;" this was "the period of 'liberty, equality, and fraternity.'" After this comes—Kant being the hyphen—the stage of German idealism, and, lastly, the non-creative nineteenth-century stage of empirical examination and reshaping. The filling given to this framework with critiques of leading and representative thinkers is both lucid and illuminating. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.60.)

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